

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
THE
SON OF ULYSSES.

Translated from the FRENCH of

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TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nestor, in the name of the allies, demands assistance of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who was desirous of establishing a good order and police in Salentum, and of engaging the people to apply themselves to agriculture, prevailed upon them to accept of Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor takes an exact survey of the city and port; informs himself of every particular; directs Idomeneus to take several regulations in regard to commerce and police, and to divide his people into seven classes, whom he distinguished by different dresses, according to their rank and birth; he prevails upon him to suppress luxury and useless arts, in order to employ those who practised them in agriculture, which is rendered an honourable occupation.

THE whole army of the allies had now pitched their tents, and the fields were covered all over with rich pavilions of all sorts of colours, in which the fatigued Helperians had lain themselves down to rest. When the kings entered Salentum, they were
amazed

amazed to find so many magnificent edifices erected in so short a time, and that the embarrassment of so great a war had not prevented the sudden increase and embellishment of the infant city.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, the founder of such a hopeful state; and they all agreed, that should he, now that the peace was concluded, join the allies against the Daunians, their strength would be considerably increased. They therefore proposed he should engage in their confederacy; and, as he could not well reject so reasonable a proposal, he promised to supply them with a reinforcement of troops; but, as Mentor knew well, whatever was necessary to render a state flourishing, he was convinced Idomeneus could not be so powerful as he appeared; taking him therefore aside, he addressed him thus:

“You see, our cares have not been unsuccessful. Salentum is now secured from the calamities by which it was threatened. It will now be your own fault, if you do not raise the glory of it to heaven, and equal your grandfather Minos in wisdom, and the good government of your subjects. I shall continue still to speak to you with freedom, presuming that you chuse I should do so, and that you have an aversion to flattery. While these kings were admiring and extolling your magnificence, I reflected within myself on the temerity of your conduct.” At the word *Temerity*, Idomeneus changed colour. His look betrayed confusion; he reddened, and had well nigh interrupted Mentor with some expressions of resentment; when the sage, in a modest and respectful tone, yet still with honest freedom, proceeded thus. “I plainly perceive you are shocked at the word *Temerity*: it would have been wrong in any one besides myself to have made use of it; for kings ought to be respected, and treated with delicacy, even when reprov’d: truth is apt enough of itself to offend them, without the addition of harsh terms. But I thought I might venture to speak with the utmost plainness, when I was going to make you sensible of
your

your errors. My design was to accustom you to hear things called by their proper names; and to convince you, that when others offer their advice touching your conduct, they will never venture to say all they think. If you would not be deceived, you must always suppose more than they will venture to say upon disagreeable subjects. As for me, I could easily soften my expressions to your taste; but it is for your advantage that I, who am not swayed by any private interest, nor assume a character of any importance, should speak to you in private without restraint or reserve. — None else will ever dare to do so, and consequently you will see the truth but by halves, and even then disguised in gaudy colours.”

At these words, Idomeneus, recovered from his first emotion, seemed ashamed of his punctilious temper: “You see,” said he to Mentor, “what it is to be used to flattery. But as I am indebted to you for the security of my infant realm, there is no truth that I will not hear with pleasure from your mouth. Let compassion plead for an unhappy king, poisoned by flattery, and who, even in his misfortunes, never found any man generous enough to tell him the truth. No, I never found one man who loved me well enough to hazard my displeasure by telling me the whole truth.”

As he spoke these words, the tears started in his eyes, and he embraced Mentor tenderly. Then the sage old man resumed the thread of his discourse. “It gives me pain to be obliged to say any thing harsh and disagreeable to you; but ought I to betray you to ruin, by concealing the truth? Suppose yourself in my place, and then judge: if you have been abused hitherto, it was because you chose to be deceived; and were afraid to meet with too much sincerity in your counsellors. Did you ever endeavour to find such as were truly disinterested, and would venture to contradict you? Have you been careful to chuse those who were less forward to make their court; who discovered the least selfishness in their conduct, and were most likely to con-

damn your unreasonable prejudices and passions? When you found yourself flattered, did you banish from your presence the flatterers? Or, did you distrust their adulation? No, no; you did not act the part of those who love the truth, and deserve to know it. Let us see now whether you can yet bear to have the truth told you, and your conduct censured. I say again then, that you deserve nothing but blame for that very conduct which was so highly extolled. While you had so many enemies without your walls abroad, who threatened your infant settlement, you thought of nothing within but erecting magnificent edifices. It was that which occasioned you so many anxious uneasy nights, as you have yourself acknowledged. You have exhausted your treasure, and never thought either of multiplying your people, or cultivating the fertile lands upon this coast. Ought you not to have regarded these two things, as the only solid foundations of your power; namely, to have a great number of industrious subjects; and lands well cultivated for their subsistence? A long peace in the infancy of your state was necessary to favour population. Your whole attention should have been devoted to agriculture, and the enacting wise laws. But idle ambition hath brought you to the very brink of ruin. By aiming at appearing great and powerful, you have gone near to destroy your real power and greatness. Lose no time then in repairing your faults: discontinue all your magnificent structures; renounce that affectation of pomp and grandeur which would ruin your new city; suffer your people to enjoy the benefits of peace; and endeavour to introduce plenty among them, in order to facilitate marriage.—Remember you are only king, as you have subjects to govern; and that your power is not to be measured by the extent of your territories, but by the number, submission, and attachment of the inhabitants. Let the land, of which you take possession, be good, though not very extensive; fill it with great numbers of industrious people, under good regulations; and study to conciliate their affection.

Then

Then will you be more powerful, more happy, and acquire more glory, than all those conquerors that lay waste so many kingdoms."

"How shall I behave then, with respect to these kings? said Idomeneus: "shall I confess my weakness? True it is, I have neglected agriculture, and and even commerce, for which I am so advantageously situated, and minded nothing but building a magnificent city. Must I then, my dear Mentor, discover my imprudence, and thereby expose myself to shame and dishonour in such an assembly of kings? If I must, I will without hesitation, whatever it may cost me; for you have taught me that a true king ought to consider himself as made for the good of his people, as bound to devote himself entirely to their service, and to prefer their safety to his own reputation."

"Such sentiments," replied Mentor, "are worthy of the father of his people; by this expression of beneficence, and not by the vain magnificence of your city, I recognize in you the temper and disposition of a good king. But the interest of the state requires that care be taken of your honour. Leave that care to me; I will give those kings to understand that you have engaged to re-instate Ulysses, if he is yet alive, or at least his son, on the throne of Ithaca; and to drive from thence all the lovers of Penelope. Such an undertaking, they will easily see, must require a considerable body of troops; and therefore, they will be content to accept, at first, of a small reinforcement against the Daunians."

At these words, Idomeneus looked like a man disencumbered of a heavy burden. "By concealing from my neighbours," said he to Mentor, "my weakness and distress, you will save, my dear friend, my honour, and the reputation of this infant settlement. But, with what probability can you alledge that I intend to send some troops to set Ulysses, or at least his son, on the throne of Ithaca, when Telemachus himself hath engaged to serve in person in the war against the Daunians?" "Give yourself no uneasiness on that score," replied Mentor; "I shall

say nothing but what is true. Some of the ships you propose to send out with a view to establish your commerce, will touch at Epirus, and perform two services at the same time; one, by alluring to your coast the foreign traders who have renounced all traffic with Salentum, discouraged by the heavy duties you imposed; the other, in making enquiry about Ulysses. If he is still alive, he cannot be far from those seas that divide Greece from Italy; and it is confidently reported, that he was lately seen among the Phœnicians. Even though there should be no hopes of seeing him again, yet your ships will do a signal service to his son; they will spread through Ithaca, and all the neighbouring states the terror of the name of young Telemachus, who is supposed to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's lovers will be thunder-struck to hear, that he is upon the point of returning, supported by a powerful ally; the Ithacians will be deterred from a revolt; and, Penelope being comforted, will persist in refusing to admit a second husband. Thus will you serve Telemachus, while he supplies your place in the army of the Italian allies that is to act against the Daunians." Here Idomeneus exclaimed: "Happy the king who is guided by wise counsellors! a wise and faithful friend is more serviceable to a king, than victorious armies. But doubly happy is the sovereign, who is sensible of this his happiness, and who knows how to make the most of it by following good counsels! for our confidence is often with-held from wise and virtuous men, whose integrity is dreaded, while we lend a willing ear to flatterers, whose treachery gives no disgust. I myself have fallen in that snare; and at a proper time, I will inform you of all the misfortunes that were brought upon me by a false friend, who flattered my passions, in hopes that I would flatter his in return."

Mentor found no difficulty in persuading the allied kings that Idomeneus had charged himself with the affairs of Telemachus, while the youth himself should serve in their army. They were satisfied to have among them the young son of Ulysses, together with

with a hundred young Cretans, whom Idomeneus gave him as companions in the war; they were the flower of the young nobles, whom he had brought with him from Crete. They took the field in consequence of Mentor's advice. "Care," said he "must be taken of population in time of peace; but, lest the whole nation should sink into effeminacy, and ignorance of the art of war, it is proper that the young nobility be sent to the wars abroad.—These will be sufficient to keep up in the whole nation an emulation for glory, in the love of arms, in a contempt of hardship and death itself, and in military skill."

The confederate kings then left Salentum, satisfied with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor. It gave them, in particular, great joy that they had Telemachus in their army; but he himself was greatly affected at parting with his friend Mentor. While the allied kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and assuring him, that they would inviolably observe the peace, Telemachus shed a flood of tears in the bosom of Mentor, who held him clasped in his arms. "The grief," said he, "that I feel at parting with my friend, makes me insensible to the joy that the hope of acquiring glory would otherwise inspire. Methinks I see again that melancholy occasion when the Egyptians tore me from your arms, and carried me far away, without any hopes of ever seeing you more." Mentor comforted the youth with the most soothing expressions of friendship. "There is a great difference," said he, "betwixt this separation and that you mention. This is voluntary, and will be short. Besides, you are going in quest of victory and triumph. I could wish, my son, that your love for me were less tender, and more manly; you must learn to bear my absence; you will not have me always with you: you must rely upon your own wisdom and virtue, and not on me, for your conduct and direction." As he spoke these words, the goddess concealed under the figure of Mentor, covered Telemachus with her ægis, inspired him at the same time with the spirit

of wisdom and foresight, intrepid valour and calm moderation: virtues that are seldom found united.—“Go,” said Mentor, “and expose yourself to the greatest dangers, as often as there shall be occasion. A prince disgraces himself more by shunning danger in time of action, than if he never made his appearance in the field. The personal courage of him who has the command of an army, must never be doubtful. If it nearly concerns a people to preserve their king or commander, it still more nearly concerns them, that no doubts be entertained in regard to his valour. Remember, that he who has the command ought to be a pattern to all the rest; and animate the whole army by his example. Do not, therefore, O Telemachus, decline any danger, but chuse rather to lose your life, than have your courage called in question. Those sycophants who are most earnest in dissuading you from exposing yourself to danger, even when the occasion requires it, will be the first to affirm in private that you wanted courage, if they find it easy to prevail upon you to forbear hazarding your person. But, on the other hand, you must not court danger unnecessarily. Valour can be no farther a virtue, than as it is regulated by prudence: it is otherwise a mad contempt of death, and a blind brutal fury. Besides, such an extravagant valour cannot be depended upon. He that is not master of himself in time of danger, is rather fool-hardy than brave; to set him above fear, he must needs be first beside himself; because he cannot surmount his terrors by the natural effort of his reason. As that is the case, if he does not fly, he is at least disordered; he loses that faculty of the understanding which is absolutely necessary to give proper orders, to take advantage of accidents and opportunities to vanquish the enemy, and do signal service to his country. If he has all the ardour of a foldier, he wants the presence of mind of a commander. Nay, he has not even the real courage of a common foldier, for this last ought to preserve in battle that presence of mind and recollection sufficient to obey such orders as he may receive. He who rashly exposes himself

himself to danger, trespasses upon discipline, disturbs the order of the troops, sets an example of temerity, and is often the occasion of great disasters. Those who prefer their vain ambition to the interest and safety of the common cause, deserve chastisement instead of recompence. Beware then, my dear son, of being too impatient in the pursuit of glory.—The surest way to find it is to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity. Virtue is always revered in proportion to her simplicity, modesty, and contempt of ostentation. As the necessity of encountering danger becomes more urgent, the resources of courage and of foresight ought to increase. Remember besides to avoid all occasion of exciting envy; and on your side beware of entertaining the least emotion of jealousy at the success of others. Praise all that is praiseworthy; but bestow your applause with judgment: extol merit with pleasure; conceal failings; and if you cannot forget them, at least remember them with regret. Do not take upon you peremptorily to decide in the presence of those ancient captains who are possessed of that experience which you cannot pretend to have; hear them with deference and respect: consult them, and beg to be instructed by the ablest of them; nor blush to ascribe to their instructions whatever you do with approbation and applause.—Lastly, never give ear to those who would excite in you a jealousy, or distrust of the other chiefs, with whom I would advise you to be frank, open, and ingenuous. If you should think that you had reason to complain of their behaviour, open your heart to them; explain your grievances. If they are capable of discerning the nobleness of such conduct, they will be charmed with it: and you will obtain all the satisfaction you can reasonably expect. If, on the contrary, they are not reasonable enough to see and acknowledge the justice of your complaint, you will learn from your own observation what mortifications you may expect from their injustice; and take your measures for avoiding all further disputes, until the war is at an end. Thus you will have nothing

thing to reproach yourself with. But above all things beware of trusting certain perfidious sycophants, who make it their business to sow division with the grounds of complaint you may imagine you have against the chiefs of the army. As for myself, I shall remain with Idomeneus, to assist him in his necessary labours for the good of his people, and in repairing all those faults which flatterers and weak counsellors have induced him to commit in laying the foundations of his new kingdom."

Here Telemachus could not help expressing to Mentor some surprize at, and even contempt for, the conduct of Idomeneus. But Mentor immediately checked him: "Are you surprized," said he with a severity of tone, "that men of the greatest worth are still but men, and discover some human foibles amidst the innumerable snares and perplexities inseparable from royalty? Idomeneus, it is true, hath been brought up in pride and pageantry. But what philosopher, had he been in his place, would not have been the worse for flattery? It must be owned, indeed, that he suffered himself to be too much influenced by those who had his confidence; but even the wisest kings are often misled and deceived, notwithstanding all the precautions they can take against deceit and misinformation. As a king cannot do every thing himself, he must have ministers to assist him, whom he must also sometimes trust. Besides, a king cannot know those about him so well as private men, since they always wear a mask before him, and employ every kind of artifice for his deception. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will one day be too well convinced of this disadvantage. It is hardly possible to find in men either the virtues or the talents that are wanted. In vain do kings endeavour to study and investigate the characters of men; they continually find themselves mistaken.—Nay, even the better sort of men are hardly ever brought to act up to the occasions of the common weal. They have their humours, their different views, their jarring interests, and their jealousies. It is difficult

difficult either to convince their prejudices, or correct their obstinacy.

“ The more extensive any prince’s dominions are, the more ministers he must have to undertake those measures which he cannot execute in his own person; and the more occasion there is for ministers vested with delegated power, the greater is the danger of being deceived in the choice of such instruments. He who to day censures and condemns kings with the utmost severity, would, if made a king himself to-morrow, behave worse, and commit the same faults, or greater still. A private station, accompanied with a little judgment and eloquence, hides every natural defect, sets off shining talents, and makes a man appear capable and worthy of the highest employments, from which he is so far removed; but the authority of office puts both virtues and talents to a severe trial, and brings capital defects to view.

“ Grandeur is like certain glasses that magnify every object. In high stations where trifles have often great effects, and where slight faults often produce the most fatal consequences, every defect appears more glaringly. Every body has his eyes upon him, who is highly elevated above others, watching his conduct, and criticising it with the utmost severity. Yet they are altogether unacquainted with his situation, and know nothing of the difficulties he has to struggle with. They will not allow him to have any human weaknesses and failings, but expect he should be altogether perfect. But a king, however wise and good he may be, is still but a man. As such, both his understanding and virtue must be limited and imperfect. As such, he must have passions, humours, habits, which he cannot always controul. He is surrounded by artful, mercenary men, and cannot find that assistance which he would gladly use. Every day he is led into some error, either by his own passions, or those of his ministers. Scarce has he repaired one fault, when he falls into another. Such is the condition of kings, the most-enlightened, and the most virtuous.

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“ The longest and best reigns have neither time nor virtue sufficient absolutely to retrieve the errors unwillingly committed in laying the foundations of the state. Such are the disadvantages and discouragements that kings labour under. They are to be pitied and excused, the burden they have to bear, being too great for human weakness. Are they not to be pitied, in having such numbers to govern, whose wants are infinite, and who give so much trouble and uneasiness to those who would govern them well? And, indeed, it must be owned, that men are also much to be pitied, in that they are obliged to submit to the government of a man such as themselves; for, to reform mankind would require the power and wisdom of the gods? But kings are certainly no less to be pitied; who, being but men themselves, weak and imperfect, have such an innumerable multitude of human creatures, corrupt and deceitful, to govern.”

Telemachus replied with some vivacity: “ Idomeneus lost by his own misconduct the crown of his ancestors in Crete; and would have lost that of Salentum also, but for your counsel.” “ I own,” said Mentor, “ he hath committed great errors; but see if you can find in Greece, or in any other of the most civilized countries, a king who has not committed some that are altogether inexcusable.— The greatest men have in their constitution, temper, and character, certain defects that unavoidably lead them astray; and the most praise-worthy are those who have the greatness of mind to acknowledge and repair their errors. Do you imagine that Ulysses, the great Ulysses, your father, the most accomplished of all the Grecian princes, has no foibles, no defects?— Had not Minerva led him, as it were, by the hand, how often would his courage and wisdom have failed him in those dangers and difficulties, amidst which he hath been the sport of adverse fortune. How often hath Minerva restrained and reclaimed him, always in order to lead him to glory by the paths of virtue? Do not expect to find him altogether perfect, when you shall see him sitting
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with so much glory on the throne of Ithaca, for failings you will certainly find in him. But Greece, Asia, and all the isles of the sea thought him worthy of admiration, notwithstanding these defects. They were hid by a thousand great qualities. It will be your happiness to have an opportunity also of admiring him, and forming yourself by so perfect a model.

“ Learn, O Telemachus, not to expect from the greatest men more than is compatible with human capacity. Unexperienced youth are apt to indulge a presumptuous vein of censure, that gives them a dislike to all those whom they ought to regard as patterns for their imitation, and renders their ignorance incurable. You ought not only to love, respect, and imitate your father, though he be not perfect, but you ought even to have a high esteem for Idomeneus, notwithstanding all that I have blamed in his conduct. He is by nature sincere, upright, just, generous, and beneficent; of consummate bravery; detesting all fraud, when he knows it, and is left to follow the dictates of his own heart. All his exterior qualifications are great, and suited to his station. His candour in owning his faults, his good-nature, his patience in taking the harshest things I said to him in good part, his magnanimity in acknowledging, and publicly repairing his errors, thereby raising himself above all censure, discover true greatness of mind. Good fortune, or good counsel, may secure a man of a very ordinary capacity from committing certain faults; but it must be a high degree of virtue that engages a king, long seduced by flattery, to repair his errors. Thus to rise, is more glorious than never to have fallen. The faults committed by Idomeneus are such as are natural to almost every king on earth: but no king hath ever done so much towards his own reformation. As for me, I could not help admiring him even when he allowed me to contradict him, without expressing the least impatience. Let him be the object of your admiration also, O Telemachus! it
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is not so much for the sake of his reputation, as your own good, that I give you this advice."

Mentor, by these reflections, made Telemachus sensible of the danger of being unjust, in giving way to severe strictures on the conduct of those especially who are encumbered with the difficulties and perplexities of administration. After these injunctions: "It is now time," said he, "to part; adieu. I shall wait at Salentum till your return, my dear Telemachus! and remember, that those who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men. You will find yourself exposed to the greatest dangers; but be assured that Minerva will never forsake you in emergencies."

At these words, Telemachus had almost perceived the presence of the goddess, and would have actually discovered it was she who made this declaration, to inspire him with hope and assurance, had she not recalled the idea of Mentor, by saying: "Forget not, my son, the pains I took when you were a child, to make you as wise and valiant as your father. See that you do nothing unworthy of his great example; and of those maxims of virtue which I have endeavoured to inculcate in your tender mind."

The sun was already up, and gilded the tops of the mountains, when the kings set out from Salentum to join their troops, which were encamped around the city. They forthwith began their march under the banners of their respective commanders.— On all hands were seen the polished steel of bristling pikes; and the dazzling splendor of their glittering shields; while clouds of dust ascended to the skies. Idomeneus and Mentor having accompanied the confederate kings to some distance from the city, at last took their leave, after the warmest professions of friendship on both sides; so that the allies did not at all doubt but the peace would be lasting, now they were acquainted with the integrity of Idomeneus, who had been represented to them very different from what he really was; because a judgment had been formed of his character, not from
his

his own sentiments, but from the bad measures he had adopted by the advice of flatterers.

After the allied army had retired, Idomeneus carried Mentor into all the different quarters of the city. "Let us see," said Mentor, "what number your people may amount to, both in the town and country; let us take an exact account of them. Let us enquire too what number of peasants and husbandmen there may be among them, and how much wine, oil, and other fruits your lands produce, one year with another. Thus shall we be able to determine, whether their produce is sufficient to maintain all the inhabitants, and whether there is any overplus, wherewith to carry on a beneficial commerce with foreign countries. We must also see what number of ships and sailors you have: for otherwise we cannot judge of your power." He visited the port, and went on board every ship: enquired to what country each vessel was bound; of what commodities the cargo consisted, and what articles were taken in exchange. He informed himself of the whole expence of the voyage; what sums the merchants lent to one another; what companies or partnerships they had formed, in order to know if they were equitable and duly executed; finally, he enquired concerning the risks of shipwreck, and other mischances to which commerce is liable, with a view to prevent the ruin of merchants, who, from an avidity of gain, often undertake what they are not able to perform.

He judged it expedient that bankruptcies should be severely punished; because, if they are not always fraudulent, they are at least generally the effect of rashness. At the same time he made regulations, by which they might be easily prevented, appointing magistrates to whom the merchants should give an account of their effects, their gains, their expences, and undertakings. They were not allowed ever to risk the property of others, or more than the half of their own. But what undertakings could not be executed by single merchants, were carried on by companies; the rules of which were rendered

almost unavoidable by the rigorous penalties inflicted on those by whom they were contravened. Further, the liberty of commerce was preserved entire. Far from cramping it by imposts, a premium was offered to all those merchants who should open a new trade between Salentum and any other nation.

In consequence of these regulations, great numbers of people came from all parts to settle at Salentum. The trade of that city might be compared to the ebbing and flowing of the sea, ships with merchandize and treasure coming in and going out in a constant succession, like the waves of the ocean.— Every thing useful was imported and exported without restraint. What was carried out was more than balanced, by what was brought in return. Justice was dispensed with the utmost exactness and impartiality to the several nations that used the port. Freedom, probity, and fair dealing seemed from the top of the lofty towers to invite merchants from the most distant nations; and all these merchants, whether they came from the extremity of the East, where the sun every day rises from the bosom of the deep, or from that vast ocean, where, after a tedious course, he quenches his fire at eve, lived in as much peace and security at Salentum, as in their own country.

With regard to the interior part of the city, Mentor visited all the magazines, the shops of the several artificers, and the public squares. All foreign merchandize that might introduce luxury and effeminacy, was prohibited. The dress and diet of all the different ranks were regulated; together with the size, furniture, and ornaments of their houses; none that were of gold and silver being allowed, “I know but of one way,” said he to Domeneus, “to prevent frugality from falling into disgrace among your people; and that is by setting an example of it yourself. There is a necessity, indeed, for your maintaining a certain exterior grandeur; but your guards, and the great officers about you, will be sufficient to distinguish you, and command respect. Let your apparel be of fine wool, dyed in purple; and let those

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next in rank to you wear a garment of the same wool, differing in nothing from yours but the colour, and a slight embroidery of gold, that shall run along the border of your robe. The different ranks among your people may be distinguished by different colours, without any necessity to employ for that purpose either gold, silver, or precious stones; and let rank itself be regulated by birth.

“Assign the first place to those of the most noble and illustrious birth. Such as are vested with authority and employments, will readily yield precedence to those great and ancient families who have long been in possession of the first honours of the state. Such as are of less noble birth will not pretend to rank with them, provided you do not teach them to forget themselves by a too great and sudden elevation; and shew a particular respect for those who are not too much lifted up with the smiles of fortune. The distinction least exposed to envy, is that which flows from ancestry and birth. It will be a sufficient excitement to virtue and public spirit, if you give crowns and statues to such as perform great and noble actions: and ordain, that their children shall rank as nobles. Let those of the highest rank next to yourself be dressed in white with a gold fringe at the bottom, a gold ring on the finger, and a medal of the same metal hanging from the neck, impressed with your image. Let those of the second rank be clothed in blue with a silver fringe, and a ring, but no medal: those of the third class in green, with a medal; but neither fringe nor ring, those of the fourth in deep yellow: of the fifth in a pale red, or rose colour: of the sixth in a grey violet colour: of the seventh, constituting the last and lowest class, in a mixed colour of white and yellow. These are the dresses for the seven different ranks of freemen. As for the slaves, let them be clad in a dark grey or russet. Thus will every individual be distinguished according to his degree without expence, and all those arts that are subservient to pomp and luxury be banished from Salentum. Let such artificers as were before employed in these per-

icious arts, apply themselves either to those that are necessary, which are but few in number, or to commerce, or agriculture. No change must ever be admitted either in the nature of the cloth, or the form of apparel; for it ill becomes men who are designed for exercises more serious and noble, to amuse themselves with inventing modes and ornaments of dress, or to permit their wives, to whom such amusements would be more suitable, to waste their time so idly."

As a skilful gardener lops off the useless branches of fruit-trees, Mentor endeavoured to retrench that pomp and luxury, by which the morals of a people are corrupted. He aimed at reducing every thing to a noble simplicity and frugality. He even regulated the diet of the citizens and slaves. "What a shame," said he, "that men of the highest rank should place their greatness in the dainties of a luxurious table, by which they enervate their minds, and quickly ruin the health and vigour of their bodies! whereas they ought to account it their happiness to be moderate, to have power and authority to do good, and to be honoured and esteemed for so doing. Health and sobriety give a relish to the coarsest, simplest food, and yield the most sincere and most lasting pleasures. Let your provisions then be of the best sorts, but dressed in a plain manner, without any high sauces. To excite a false appetite, and make a man eat more than nature requires, is, in effect, to take him off by poison."

Idomeneus immediately conceived how much he was to blame for suffering the inhabitants of his new city to sink into effeminacy and corruption, by violating the laws of Minos with regard to sobriety: but the sage Mentor satisfied him, that these laws, though revived, would signify nothing, unless he enforced them by his own example, which could alone impress them with the stamp of authority—Idomeneus, therefore, immediately regulated his table, which afforded nothing but excellent bread; the wine of the country, which is agreeable and strong, but this in moderation; with some simple plain

plain dishes, such as he was used to eat at the siege of Troy, with the other Greeks. None durst complain of a regulation to which the king himself submitted; and thus did every one retrench that profusion and delicacy in which they were beginning to indulge at all their entertainments. In the next place, Mentor suppressed that soft and effeminate music that tended to corrupt the manners of the youth. Nor was he more favourable to that bacchanalian music which intoxicates almost as much as wine, and is productive of insipience and violent passions. He proscribed all music on festivals in temples, there to celebrate the praises of the gods and heroes, who have set an example of extraordinary virtue. Neither would he permit, except in the temples, the great ornaments of architecture; such as columns, pediments, and porticos: he drew plans of a species of architecture equally beautiful and simple, by which an inconsiderable space of ground afforded an airy house convenient for a numerous family; having the advantage of a healthy aspect, and apartments independant of one another; that order and neatness might be easily preserved, and the whole maintained at a small expence. He ordained that every house of any consequence should have a saloon and little porch, with small chambers for all the free persons in the family: but he forbade, under severe penalties, the superfluous multitude and magnificence of apartments. These different plans of houses, proportioned to the greatness of the families, served to embellish, at a small expence, one part of the city, and give it a regular appearance: whereas, the other part already finished according to the caprice and pride of individuals, was, in spite of all its magnificence, neither so agreeable to the eye, nor commodious to the inhabitants. This new city was built in a very little time; for the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished excellent architects, and a great number of masons were brought from Epirus and several other countries, on condition, that after having finished their work, they should settle in the neighbourhood of Salentum, have lands assigned them for cultivation, and conduce to the population of the country. Painting and sculpture

were, in Mentor's opinion, among those arts which ought not to be entirely excluded ; but he resolved that very few should be allowed to follow them in Salentum. He founded a school, and furnished it with excellent masters to superintend and examine the young pupils. " Nothing weak or mean," said he, " must be admitted in the arts, that are not absolutely necessary. Consequently, no young persons but such as have a promising genius, and are likely to excel, ought to be permitted to apply themselves to them. Others are designed by nature for arts less noble, and may be usefully employed in the ordinary occupations of the state. Sculptors and painters are only to be employed to preserve the memory of great men and great actions. It is on public buildings, or on sepulchral monuments, that representations of all those memorable exploits which have been performed for the public service, ought to be preserved." Nevertheless, the moderation and frugality of Mentor did not hinder his authorising all those grand structures destined for horse and chariot races, for wrestling, for fighting with the cestus, and other exercises which contribute to render the body more supple and vigorous.

Mentor suppressed a prodigious number of those who dealt in stuffs of foreign manufacture, in costly embroideries, in gold and silver plate embossed with figures of the gods, of men and animals ; and lastly, in strong waters and perfumes. He would not even allow of any other furniture in any house whatsoever but such as was plain, and made to last a long time. In consequence of these regulations, the Salentines, who began to complain loudly of their poverty, found that they possessed a great deal of superfluous wealth. But it was false wealth, that in effect impoverished them, and they actually became rich in proportion as they had the resolution to part with it. " To despise that wealth, said they to themselves, which exhausts the state, and to make our wants fewer, by reducing them to the real exigencies of nature, is in reality, to enrich ourselves. Mentor also visited without delay the arsenals, and the different magazines,

zines, to see that the arms and other warlike stores were in good order. "For," said he, "a state ought always to be prepared for war, in order to prevent their being ever reduced to the disagreeable necessity of engaging in it. He found many things wanting in every place he visited. A great number of artificers therefore were immediately set to work in iron, steel, and brass; fiery furnaces were seen to rise, and clouds of flame and smোক, like those subterraneous fires that are discharged from the bowels of mount *Ætna*. The hammer thundered on the anvil, which groaned under the redoubled strokes; and these were rebounded from the neighbouring mountains; so that one would have thought he was in that isle where *Vulcan*, animating the Cyclops, forges thunderbolts for the father of the gods. Thus by a wise foresight, all the preparations for war were seen going on in the midst of a profound peace."

Mentor afterwards made an excursion into the country with *Idomeneus*, where he found a great extent of fertile land that lay quite desolate. Nor was the rest cultivated but in a very imperfect manner in consequence of the sloth and poverty of the husbandmen, who, as they wanted hands, wanted also spirit and strength of body sufficient to carry agriculture to perfection. Mentor seeing the lands thus neglected, said to the king: "The soil here is such as would enrich the inhabitants, were due culture bestowed upon it. Let us then take all those superfluous artificers, whose occupations would serve only to promote a corruption of manners, and employ them in cultivating these plains and hills. It is indeed a misfortune that all these men having been brought up to trades that require a sedentary life, have been very little inured to labour: but I will shew you how that evil may be remedied. You must divide among them the uncultivated lands, and invite people from the neighbouring nations to assist them and do the more laborious part of the work under their direction. This they will do, provided a suitable recompence is offered them out of the produce of the grounds which they shall bring into tilth: they

they may afterwards have a part of them allotted them, and thereby be incorporated with your people, whose number is not very great. They will make good subjects, and increase your power, provided they are industrious, and obedient to the laws.—Your city artificers, thus transplanted into the country, will bring up their children to labour, and the toils of husbandry. Moreover, all the foreign workmen who are at present employed in building your city, have undertaken to cultivate part of your lands, and to turn husbandmen: let these then, as soon as they have finished their work, be incorporated among your people. They are charmed with the opportunity of engaging to settle and live under so mild a government. As they are active and laborious, their example will stimulate to toil those artificers who are transplanted from the city into the country, and with whom they will be incorporated. Thus will your whole territory, in time, be peopled with healthy, vigorous families employed in agriculture. As to the increase and multiplication of your people, you may make yourself quite easy; for they will soon become innumerable, provided you encourage marriage. The means are very simple and easy; most men have an inclination to marry, and they are restrained by the fear of poverty alone. If they are not loaded with taxes, they will be able to maintain, without difficulty, their wives and children; for the earth is never ungrateful, but produces sufficient to reward and support those who cultivate her with due care. To those only does she refuse plenty, who will not bestow due labour upon her. The more children an husbandman has, the richer he is, provided they are not impoverished by the prince; for they begin to be useful to him, and assist him in their most early days. The youngest feed and tend the sheep; such as are more advanced in age look after the herds of cattle; and the eldest assist their father in the toils of husbandry. In the mean time, the mother with the rest of the family, is preparing a simple repast for her husband and dear children, to be ready for them when they return fatigued with the

the labour of the day. She neglects not to milk her cows and ewes, and streams of milk are seen to flow: she lights up a blazing fire, round which all the innocent and peaceful family sing carols every evening until balmy sleep calls them to their repose. She makes delicious cheese, and preserves chestnuts and other fruits as fresh as when they were gathered from the tree.

“The shepherd returns with his flute and plays to the assembled family the newest airs which he has learned in the neighbouring hamlets. The labourer comes home with his plough, and his weary oxen, with drooping heads, though goaded, jog along with a slow, heavy pace. All the woes of labour are buried with the day. The poppies, which sleep, by order of the gods, scatters over the earth, soothe with their charms the pangs of carking care, and lay all nature under a sweet enchantment; every individual falls asleep without anticipating the toils of the next day. Happy are these men, without ambition, distrust or deceit, provided the gods bestow upon them a virtuous king, who does not interrupt their innocent joy! but what horrible inhumanity is it, by projects of ambition and parade, to deprive them of the pleasant fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted to none but the liberal hand of nature, in return for their labour and the sweat of their brows. Nature alone would supply from her fruitful bosom all that would be necessary for an infinite number of moderate industrious men; but it is the pride and luxury of certain individuals that involve so many of their fellow-creatures in all the horrors of indigence.”

“What shall I do,” said Idomeneus, “if those to whom I assign these fertile lands neglect to cultivate them?” “You must do,” said Mentor, “the very reverse of what is commonly done. Covetous, short-sighted princes think of nothing but loading with impositions those of their subjects who are most active and industrious to improve their estates; and that because they hope to raise them with the greater facility: at the same time they are more favourable
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to those whom their natural sloth hath rendered more unhappy. Invert this absurd method which oppresses the industrious, encourages the idle, and introduces an indolence no less fatal to the king than to the state. Impose taxes, fines, and, if necessary, other severe penalties upon those who neglect the culture of their lands, as you would punish soldiers who desert their post in time of war. On the contrary, grant privileges and exemptions to such families as are industrious and multiply, assigning them more lands to cultivate, in proportion to their increase.— Thus their number will be soon augmented, and every individual animated to labour; it will even become honourable. The profession of a husbandman will no longer be despised, being no longer attended with such misery and distress. The plough will again be held in honour, and be guided by the victorious hands that have defended their country: nor will it be less honourable to improve the estate of one's ancestors during a happy peace, than to have nobly defended it during the calamities of war; and thus will the whole country put on a new face and flourish. Ceres will wear crowns of the yellow ears of corn, and Bacchus treading the grapes, will make streams of wine sweeter than nectar flow down the sides of the mountains. The deep vallies will echo with the concerts of the shepherds, who, along the crystal brooks will accompany their pipes with their voices; while their wanton flocks are skipping up and down cropping the flowery turf, without dreading the ruthless wolves. And will you not be extremely happy, O Idomeneus, to be the author of so many blessings, to make such a multitude of people live in peace and plenty under your protection? is not such glory more affecting and transporting than that of laying waste the earth, and spreading far and near, almost as much among his own people, in spite of all his victories, as in the countries he may have subdued, the woes of carnage, confusion, terror, dependency, consternation, devouring famine, and despair? Happy the king, who, favoured by the gods, possesses such benevolence of heart as prompts him to become

become the darling of his people, and to exhibit to future ages a scene so glorious in the example of his reign. The whole earth, far from taking arms to defend themselves against him, would come and lay their sceptres at his feet." To these remarks Idomeneus replied: "But when my people shall by these means enjoy peace and plenty, luxury will corrupt their manners, and they will employ against me the wealth that I have procured them." "Do not be afraid of that inconvenience," said Mentor.— "It is indeed a pretext that is always urged to flatter prodigal princes, who would load their people with imposts: but it may be easily prevented. The regulations we have made in relation to agriculture, will render their lives laborious; and, notwithstanding their abundance, they will have nothing more than necessaries, because we have proscribed all the arts that furnish superfluities. Even that abundance will be diminished by the encouragement it will give to marriage, and by the great increase of families: and, as each family will be numerous, and yet have but a small portion of land, they will be obliged to labour it without ceasing. It is sloth and luxury that make men insolent and rebellious. Your people indeed will have bread in plenty, but they will have nothing but that and the produce of their own lands, earned with the sweat of their brows. In order to restrain your subjects within the bounds of moderation, you must now fix the extent of land which each family may possess. You know we have divided your whole subjects into seven classes, according to their different ranks; you must not then allow any one family, of what rank soever, to possess more land than is absolutely necessary to maintain the number of persons of which it shall consist. This rule being inviolably observed, the nobles will not be able to aggrandize themselves at the expence of the poor; and every family will have land; but, as it will be of a very small extent, they will be obliged to cultivate it with great care. If in process of time, the land should become too scanty for
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the inhabitants, colonies may be sent out, which will contribute to increase the power of the state.

“ I am even of opinion that you ought to take care that there be not too great a plenty of wine in your dominions. If too many vines have been planted, they must be dug up ; for wine occasions the greatest disorders among the people, as it gives rise to quarrels, distempers, seditions, idleness, aversion to labour, and domestic troubles. Let wine then be kept as a sort of medicine, or a rare and costly liquor, to be used only in sacrifices, or on high festivals ; but do not expect that so important a regulation will be observed, unless you set the example yourself. Further, you must see that the laws of Minos, respecting the education of children, be not violated on any account ; and that public schools be erected, in which the youth may be taught to fear the gods, to love their country, to respect the laws, and to prefer honour to pleasure, and even life itself.

“ There must be magistrates to watch over the families, and the morals of the individuals that compose them. Share this task yourself ; you that are constituted king, that is, shepherd of your people, only in order to watch day and night over your flock. By so doing, you will prevent an infinite number of crimes and disorders ; and what you cannot prevent, you ought to punish with the utmost severity. To make examples betimes is an act of clemency, as it stops the progress of iniquity.— By a little blood shed seasonably, a great deal is saved ; and a prince makes himself feared, without being obliged often to have recourse to severity. But what a detestable maxim is it for a sovereign to think he cannot be safe without oppressing his people ! to take no pains to instruct, to train them up to virtue, or conciliate their affection ; but to drive them to despair by terror and dismay, and to lay them under the hard necessity either of shaking off the yoke of arbitrary power, or of bidding adieu for ever to liberty. Are these the ways and means to secure a peaceable reign ? Are these the paths that lead

lead to glory? Remember that the countries where the power of the sovereign is most absolute, are those where the sovereigns are least powerful. They take, they destroy whatever they please, and the whole state is their property; but the state on that account languishes, and the lands are neglected, and almost deserted. The cities decline every day, and trade decays. The king, who cannot be such if he is alone and without subjects, and whose greatness is derived from them alone, gradually diminishes his own power by the continual diminution of his people, from whom his wealth and influence flow. His dominions are exhausted both of men and money: but the former is the greatest and most irreparable loss. As his power is absolute, his subjects of consequence are all slaves; they flatter him, seem to adore him, and tremble at the least appearance of his anger. But wait till the smallest revolution happens, and you will find that this despotic power being over-strained, is but of short duration, as not being supported by the affections of the people; it hath harrassed and incensed all the communities of the state. It compels all the particular members of those communities earnestly to wish for a change. By the first blow that is struck the idol is over-turned, broken to pieces, and trodden under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in short, all the passions unite against such odious despotism. The king, who in his prosperity did not find a single man bold enough to tell him the truth, in his reverse of fortune will not find one either to excuse him, or defend him against his enemies."

Mentor having ended his discourse, Idomeneus immediately set about dividing the vacant lands among the useless artizans, and executing whatever else had been resolved upon; reserving only the lands that had been destined for the masons, who could not take possession of them, or cultivate them, till they had finished the buildings in the city.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

VOL. II.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the confidence he had reposed in Proteſilaus, and the artifices of that favourite, who acted in concert with Timocrates, in order to ruin Philocles, and betray the king himſelf. He owns, that being prepoſſeſſed by theſe two men againſt Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and put him to death in an expedition in which he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, had been ſpared by Philocles, who retired to the iſle of Samos, after having reſigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus himſelf had nominated in his written order: that, notwithſtanding Proteſilaus's treachery, he had not been able to prevail upon himſelf to diſcard him.

ALREADY the fame of Idomeneus for his mild and moderate government attracts great numbers of people from all quarters to incorporate with his ſubjects, and to partake of their happineſs under ſo gentle an adminiſtration. Already thoſe fields that had been ſo long covered with briars and thorns, promiſe

promise plentiful crops and fruits, till then unknown. The earth opens her bosom to the plough-share, and teems with riches to reward the husbandman: and hope revives on all hands. In the vallies, and on the hills are seen flocks of sheep, frisking about upon the grass, and herds of oxen and heifers, that make the lofty hills rebound with their lowings, and contribute to fertilize the fields. It was Mentor who found means to procure these flocks and herds; he it was who advised Idomeneus to make an exchange with the Peucetes, a neighbouring people, of all the superfluities which he had determined no longer to suffer in Salentum, for these flocks and herds, which the Salentines wanted. At the same time the city, and the villages around it, were full of beautiful young people, who had languished long in misery, and durst not think of marrying, for fear of increasing their distress. But when they saw Idomeneus embrace maxims of humanity, and resolve to be their father, they were no longer afraid of famine, and the other scourges with which heaven afflicts mankind. Nothing was now heard but loud shouts of joy, and songs of shepherds and peasants celebrating their weddings. One would have thought that he saw the god Pan with a crowd of satyrs and fauns mingled with nymphs, dancing to the sound of the flute, under the shade of the woods and groves: all was tranquillity and joy, but the joy was moderate, and the amusements were intended only as relaxations from labour, which served to render them more pure and delightful.

The old men, amazed to see what they had not dared to hope for during a long course of life, wept from an excess of joy, mixed with love and gratitude. Lifting up their trembling hands to heaven: "Bless," said they, "O great Jupiter, the king who resembles you, and who is the best gift you ever bestowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind: may he receive from you a recompence for all the happiness we derive from him. Our remote descendants, the offspring of those marriages that have been contracted by his encouragement,

will owe every thing to him, even their very birth, and he will indeed be the father of his people."—The young married men and women expressed the joy and gratitude they felt by singing the praises of him, to whom they were indebted for these agreeable sensations. His name was as much in their mouths, but still more in their hearts. They rejoiced to see him, and trembled at the thoughts of losing him: the loss of him would have been deeply felt, and deplored by every family,. Idomeneus then acknowledged to Mentor, that he had never known joy equal to that of being loved, and making such multitudes happy. "I never could have formed any notion of it," said he: "I thought the greatness of princes consisted entirely in making themselves dreaded: and that the rest of mankind were made for them. All that I had heard said of kings who had been the darlings of their people, appeared to me mere fable: I am now convinced of the truth of it. But I must inform you how my heart had been poisoned from my earliest infancy in regard to the authority of kings. This hath been the occasion of all the misfortunes of my life." Then Idomeneus began the following narrative.

"Protesilaus, who is a little older than myself, was, of all the young men, he whom I loved most; his temper, naturally bold and lively, recommended him to me; he served me in my pleasures; he flattered my passions; and he made me conceive a jealousy of another young man whom I loved likewise, whose name was Philocles. This last feared the gods, and had a greatness of mind with moderation, placing grandeur not in exalting, but in overcoming one's self, and doing nothing that was base and mean. He spoke to me freely of my faults; and even when he would not venture to speak, his silence and his melancholy air made me easily guess at what disgusted him in my conduct.

His sincerity at first pleased me, and I often protested to him that I would listen to him, and confide in him all my life, that I might not be misled by flatterers. He instructed me in every particular I was

to observe, in order to tread in the steps of Minos, and to render my subjects happy. He was not, indeed, endowed with a wisdom so profound as yours, O Mentor; but his maxims were just and good, as I now am fully sensible. But by degrees Protefilaus, who was jealous of him, and extremely ambitious, by his artful management infused into me a dislike to his rival. The undesigning Philocles suffered the other to prevail, and contented himself with telling me the truth, when I was disposed to hear it. It was not his own fortune, but my advantage, which he had in view. Protefilaus insensibly persuaded me that he was a man of a proud, morose temper, who censured all my actions, and asked nothing of me, because he was so haughty, that he would not be beholden to me for any thing, and would fain pass for a man who despised all honours: he added, that he spoke no less freely of my faults and failings to others, than he did to myself; that he shewed plainly enough he had but little esteem for me; and that thus depreciating my character, his design was, by the splendour of austere virtue to pave his way to the crown.

At first I could not be persuaded that Philocles had any design upon my throne. In real virtue there is a candor and ingenuousness that cannot be counterfeited, and in which one cannot be mistaken, provided it is duly attended to. But the unshaken fortitude of Philocles, in never stooping to flatter my weaknesses, began to tire my patience. At the same time, the attention of Protefilaus to please me, and his indefatigable industry in contriving new amusements for my entertainment, rendered the austerity of the other still more offensive. Protefilaus, however, mortified to find that I did not believe all that he said to me against his enemy, took a resolution to speak no more of him to me, and to gain his point by a more effectual method. The way he took to deceive me, and in which he succeeded, was this.—He advised me to give the command of the fleet that was to go against the Carpathians to Philocles; and to obtain my consent, he spoke to me thus:

" You know that I cannot be suspected of flattery in the praise I give him : I own, that he has courage, and a genius for war ; he is more capable to serve you in that way than any other person I know, and I gladly sacrifice to your interest all the gratification of my own resentment."

" I was charmed to find such candour and integrity in the heart of Protefilaus, to whom I had committed the supreme direction of my affairs. I embraced him in a transport of joy, and thought myself extremely happy in having bestowed my confidence upon a man, who now seemed to me incapable of being influenced either by passion or interest. But, alas ! how much are princes to be pitied ! this man knew me much better than I knew myself : he knew that kings are generally distrustful and indolent ; distrustful from the constant experience they have of the artifice and dissimulation of the corrupt men about them ; indolent, from the love of pleasure, and their being accustomed to have ministers employed, to think for them, and spare them the trouble of reflection. He was convinced, therefore, that it would be no difficult matter to make me conceive a jealousy and distrust of a man, who would not fail to perform great actions, especially, as in his absence, he could lay snares for him with the greater ease and efficacy.

" Philocles, at his departure, foreseeing what might happen : " Remember," said he to me, " that, in my absence, I shall not have an opportunity of defending myself ; that you will hear only the accusations of my enemy ; and that for serving you at the risk of my life, I am in danger of having no other recompence than your hatred and displeasure."

" You are mistaken," said I, " Protefilaus does not speak of you as you express yourself with respect to him : he praises, he esteems you, and thinks you worthy of the highest employments ; should he presume to speak against you, he would certainly lose my confidence : be under no apprehensions therefore, but go and serve me to the best of
your

of your ability." Accordingly he set out immediately and left me in a very odd situation.

"I must own, Mentor, that I was well aware how necessary it was for me to have several different persons to consult; and that nothing was more prejudicial either to my reputation or the success of my affairs, than to confine myself to one. I knew that the wise counsels of Philocles had prevented my taking several dangerous steps, to which I was impelled by the pride and haughtiness of Protefilaus. I was sensible that there was a fund of probity and integrity in Philocles, not to be found, at least in the same degree, in Protefilaus: but I had suffered Protefilaus to assume such an overbearing decisive tone, as I was scarce any longer able to resist. I was weary of finding myself always between two men who could never agree; and in this disagreeable restraint I weakly chose to sacrifice the interest of the public in some measure to my own private ease and satisfaction. I durst not own, even to myself, that my conduct was influenced by such a shameful motive: but this shameful motive, though I durst not unfold it, did not fail to operate in secret within my breast; and was, indeed, the true source of all my actions. Philocles surprised the enemy, gained a complete victory, and intended to return directly, in order to prevent the effect of the ill offices of which he had reason to apprehend: but Protefilaus, who had not as yet been able to make me entirely his dupe, wrote to him, that I desired he should make a descent upon the island of Carpathium, in order to make the most of his victory. In fact, he had persuaded me that I might easily reduce that island: but he had taken care that Philocles should be unprovided of many things necessary to make the enterprize successful, and had subjected him to certain restrictions that occasioned many difficulties in the execution. In the mean time, he made use of a very worthless fellow of a domestic that I had about my person, to observe me narrowly, and to give him an account of every thing he saw, although they seemed to have little or no correspondence, and never to be of the same mind.

mind. This domestic, whose name was Timocrates, came one day and told me, as a great secret, that he had discovered a very dangerous affair. "Philocles," said he, intends to employ your fleet to make himself king of the island of Carpathium.—The principal officers are all attached to him, and the soldiers have been all gained by him, partly by largesses, but more by the dangerous licentiousness in which he indulges them. He is quite intoxicated by his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends, on the scheme he has formed to raise himself to the rank of a sovereign. After so full a proof, no doubt can be entertained of his design." I read the letter, which appeared to me to be of Philocles's writing. His hand had been very exactly imitated, and that by Protefilaus, assisted by Timocrates. This letter surprised me greatly: I read it over and over, but could not be persuaded that it was written by Philocles, when I recollected, in the anguish of my mind, the many endearing proofs he had given me of his integrity and disinterestedness. But what could I do? How could I resist the evidence of a letter that appeared to me the undoubted hand-writing of Philocles!

"When Timocrates found that his stratagem had succeeded so far, he pushed it still further. "May I presume," said he with a faltering accent, "to desire you to take notice of one word in the letter? Philocles tells his friend, that he may safely venture to speak to Protefilaus concerning something that he expresses only by a cypher: without doubt, Protefilaus hath embarked in his design, and that they have made up their differences, in order to carry on their schemes against you. You know it was Protefilaus who importuned you to send Philocles against the Carpathians. For some time he hath desisted from saying any thing against him, as he hath often used to do before: on the contrary, he excuses and praises him on all occasions, and they have treated one another of late, when they happen to meet, politely enough. Undoubtedly they have concerted measures together to share betwixt them the island of Carpathium,

Carpathium, when it shall be conquered. You know too that he caused this enterprize to be undertaken against all the rules of prudence and forecast, and that he hazards the ruin of your fleet to gratify his ambition. Do you imagine that he would thus contribute also to gratify that of Philocles if they were still at variance? No, no, it cannot any longer be doubted, that these two men act in concert to raise themselves to great power and authority, and, perhaps, to overturn your throne. By speaking to you in this manner, I know that I expose myself to their resentment, if, notwithstanding this my faithful advice, you suffer them still to retain their authority. But what does it signify, while I do my duty, and say nothing but the truth."

"These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me: I no longer doubted the treachery of Philocles, and I was jealous of Protefilaus, as his friend and accomplice. In the mean time, Timocrates was incessantly saying to me: "If you wait till Philocles has made an entire conquest of the isle of Carpathium, it will be too late to put a stop to his designs; secure him therefore without delay while you have it within your power." I was now extremely shocked at the deep dissimulation of mankind, and did now know whom to trust. After the discovery I had made of Philocles's treachery, I did not think there was any man upon earth in whose virtue I could confide. The perfidious subject I was determined to put to death forthwith; but I was afraid of Protefilaus, and did not know how to act in regard to him. I was afraid of finding him guilty, and I was afraid to trust him until I had cleared up my doubts.

"At last, however, in my perplexity I could not help telling him that I began to be suspicious of Philocles. At this hint he seemed surprised; urged his moderation and upright conduct: exaggerated his services; in short, he did his utmost to make me believe that they understood one another too well. On the other hand, Timocrates endeavoured from thence to persuade me that they acted in concert,
and

and to engage me to take off Philocles while it was yet in my power. You see, my dear Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how much they are in danger of being made the sport of other men; of those very men who seem to tremble at their foot-stool.— I thought it a stroke of profound policy to disconcert Protefilaus by sending Timocrates secretly to the fleet to make away with Philocles. As for Protefilaus, he carried his dissimulation to the utmost height, and imposed upon me with the more success, the more naturally he acted the part of a man who was himself deceived. Timocrates then setting out for the fleet, found Philocles much embarrassed in making the descent, as he was in want of all sorts of necessaries; for Protefilaus not certainly knowing if the forged letter would prove the occasion of his death, was resolved to bring it about another way if that failed; namely, by the miscarriage of an enterprize, from which he had made me expect so much; a miscarriage which would not fail to incense me against the general. Yet did he surmount the difficulties of this expedition by his courage, his genius, and the affection of the troops which he had acquired. Though the whole army saw how rash the attempt was, and how fatal it would probably be, yet every one exerted himself to the utmost to make it successful, as if his life and happiness depended upon the event. Every one was willing to hazard his life at all times under a commander so wise, and so attentive to conciliate their attachment.

“ Timocrates exposed himself to the most imminent danger in attempting the life of a commander in the midst of an army by whom he was so much loved. But wild immoderate ambition is blind.— Timocrates thought nothing too dangerous or difficult to gratify Protefilaus, in conjunction with whom he fancied he should govern in an absolute manner after the death of Philocles; and Protefilaus, on his part, could not bear a man of virtue whose very appearance secretly reproached him with his crimes; and whose integrity might ruin his projects, by opening my eyes to his real character. Timocrates first
gained

Over two officers, who were constantly with Philocles, by promising them great rewards in my name; he then told him that he was come by my order to communicate certain secrets which he could not impart but in the presence of these two officers. Philocles accordingly retired to a private apartment with them and Timocrates: then Timocrates immediately drew a poignard and stabbed Philocles, but the wound was not deep; the weapon passed obliquely through his side. Philocles, not at all disconcerted or dismayed, wrested the poignard from him, and defended himself with it against the assassin and his two accomplices. At the same time calling out for help, some persons came running to the door, burst it open, and rescued him from the three assailants, who, being disordered with fear, had attacked him but feebly.— They were all three seized, and would have been immediately torn to pieces, so much was the army enraged against them, had not Philocles interposed, who taking Timocrates aside, calmly asked him, who had instigated him to attempt so black a deed. He, in the apprehension of being put to death, immediately produced the order that I had given him in writing to make away with Philocles; and as traitors are always base and cowardly, he endeavoured to save his own life by making a full discovery of his colleague's treachery.

“ Philocles, shocked to find so much villainy in mankind, took a resolution that was full of moderation: he declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent, secured him against all danger, and sent him back to Crete; he then resigned the command of the army to Polymenes, whom I had nominated to it in my written order, after Philocles should be killed. Lastly, having exhorted the troops to behave with due loyalty and fidelity to me, he went in the night on board a small bark, which carried him to the isle of Samos, where he lives quietly in poverty and solitude, gaining his livelihood by making statues, and never desiring to hear any more of wicked deceitful men, but especially of kings, whom he looks upon as the most unhappy,
and

and most blind of all men." Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus, and said: "Well, was it long before you discovered the truth?" "No," replied Idomeneus, "I found out by degrees the artifices of Protefilaus and Timocrates, and the sooner by their falling out; for it is difficult for bad men to continue long united. This quarrel gave me an opportunity of discovering the depth of the abyss into which they had plunged me." "Well," said Mentor, "did not you take a resolution to rid yourself of both of them?" "Alas!" replied Idomeneus, "can you be ignorant of the weakness and perplexity of princes? When they have once attached themselves to men who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, they have no longer any liberty to hope for. Those they despise most, they treat best, and even overwhelm with favours: although I greatly dreaded Protefilaus, yet I still left him the entire management of my affairs.— Strange infatuation! I was extremely glad that I knew him, and yet I had not the resolution to resume the authority I had conferred upon him. It is true, I found him easy, obliging, attentive to gratify my passions, and zealous for my interest. In fine, I made shift to excuse my weakness to myself, by reason I had never known what true reason was, for want of judgment to distinguish and chuse men of worth to conduct my affairs. I even thought there were none such upon the earth, and that probity was no more than a beautiful phantom. To what purpose, said I, make a noise by disgracing one corrupt minister, only to fall into the hands of another, neither more disinterested, nor more honest than he. In the mean time the fleet returned under the command of Polymenes, and I dropped all thoughts of making a conquest of the island of Carpathium. Protefilaus, notwithstanding his profound dissimulation, could not prevent my perceiving he was extremely chagrined that Philocles had got safe to the isle of Samos."

Here Mentor again interrupted Idomeneus to ask him, whether, after the discovery of such black treachery,

treachery, he continued still to trust Protefilaus, with the management of his affairs. "I was," replied Idomeneus, "too averse to business, and too indolent to be able to extricate myself out of his hands. To effect this deliverance, I must have been obliged to alter the plan I had established for my ease and convenience, and to instruct another minister, a task which I never had resolution to undertake. I chose rather to shut my eyes, that I might not see the artifices of Protefilaus; and comforted myself only by letting some persons, in whom I confided, know that I was not ignorant of his perfidy. Thus I imagined I was but in part deceived, since I knew that I was deceived. I even now and then gave Protefilaus to understand that I bore his yoke with impatience; taking a pleasure often in contradicting him, in publicly condemning some things that he had done, and determining contrary to his opinion; but as he knew my laziness, and want of resolution, he was not much troubled at my uneasiness. He was never daunted or discouraged, but always returned to the charge; sometimes insolent and assuming; at others, humble and complying; especially when he perceived that I was out of humour with him, he re-doubled his efforts to pacify me, either by procuring me new pleasures and amusements, or by engaging me in some design in which his assistance might be necessary, or which might give him an opportunity of displaying his zeal for my honour.

"Although I was upon my guard against him, yet he still maintained his ascendant over me by thus flattering my passions; by knowing my secrets; by extricating me out of my difficulties; and by making all my subjects and neighbours stand in awe of my authority. I could not therefore resolve to discard him; but by thus continuing him in his place, I made it unsafe for any good man to venture to represent to me my true interests. From that time there was an end to all freedom of speech in my council. Truth forsook me, and error, the fore-runner of the fall of kings, punished me for having sacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Protefilaus. Even

those who were most zealous for the public good, and most attached to my person, thought themselves now no longer obliged to attempt to undeceive me.— After having suffered myself to be so shamefully misled and abused, I was myself afraid lest truth should penetrate the thick cloud, and reach me in spite of adulation; for, as I had not resolution to embrace and follow it, the light of it was become uneasy to me. I found, that notwithstanding the cruel remorse it had occasioned me, it had not been able to deliver me from my thralldom. From my own indolence, and the ascendant which Protefilaus had insensibly gained over me, I began to despair of ever being able to recover my liberty. A situation so shameful I would fain have concealed both from myself and others. You know, my dear Mentor, the false ridiculous notions of glory and grandeur in which kings are brought up: they will never, therefore, allow themselves to be in the wrong; and, to cover one blunder, commit a hundred. Rather than own that they have been deceived, and take the pains to correct their errors, they will suffer themselves to be imposed upon all their lives. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes, and such exactly was mine, when I was obliged to embark for the siege of Troy.

“ At my departure, I left the administration of the government in the hands of Protefilaus, who acted in a cruel imperious manner during my absence. The whole kingdom of Crete groaned under his tyranny, yet nobody had courage to inform me of my people’s oppression. They knew I was afraid of discovering the truth, and that I abandoned to the cruelty of Protefilaus all those who ventured to speak against him; but the less courage they had to re-monstrate against him, the more violent he became. At last he compelled me to disgrace the brave Merion, who had attended me with so much glory to the siege of Troy. He grew jealous of him, as he did of all those for whom I discovered any regard, or who had any virtue left. You cannot be ignorant, my dear Mentor, that all my misfortunes have arisen

arisen from such a conduct. The revolt of the Cretans was not occasioned so much by the death of my son, as the wrath of the gods, who were offended at my weak conduct, and the hatred of the people, which Protefilaus had drawn upon me. When I embued my hands in the blood of my son, the Cretans already exasperated by the severity of my government, lost all patience; and the abhorrence of me and my government that had long been rankling at their hearts, now broke forth, and displayed itself openly.

Timocrates accompanied me to the siege of Troy, and gave Protefilaus secretly an account by letters of all that he observed or could discover. I was very sensible that I was no better than a prisoner; but as I despaired of being able to deliver myself from captivity, I did not suffer my thoughts to dwell upon it. When the Cretans, after my arrival, revolted, Protefilaus and Timocrates were the first that endeavoured to make their escape; and they would undoubtedly have forsaken me, if I had not been obliged to fly almost as soon as they. Assure yourself, my dear Mentor, that those who are insolent in prosperity, are always mean and pusillanimous in a reverse of fortune. No sooner are they deprived of their absolute power, than they lose their reason and resolution. They are then as abject and cringing, as they were before haughty and imperious; passing in a moment from one extreme to another."

Here Mentor said to Idomeneus: "But how comes it to pass, that knowing so well these two wicked men, you still keep them about you, as I find you do? That they should have followed you, I am not at all surpris'd, as they had no other course to take more for their advantage. I even will allow that you acted generously, in permitting them to take refuge in your new settlement; but why should you give yourself up entirely to their guidance, after such a long course of fatal experience?"

"You are not aware," replied Idomeneus, "how little indolent, effeminate, unthinking princes are the better for all their experience. Although they

are dissatisfied with the whole of the administration, yet they have not courage to redress any one abuse. The being used, for so many years, to be guided by these two men, was like a chain of iron that fastened me to them; besides, I was watched and beset by them continually. Since I have been here, they have engaged me in all those expensive projects that you know of; and have quite drained this infant settlement. They too were the occasion of the war, which, but for you would have been fatal to me. I should soon have undergone the same calamities at Salentum as in Crete; but you have opened my eyes, and have inspired me with the courage I wanted, to assert my liberty. How it happens I cannot tell; but since you came hither I find myself quite another man."

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Protefilaus had behaved since that change took place. "Nothing," replied Idomeneus, "could be more artful than his behaviour since your arrival. At first he took a great deal of pains indirectly to raise in my mind a jealousy of you. He said nothing himself to your disadvantage; but there were several persons that warned me to be upon my guard against you, as strangers that had no good designs. "One of them," said they, "is the son of the deceitful Ulysses; the other is a man of great depth and dissimulation: they are continually wandering from one country to another: who knows whether they may not have formed some design upon this? It appears from their own accounts, that they have been the cause of great disturbances in every place where they have been. This settlement is but yet in its infancy, and may be easily overturned."

"Protefilaus said nothing directly against you, but he strove to persuade me of the danger and absurdity of the several reforms you proposed.—He endeavoured to deter me from them, by representing them as contrary to my interest. "If," said he, "you introduce riches among your people, they will labour no more; they will become haughty, intractable, and be ever ready to revolt, the only way to make them humble and submissive, and to prevent resistance and rebellion is to keep them poor and indigent."

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He often attempted to resume his former power, in order to lord it over me, though he covered his design under an appearance of zeal for my service. "By studying," said he, "to ease the people, you intrench upon the royal authority, and thereby do them an irreparable injury; for there is a necessity for their being kept under for their own good and quiet."

"To all this I replied: That I knew well how to keep them in their duty and allegiance by conciliating their affections, by maintaining my authority, notwithstanding my inclination to ease them; by punishing the guilty with firmness and resolution; and lastly, by giving the youth a proper education, and supporting, by a strict discipline, a simplicity of manners, sobriety, and industry among the whole body of the people. What, said I, cannot a people be kept under without starving them? What inhumanity! what barbarous policy! how many nations do we see treated with gentleness by their princes, and yet very dutiful and loyal! Rebellions are occasioned by the intrigues and ambition of the grandees, when their passions and licentiousness are not duly restrained; by the great numbers, both high and low, who live in sloth, luxury, and idleness: by too great a proportion of military men, who, in time of peace, apply themselves to no kind of useful employment; lastly, by the despair of an oppressed people, the pride and insensibility of kings, together with their indolence, which makes them incapable of that vigilance that is necessary to prevent commotions in a state. These are the true causes of revolts, and not the allowing of the peasant to eat in peace the bread that he hath earned with the sweat of his brow.

"When Protefilaus found that I was unalterably fixed in these maxims, his conduct was quite altered from what it was before; he began to adopt the maxims which he could not prevail upon me to relinquish; he pretended to relish them, to be convinced of their justness, and to be obliged to me for having set him right in that respect. He is before-hand with me in every thing I could wish for the ease of my people; he is the first to urge their wants, and to

exclaim against exorbitant expence. You know how he extols you, how he seems to confide in you, and that he is very assiduous to please you. As for Timócrates, he begins to be upon ill terms with Protefilaus, having shewn an inclination to shake off his yoke. Of consequence, Protefilaus is become jealous of him; and to this their misunderstanding I am partly indebted for the discovery of their perfidy."

Mentor smilingly replied: "Is it possible you should have been so weak as to suffer yourself to be enslaved so many years by two traitors, whose treachery you knew!" "Ah," replied Idomeneus, "you are not aware what an ascendant artful men gain over a weak and indolent prince, who entirely gives up to them the reins of government. But Protefilaus, as I told you, hath now entered into all your views for the public good. - Mentor thus replied with an air of gravity: "I see too plainly, in what manner wicked men prevail over the virtuous in the courts of kings: you yourself furnish a terrible example. But you tell me, that I have opened your eyes in regard to Protefilaus, and yet they are still so far shut, that you leave the management of your affairs in his hands, though he does not deserve to live. Do not imagine that the bad are incapable of doing any good; for they can do good or ill indifferently, as it answers their ambitious views. To do ill, gives them no sort of uneasiness, being without any virtuous principle, or benevolent sensation to restrain them; nor are they more backward to do good, though from a vicious motive, that by appearing virtuous, they may more certainly deceive the rest of mankind. Properly speaking, indeed, they are not capable of virtue, though they seem to practise it, but are capable of adding to their other vices that which is the basest of all, namely, hypocrisy. While you are fully bent upon doing good, Protefilaus will fall in with your inclinations, in order to preserve his influence and authority. But if he should observe you to remit ever so little of your ardor in regard to that, he will leave no stone unturned to draw you into your former er-

rors, that he may be at liberty to indulge his natural ferocity and deceit. Can you enjoy either honour or repose, while you have such a man still about you, and while you know that the sage and faithful Philocles lives in poverty and disgrace in the isle of Samos? You are now very sensible, O Idomeneus, that bold perfidious men, if suffered to be about weak, indolent princes, will gain an ascendant over them, and mislead them. But there is another misfortune to which those princes are subject, not less than the other, which you ought also to be sensible of, and that is, of easily forgetting the virtue and services of one that has been obliged to be absent any time. The multitudes with which princes are continually surrounded, are the cause that none of them singly make any deep impression upon them: they are affected only by what is present and agreeable; every thing else is soon forgotten. The virtuous in particular are but little regarded by them, because instead of flattering them, they venture even to contradict them, and to condemn their weak conduct. Is it then to be wondered at, that they are not loved, when they themselves love nothing but idle pomp and pleasure."

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mentor prevails upon Idomeneus to send Proteſſlaus and Timocrates to the iſle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, and advance him again to favour and honour. Hegeſippus, who is charged with the commiſſion, executes it with joy. He arrives with theſe two men at the iſle of Samos, where he finds his friend, leading in contentment a life of poverty and ſolitude. He could hardly be prevailed upon to conſent to return to his countrymen: however, when he found that it was the will of the gods that he ſhould, he embarks with Hegeſippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who was quite changed from what he had been before, receives him kindly.

AFTER having ſpoken to this effect, Mentor made Idomeneus ſenſible that he ought immediately to diſmiſs Proteſſlaus and Timocrates, and recall Philocles. The only difficulty that remained, was the king's apprehenſion with reſpect to the ſeverity of Philocles. "I own," ſaid he, "I cannot help dreading a little his return, though I love and eſteem his virtue. From my earlieſt infancy I have been

been accustomed to such adulation, officious zeal and compliances, as I cannot expect from that man. As often as I took any step which he did not approve, I discovered it immediately by his melancholy air; and when he was alone with me, his deportment was modest and respectful; but ever dry and reserved." "Do not you know," replied Mentor, "that princes spoiled by flattery are apt to call an ingenuous freedom austerity and churlishness? Nay, they are even apt to imagine, that men have no zeal for their service, or that they are disaffected, unless they are servile and ready to flatter them in the most unjust exercise of their power. Every free, ingenuous expression, appears to them insolent, captious, and seditious; and so delicate do they grow, that every thing but flattery disgusts and offends them. But let us suppose that Philocles is, in fact, stiff and austere, is not that austerity to be preferred to the pernicious flattery of your present counsellors? Where can you find a man without foibles and defects? And is not that of telling you the truth, perhaps, a little too boldly, the least to be dreaded of any? But what do I say? Is it not a defect necessary to correct yours, and to cure you of that dislike of truth, which flattery hath engendered? You stand in need of one who hates all falsehood and disguise, and who may love you better than you yet know how to love yourself; who may tell you the truth, how disagreeable soever it may be to you, and convey it to your ear at all hazards; and such a one is Philocles. Remember, that a prince ought to think himself extremely happy, if, in his reign, there is born but one man of so much worth, such being the greatest treasure of a state; and that the greatest calamity he has to apprehend from the gods, is to lose such a man, should he render himself unworthy of him by not consulting him, and following his advice. As for the foibles and defects of good men, a prince ought to know them, but not for that neglect to employ them, or advise with them. If they have any faults endeavour to correct them, and never blindly trust to their indiscreet zeal; but give them a fair hearing,

hearing, honour their virtue, let the public see that you know how to distinguish them; and above all things beware of acting any longer the part you have hitherto performed. Princes, abused as you were, satisfied with despising corrupt men, continue still to employ them, to trust them, and to heap favours upon them. On the other hand, they pique themselves upon knowing also the virtuous, but go no farther than to praise them, never advancing them to employments, nor admitting them into their familiarity, nor bestowing any mark of their favour upon them."

Idomeneus then acknowledged he had too long delayed to appear in behalf of oppressed innocence, and to punish those who had imposed upon him. Mentor found no great difficulty in persuading him to disgrace his favourite; for when favourites come once to be suspected by, and obnoxious to their masters, they are uneasy and impatient till they get rid of them; their partiality to them vanishes; their services are forgotten; and their fall does not in the least affect them, provided they are no more seen by them.

Accordingly the king gave secret orders to Hegesippus, who was one of the chief officers of his household, to seize Protefilaus and Timocrates, to convey them safely to the isle of Samos, and there to leave them; and to bring from thence the exile Philocles. Hegesippus, greatly surpris'd at this order, could not forbear shedding tears. "Now," said he, "will you give great joy to your subjects: these two men have been the occasion of all the misfortunes that have befallen you and your people.—These twenty years have they made all good men groan, and hardly durst they even do that, so great was their tyranny. All that ventured to make any application to you through any other channel than theirs, were sure to be crush'd by them." Then did Hegesippus make a discovery to the king of a great many perfidious and cruel deeds perpetrated by these two men, of which he had never heard a tittle, because nobody would venture to accuse them; he
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also told him what he had heard of a secret conspiracy to destroy Mentor; at all which the king was greatly shocked. Hegesippus then went to seize Protefilaus at his house, which was not so large, but more commodious and gay than the king's palace; and built in a better taste of architecture. A great deal of money, raised by oppression and extortion, had been laid out in adorning it. He was then in a saloon of marble near his baths, lying carelessly upon a bed of purple embroidered with gold; he seemed quite exhausted with intense thought and application; and there appeared a certain fierceness, gloominess, and agitation in his eyes and looks. The chiefs of the grandees of the state were placed on carpets all around him, watching every motion of his eye, and adapting their looks to his. At every word he spoke, they were in raptures of admiration. One of the most considerable, recounted with the most ridiculous exaggerations, all that he had done for the king. Another affirmed, that Jupiter having beguiled his mother, had begotten him, and that he was the son of the father of the gods. Then came a poet, and recited some verses, importing, that Protefilaus having been instructed by the Muses, had equalled Apollo in every species of wit and ingenuity. Another poet, still more abject and impudent, styled him in his verses the inventor of the fine arts, and the father of the people, who were happy under his administration; describing him as holding in his hand a cornucopia.

Protefilaus heard all these praises with a cold, absent, or contemptuous air, like a man who thinks he deserves far greater, and is wonderfully condescending in vouchsafing to hear himself praised.—There was a sycophant who ventured to whisper in his ear some jest upon the regulations that Mentor had introduced. Protefilaus smiling at it, the whole company burst into a laugh, although most of them could not yet know what it was that had given occasion to it; but Protefilaus, immediately resuming his stern and haughty air, they all relapsed into fear and silence. Several noblemen seemed extremely
eager

eager and impatient for the moment when Protefilaus should turn towards them, and give them the hearing. They appeared to be in great emotion and perplexity: this arose from the favours they were going to ask: one might have guessed at their intention by their suppliant postures, which were like that of a mother at the foot of the altar, when she earnestly begs of the gods to restore her only son to health. They all seemed to entertain a high esteem and veneration for Protefilaus, though they bore an implacable hatred to him in their hearts. At that instant, Hegesippus enters the saloon, seizes the sword of Protefilaus, and informs him that he had an order from the king to carry him to the isle of Samos. At these words, all the pride and arrogance of the favourite fell in a moment, as a rock that tumbles from the top of a high, craggy mountain. He throws himself at the feet of Hegesippus, trembling, faltering, weeping, and embraces his knees, though a little before he would hardly have deigned to take the least notice of him. Now all those who had but lately offered him the incense of fulsome flattery, seeing him irrecoverably undone, insulted him without pity. Hegesippus would neither give him time to go and bid adieu to his family, nor to fetch some secret papers, but had them all seized and carried to the king. Timocrates was arrested at the same time, at which he was greatly surprised: for he fondly imagined, that as he had quarrelled with Protefilaus, he should not be involved in his ruin. They were both put on board a ship that had been provided for that purpose, which soon carried them to Samos. There Hegesippus left them; miserable objects now, and what rendered them completely so, he left them together, reproaching one another, in an outrageous manner, with the crimes they had committed, and which had occasioned their fall, without any hopes of ever seeing Salentum again, condemned to live far from their wives and children; I do not say from their friends, for they had none. They were carried to an unknown country, where they had no other way to main-
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tain themselves but by labour; they who had passed so many years in pomp and luxury; so that, like two wild beasts, they were continually ready to tear one another to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegesippus having enquired in what part of the island Philocles lived, was informed, that he had taken up his abode upon a mountain, far from the city, where a cave served him for a house. Every body spoke of him with admiration, "He hath never," said they, "injured any one since he hath been in the island. Every body is charmed with his patience, his industry, and contentment; though he has nothing, he appears always easy and satisfied; and though he has no share in the administration, and has neither estate nor authority, yet he makes shift to oblige those who deserve it, and to do a thousand good offices to all his neighbours." Hegesippus sets out for the grotto, which he finds open and unfurnished; for such was the poverty of Philocles, and his simplicity of manners, that he had no occasion, when he went abroad, to make fast his door. His bed was nothing more than a coarse mat of rushes, and he seldom lighted a fire, because he never eat any dressed meat. In summer he lived on fruits fresh gathered from the trees, and in winter on dried figs and dates. His drink was of the water of a clear fountain, which, in falling from a rock, formed a little cascade. There was nothing in his grotto but the tools used in sculpture, and a few books which he read at certain hours, not to gratify his curiosity, or polish his wit, but to inform his understanding, and learn how to be good, while he indulged a little relaxation from labour. As for sculpture, he applied himself to it, not only to prevent his being idle, and to exercise his body, but to gain a livelihood, and keep himself above want.—When Hegesippus entered the grotto, he could not help admiring the works which he had begun. He took notice in particular of a Jupiter, whose serene countenance was so full of majesty, that it was easy to know him to be the father of the gods and men. In another corner appeared Mars, with a fierce menacing haughtiness in his air; but the figure that

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touched him most was a Minerva animating the arts. There was something very sweet and noble in her countenance; she was tall, graceful, and finely shaped, and her attitude so lively and natural, that one would have thought she was going to move. After Hegesippus had amused himself awhile in viewing the statues, he quitted the grotto, and observed Philocles a good way off, laid upon the grass under a huge tree, and reading. He advances towards him; and Philocles, who perceiving him, knows not what to think; "Is not that," said he to himself, "Hegesippus, with whom I was very intimate in Crete? But how unlikely is it that he should be so far from home! may not it rather be his shade, that after his death is come hither from the banks of Styx?" While he thus remained in suspense, Hegesippus approached so near, that he could not help recognizing and embracing him. "Is it then you, indeed, my dear and ancient friend? What accident, what storm hath cast you upon this coast? What made you leave the isle of Crete? Have you been disgraced as I was, and obliged to fly your native land? Hegesippus made answer: "I have not been disgraced; on the contrary, it is the favour of the gods that hath brought me hither." He then gave him an account of the long tyrannical administration of Protefilaus, the intrigues carried on by him and Timocrates, the misfortunes they had brought upon Idomeneus, and how he had been obliged to quit his kingdom, and fly to the coast of Hesperia; of his founding Salentum; of the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus; of the wise maxims which Mentor had instilled into the king, and the disgrace of the two traitors in consequence thereof: he added, that he had brought them to Samos to suffer punishment there, as they had made him suffer; and lastly, that he had orders to conduct him to Salentum, where the king, who was now apprized of his innocence, intended to commit to him the administration of affairs, and to distinguish him by his favours."

"Do you see," said Philocles, "that grotto, fitter to be the habitation of wild beasts than of men? There have I enjoyed more peace and happiness

ness during so many years, than I did in the gilded palaces of the isle of Crete. Here men do not deceive me; for I seldom see them, or hear their flattering, deluding speeches. Nor do I now stand in need of them; my hands, inured to labour, supply me with ease with the simple nourishment that nature requires. You see, I here enjoy a profound tranquillity and delightful liberty, of which my well chosen books teach me to make a good use; so that I want nothing of other men but a slight garment to cover my nakedness. For what then should I again mingle with jealous, fickle, and deceitful men? No, no; envy me not, my dear Hegesippus, the happiness I now enjoy. Protefilaus, by betraying the king, and endeavouring to ruin me, hath ruined himself; but he did not hurt me in the least. On the contrary, he did me the greatest kindness; he delivered me from the slavery and drudgery of business; and to him I am indebted for my dear solitude, and all the innocent pleasures I enjoy in it. Go, Hegesippus, return to the king; assist him in supporting the load of grandeur, and act yourself the part you would have me act. Since his eyes, that were so long shut to the truth, have at last been opened by that wise man whom you call Mentor, let him not part with him. As for me, I might be justly charged with imprudence, should I, after being shipwrecked, quit the port, whither the tempest luckily drove me, and expose myself again to the winds and waves. O how much are kings to be pitied! how worthy of compassion are those that serve them! if they are bad men, what calamities do they not occasion, and what torments await them in gloomy Tartarus! on the other hand, if they are good, what difficulties have they to surmount! what snares to guard against! what trouble to undergo! Once more, Hegesippus, let me beg you to permit me to enjoy my happy poverty."

While Philocles spoke thus with a good deal of earnestness, Hegesippus beheld him with astonishment: when he knew him formerly in Crete, where he had the direction of the most important affairs, he was meagre, sickly, and infirm. The natural heat and

severity of his temper engaged him in toils that exhausted his vigour: he could not bear to see vice go unpunished, and insisted upon transacting business with a certain precision which is never fully established. Thus was his health, naturally delicate, much impaired by business. But at Samos, Hegesippus found him jolly and vigorous, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, the florid complexion of youth appeared upon his countenance. His quiet, active, sober life had, in a manner, renewed his constitution. "You are surprised," said Philocles smiling, "to see me so much changed for the better in my appearance. It is to my solitude that I am indebted for my fresh colour and good state of health, and my enemies have helped me to that, which I never should have found in the most elevated station. Would you have me throw up these substantial blessings and advantages for such as are only imaginary; and make myself as unhappy as ever? Do not be more cruel to me than Protefilaus; at least do not envy me the happiness that I derive from him." Upon this Hegesippus plied him with every argument he thought might work upon him, but in vain. "Are you then," said he to him, "insensible to the pleasure of seeing your friends and acquaintance who long for your return, and whom the very hope of embracing you, fills with transports of joy? But do you, who fear the gods, and are careful to perform your duty, look upon it as nothing to serve your king, to assist him in all his endeavours to do good, and to contribute to the happiness of such numbers? Is it justifiable to give one's self up to an austere philosophy, to think one's self wiser than all the rest of mankind, and to consult our own ease, preferably to the happiness of our fellow-citizens? Besides, if you refuse to see the king, people will impute your refusal to resentment; if he intended you harm, it was because he did not know you. It was not the upright, the good, the just Philocles whom he sought to make away with; no, it was a person very different that he proposed to punish.—But now that he knows you, and does not mistake you for what you are not, he feels his heart warmed
anew

anew with all his former friendship and regard for your person and character. He expects you. Already are his arms stretched out to embrace you : he is to the last degree impatient to see you. Can you be so hard-hearted as to be inexorable to your king and all your dearest friends ?”

Philocles, who at first seeing Hegefippus, had felt great emotions of joy and tenderness, at hearing what he had said last, resumed his austere air. Like a rock, which the furious winds and loud-roaring waves assail in vain, he remained inflexible ; and neither arguments, nor entreaties could make any impression upon his heart. But at last, when Hegefippus began to despair of prevailing upon him, he (Philocles) having consulted the gods, discovered by the flight of birds and the entrails of victims that it was their pleasure that he should go along with his friend. He then hesitated no longer, but prepared for his departure ; which however, he could not do, without regretting his being obliged to quit the desert, where he had passed so many years. “ Alas,” said he, “ must I leave thee, dear grotto, where balmy sleep came every night to recruit my spirits, after the labours of the day ! here did the fates, notwithstanding my poverty, spin me many a peaceful happy day.” He then prostrated himself, the tears at the same time bedewing his cheeks, to adore the Naid, whose limpid stream had so long allayed his thirst, and the nymphs, who inhabited the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his lamentations, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural divinities.

Philocles then accompanied Hegefippus to the city, in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Protefilaus would, from shame and resentment, avoid seeing him, but he was mistaken : for bad men have no sense of shame, and will readily stoop to any meanness. Philocles on the other hand, had such delicate feelings, that he took all the care he could not to be seen by the other ; for he was afraid of encreasing his misery by presenting to his view an happy enemy going to be raised upon his ruin. But Protefilaus did not rest till he found out

Philocles, when he endeavoured to excite his pity, and to engage him to ask the king to let him return to Salentum. Philocles was too sincere to promise to use his endeavours to get him recalled; for nobody knew better than he with what pernicious consequences it might have been attended. He treated him, however, with a great deal of good-nature, sympathized with him, endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him to strive to appease the gods by the purity of his manners, and by bearing his disgrace with patience. As he understood that the king had stripped him of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promised him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed. One was to take care of his wife and children, who were left at Salentum in extreme poverty, and exposed to the public odium: the other, to send him some money to enable him the better to bear his distress in that remote isle. In the mean time a favourable wind began to swell the sails of the ship that was to carry them to Salentum, and Philocles immediately went on board, as Hegesippus was impatient to be gone. Protefilaus saw them embark, and his eyes, which were continually fixed upon the sea-shore, pursued the vessel as she ploughed the waves, and bore away before the wind. When she at last disappeared, the image of her still remained deeply impressed upon his imagination. At last, transported with rage, and overwhelmed with despair, he tore his hair, rolled himself upon the sand, reproached the gods with their cruelty, called on death to come to his relief, and deliver him from so much misery; but in vain; for death was deaf to his prayers, and he had not resolution enough to put an end to his woes with his own hand. In the mean time, the vessel, by the favour of Neptune and the winds, soon arrives at Salentum; and the king being apprized that she had already entered the port, goes directly with Mentor to meet Philocles, embraces him tenderly, and expresses his sorrow for having treated him with so much injustice. This acknowledgment, far from being thought a meanness or weakness in the king, was regarded by all the Salentines as the effort of a great mind, noble
and

ingenuous enough frankly to own its errors, and to endeavour to repair them. Every body shed tears of joy at seeing again the worthy man who had loved and been beloved by the people, and at hearing the king express himself in so wise and gracious a manner.

Philocles received the caresses of his sovereign with a modest and respectful air, and followed him to the palace amidst the acclamations of the people, at which he was uneasy. Mentor and he were soon as closely united by friendship as if they had passed their whole lives together, though they had never before seen one another; which is owing to this, that the gods, though they have not given eyes to the wicked to distinguish the good, have yet taught the good how to distinguish one another. Those who are virtuously disposed, cannot be long together without being united by the virtue which they love. Philocles soon requested it as a favour of the king to be permitted to retire to a solitude near Salentum, where he continued to live in the same poverty and simplicity as at Samos. Thither the king and Mentor went almost every day to see him, and there they deliberated upon the means of supporting the authority of the laws, and fixing the government upon a solid basis for the public good. The two things that chiefly engaged their thoughts, were the education of children, and the maxims to be observed in time of peace. With respect to the children, Mentor said, that they did not belong so much to their parents, as to the public; that they were the children of the state, its hope and strength; and that it was too late to attempt to reform them after they had been corrupted. That to displace them after they had been found unworthy of their employments, signified little; and, that it was better to prevent the evil, than to be reduced to the necessity of punishing it. "The king," continued he, "is the father of all his people, but in a more particular manner of the youth, who are the flower of them; and care must be taken of the buds and blossoms, for the sake of the fruit.—The king then must not think it below him to keep a watchful eye himself, as well as make others watch

watch over the education of youth. Let him be steady in causing the laws of Minos to be strictly observed, which ordain, that the youth be taught to despise hardship and death, to place honour in undervaluing riches and pleasure, to account lying, ingratitude, injustice, and effeminacy, infamous vices; to sing betimes the praises of heroes who have been loved by the gods, have performed great actions for the good of their country, and signalized their valour in battle; let the charms of music captivate their hearts, in order to elevate their minds, and civilize their manners; let them learn to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, just to all men, even their most inveterate enemies; and to dread death and torture less than the reproaches of their own conscience. If these noble maxims are early instilled into the minds of youth, and inculcated by the help of music, very few of them will remain untouched and uninflamed with the love of glory and virtue."

Mentor added, it was highly requisite to establish public schools, to accustom the youth to the most vigorous bodily exercises, and to prevent idleness and effeminacy, which are the bane of the most promising geniuses. He instituted, therefore, a great variety of games and shews, in order to put life and spirit into the whole body of the people; but especially to render their bodies supple, strong, and active by exercise, appointing prizes to excite emulation. But what he had most at heart, for the sake of order and decorum, was to engage the youth to marry betimes, and their parents to leave them at full liberty to chuse such as were agreeable to them, in respect both to body and mind, for wives; and not to impose them upon them from interested views. But while they were thus contriving ways and means to make the youth sober, regular, industrious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who loved war, observed to Mentor; "In vain will you inure the youth to these exercises if you suffer them to live always in peace, in which they will have no opportunity of seeing any service, nor of signalizing their valour.

Thus

Thus will you insensibly weaken the state, and introduce effeminacy, luxury, and a corruption of manners. Other more warlike nations will find no difficulty in conquering you; and by too anxiously guarding against the calamities of war, you will fall into the most deplorable servitude."

Mentor replied: "The woes of war are more dreadful than you imagine. It exhausts a state, and ever exposes it to ruin, even amidst the most glorious victories. With whatever advantages it may be begun, it is impossible to foresee what a fatal turn it may take before it is concluded. How great soever the superiority of your forces may be when you engage in battle, a small mistake, a sudden alarm, in short, the most trifling accident may snatch from you the victory, that you were just upon the point of gaining, and transfer it to your enemies. But supposing you were always sure of victory, you would ruin yourself, at the same time that you ruined your enemies. The country would be depopulated; the lands would lie uncultivated; commerce would be interrupted and impaired; but the worst of all is, that the best laws would be weakened, and a corruption of manners ensue. The pursuit of learning would be neglected by the youth, and necessity would oblige you to connive at a pernicious licentiousness in the army. The distribution of justice, the police, every thing, in short, suffers by these disorders. A king, who to acquire a little glory, or extend his dominions, sheds so much human blood, and is the cause of such evils, is unworthy of the glory that he aspires to, and deserves to lose the territories he possesses, for having unjustly invaded those that did not belong to him.

"I will now shew you, how the martial spirit of a nation may be kept up in time of peace. You know what bodily exercises I have already ordained; the prizes I have appointed to excite emulation; the maxims of glory and virtue that will be infused into the minds of the youth by singing from their earliest infancy the great actions of heroes: add to these advantages, that of a sober, laborious life. But, besides all these, as soon as any state in alliance with yours
is

is engaged in war, the flower of the youth ought to be sent to it ; those especially that discover a military genius, and are most likely to profit by the service. Thus will you maintain a high reputation among your allies. Your alliance will be courted ; those who already enjoy it, will be afraid of losing it ; and without having a war to carry on at your own expence, or in your own country, you will have a gallant and intrepid youth. Even in the midst of a profound peace, you must not neglect to treat with great distinction those who are possessed of military talents ; for the surest way to prevent war, and to secure a long peace, is to have your people trained to arms ; to distinguish those who are eminent in the profession ; to have always some officers who have served abroad, and are acquainted with the forces and discipline of the neighbouring nations, and their manner of waging war : to be alike incapable of making war from ambition, and of dreading it from sloth and effeminacy. Thus, by being always prepared for a necessary war, we render it almost always unnecessary.

“ As for your allies, you ought to interpose as mediator between them when they are upon the point of declaring war against one another. Thereby will you acquire a more sure and solid glory than that of conquerors ; you will gain the love and esteem of foreigners ; they will court your friendship, and you will reign over them in consequence of the respect they have for you ; as you do over your own subjects by your lawful authority. You will be entrusted with their secrets ; have the making of their treaties ; and the possession of their hearts. Your reputation will extend itself to the most remote nations, and your name will be like a precious perfume, diffusing itself from one country to another, till it reach the most distant corners of the earth. In this situation of things, should a neighbouring state attack you unjustly, it will find you trained to arms, and prepared ; and, what is still more, it will find that you are loved, and will be supported ; all your neighbours will take the alarm ; fully persuaded that their common safety depends upon their supporting
and

and defending you. This will prove a better security than the walls of cities, or the strongest fortifications. This is to acquire true glory. But there are few kings who know how to search for it properly: instead of leaving it at a greater distance, they run after a delusive phantom, and leave true honour behind for want of knowing her distinguishing marks."

When Mentor had made these remarks, Philocles gazed at him with surprize; then turning to the king, he was charmed to observe with what avidity he treasured up in his heart all the words of wisdom that flowed like a river from the mouth of that stranger. And thus did Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, establish the good government of Salentum upon the best laws, and the most approved maxims of policy; not so much to make the dominions of Idomeneus flourish, as to shew Telemachus, when he returned, by a visible example, how much a wise administration contributed to render a nation happy, and to procure a good king a lasting reputation.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, in the camp of the allies, gains the good will of Philoetetes, who at first was prejudiced against him on account of his father Ulysses. Philoetetes, upon this, relates his adventures to him, in which he introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned vest which the centaur Nessus gave to Dejanira. He acquaints him how he got from that hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was punished for having betrayed his secrets, by all that he suffered in the isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to prevail upon him to go to the siege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the son of Esculapius.

IN the mean time Telemachus signalized his courage in all the perils of war. When he left Salentum, he studied to gain the affection of the old commanders, who had attained to the highest pitch of reputation and experience. Nestor, who had seen him before at Pylos, and who had always esteemed his

his father, treated him as if he had been his own son; giving him instructions, and enforcing them by divers examples; recounting to him all the adventures of his youth, and all the most remarkable exploits that he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age. The memory of that old man, who had lived three generations, was like a history of past times, engraven on marble and brass. Philoctetes, at first, was not so favourably disposed towards Telemachus as Nestor. The hatred he had so long entertained in his heart against Ulysses, gave him a dislike to his son; and he could not without uneasiness, observe that the gods seemed so to favour the young man, as to render him in time equal to the heroes that took and destroyed Troy. But the moderation of Telemachus at last overcame the resentment of Philoctetes; so that he could not help being charmed with his virtue and modesty. He often accosted Telemachus, and one day said, "My son, (for I will not scruple any longer to call you so) your father and I have, I own, been long enemies to one another: nay, I must confess, that even after we made ourselves masters of the superb city of Troy, my heart could not be reconciled to him; and when I saw you, I felt a reluctance even to love virtue in the son of Ulysses; a prejudice for which I often reproached myself. But virtue, when it is gentle, genuine, modest, and unaffected, at last surmounts every prejudice." Thus was Philoctetes insensibly engaged to inform him how he came to conceive so violent a hatred against Ulysses.

"I must," said he, "trace my story a little back. I accompanied, in all his expeditions, the mighty Hercules, who delivered the earth from so many monsters; in comparison of whom, other heroes are but as the feeble reed that shakes before the stately oak, or small birds in presence of the eagle. Both his misfortunes and mine arose from a passion, which is the cause of the most tragical events, and that is love. Although Hercules had conquered so many monsters, yet he was not able to conquer that unmanly passion, but became the sport of unrelenting

Cupid. He could not recollect, without blushing for shame, that he had formerly so far forgot his glory and dignity, as to spin for Omphale queen of Lydia, like the weakest and most effeminate of men; so much had he been enslaved by a blind passion. A hundred times did he own to me, that this scene of his life had tarnished his virtue, and almost eclipsed the glory of all his labours. Yet such, O ye gods! is the weakness and inconstancy of men, they imagine they are able to subdue every passion, and yet they never resist any. For, alas! the great Hercules was again caught in the snares of love, of which he had so often expressed his detestation, and became enamoured of Dejanira. Happy had he continued constant in his passion for a woman whom he had espoused. But, in a short time, the youth of Iole, in whose countenance the graces played, stole his heart. This infidelity firing the jealousy of Dejanira, she bethought herself of that fatal tunic which the centaur Nessus, had left her at his death, as that whereby she might infallibly recover the love of Hercules, as often as he should seem to neglect her for the sake of any other. That tunic was stained all over with the blood of the centaur, and consequently infected with the poison of the arrows, with which that monster had been slain. For you know, that the arrows, which Hercules employed to dispatch that perfidious centaur, had been dipped in the blood of the hydra of Lerna, and thereby poisoned; so that all the wounds made by them were incurable.

“ Hercules having put on the tunic, immediately felt the devouring flame, which penetrated to the very marrow of his bones: he roared hideously, so as to make mount Oeta, and all the deep vallies rebound, and even the sea seemed ruffled by his exclamation. The bellowing of the most furious bulls engaged in fight, would not have been half so dreadful. The unhappy Lychas, who had brought him the tunic from Dejanira, having ventured to approach him while he was transported with rage and pain, he laid hold of him, whirled him about as a
slinger

slings a stone in his sling, when he would throw it to a great distance. Thus Lychas being slung by the mighty arm of Hercules, fell among the waves of the sea, where he was immediately changed into a rock, which still retains the human form; and being continually beaten by the angry waves, strikes a terror, even at a distance, into the wary pilot! After what had happened to Lychas, I thought I could not safely trust myself with Hercules, and therefore resolved to conceal myself in the deepest caverns. There I saw him tear up, without difficulty, with one hand, the lofty ashes and old oaks, which for several ages had bid defiance to the winds and storms. With the other hand he endeavoured to tear from his back the fatal tunic, but in vain, for it was glued to his skin, and, in a manner, incorporated with his body. In proportion as he tore it, he also tore his skin and his flesh, while his blood trickled down and bedewed the ground. His fortitude at last getting the better of his pain, he exclaimed: "You see, my dear Philoctetes, what the gods make me suffer; but I have deserved it; for I have offended them, and violated the fidelity of a husband. After having subdued so many enemies, I have been so weak, as to suffer myself to be subdued by the beauty and love of a stranger; my life is now at an end, and I part with it contentedly, to appease the wrath of the gods. But, alas! my dear friend, whither have you fled from me? The excess of my pain, I own, hath made me behave in a cruel manner to the unhappy Lychas, and I am now sorry for it; for he did not know what a fatal present he brought me, and consequently did not deserve the treatment he met with: but can you suppose, that I can forget the friendship I owe you, or that I would deprive you of life? No, no; while I live I will never cease to love Philoctetes: when my soul is ready to take her flight, he shall receive in his bosom my last breath, and, after my death, shall gather my ashes. Where are you then, O my dear Philoctetes, Philoctetes! the only hope I have left on earth."

“ At these words, I ran eagerly towards him, when he held out his arms and was going to embrace me, but forbore, for fear he should light up in my bosom the fire with which he was himself devoured. “ Alas,” said he, “ even that comfort is now denied me.” So saying, he went and gathered together all the trees he had thrown down, made a pile of them upon the top of the mountain, which he ascended with great tranquility ; then spreading upon it the skin of the Nemean lion which had covered his shoulders, when he went from one end of the earth to the other to destroy monsters, and deliver the unhappy, he leaned upon his club, and ordered me to set fire to the pile, Though I was deeply affected and trembled all over, yet could I not refuse to do him this melancholy office ; for life was to him no longer a blessing from the gods, so insupportable was the pain he suffered. I was even afraid lest the violence of it should so far get the better of him, as to make him do something unworthy of that virtue which had excited the admiration of the universe. When he saw the fire begin to lay hold of the pile: “ Now,” said he, “ my dear Philoctetes, do I find, that you are my friend indeed, since you are more concerned for my honour than my life : may the gods reward you for it ! what I have upon earth, that I value most, I leave you, namely, these arrows dipt in the blood of the hydra of Lerna. You know, that the wounds they make are incurable. Nobody, therefore, will dare to engage in combat with you, and you will be invincible, as I have been. Remember that I die true to our friendship, and forget not how dear you have ever been to me. If you are, indeed, affected with my sufferings, it is still in your power to comfort me, though so near my end, by promising never to discover my death to any one, nor the place where you deposit my ashes.” This, alas ! I promised, and even swore to, while I watered his pile with my tears : a gleam of joy appeared in his countenance. But, in a moment, a cloud of smoke and flame enveloped him, stifled his voice, and almost
snatched

snatched him from my sight. Yet I saw him once more through the flames, and he appeared as calm and serene as if he had been partaking with his friends the mirth and delicacies of a feast, crowned with flowers, and scented with perfumes. In a short time the flames consumed all that was earthly or mortal in him, and there remained nothing of all that he had received at his birth from his mother Alcmena; but, by order of Jupiter, he still retained that subtle and immortal nature, that celestial flame, the true principal of life which he had received from the father of the gods. He, therefore, ascended with them to the gilded canopy of the bright Olympus to drink nectar, where they gave him for his spouse the lovely Hebe the goddess of youth, who poured nectar into the cup of the mighty Jupiter, before Ganymede had received that honourable office. As for me, those arrows he had given me to raise me above the heroes, proved an inexhaustible source of woe. In a little time the confederate kings undertook to revenge Menelaus of the infamous Paris, who had carried off Helen, and to overturn the empire of Priam. But they were given to understand by the oracle of Apollo, that they could not hope to put a happy period to the war without the arrows of Hercules.

“Your father Ulysses, who was always the most discerning, and the most active in all consultations, undertook to persuade me to go to the siege of Troy, and carry thither with me the arrows of Hercules, of which, he imagined, I was possessed. It was now a long time since Hercules had disappeared from the earth. No longer was any mention made of any new exploit of that hero; and monsters and robbers began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks did not know what to think of it; some saying he was dead, and others, that he was gone as far as the cold north pole to subdue the Scythians: but Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He came in quest of me at a time when I was still inconsolable for the loss of the great Alcides; and it was with great difficulty I

would allow him to approach me ; for I could no longer bear the sight of men, nor could I bear to think of quitting the desarts of mount Oeta, where I had seen my friend expire ; the image of that hero was still fresh in my imagination, and the sight of these melancholy desarts still renewed my grief. But soft irresistible persuasion sat upon your father's lips, and he shed tears, and appeared almost as much afflicted as myself ; thus he insensibly won my heart and confidence. He interested me in behalf of the Grecian kings, who were going to fight in a good cause, but could not succeed without my participation.— Yet he never could draw from me the secret of the death of Hercules, which I had sworn never to reveal : he was convinced, however, that he was dead, and pressed me to let him know where I had deposited his ashes. Alas ! I could not think without horror, of perjuring myself by discovering a secret which I had promised to the gods never to disclose. But though I did not dare to violate my oath, yet I was weak enough to elude it ; and the gods have punished me accordingly. I stamped with my foot on the ground, where I had buried the ashes of Hercules ; then I went and joined the confederate kings, who received me with as much joy as if I had been Hercules himself. As I entered the isle of Lemnos, having a mind to shew the assembled Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, I strung my bow to pierce a deer that rushed into a thicket. I inadvertently let the arrow drop from the bow-string upon my foot, in which it made a wound that I feel to this day : Immediately I suffered the same excruciating pain as Hercules had undergone, making the isle resound day and night with my groans, while a black tainted blood run from my wound, infected the air, and diffused through the Grecian camp a stench sufficient to poison and suffocate the most vigorous. The whole army shuddered to see me in such horrible pain, and concluded that it was a punishment inflicted on me by the just gods.— Ulysses, who had drawn me into the war, was the
first

first to abandon me in my distress. This step he took, as I have since learned, because he preferred the common interests of Greece and victory to the obligations of private friendship and decorum! so much was the whole army affected with my wound, its contagion, and my hideous groans that no sacrifices were offered in the camp. But at the time when I saw myself abandoned by all the Greeks, in pursuance of the counsels of Ulysses, his conduct appeared to me fraught with the most horrible barbarity, and the blackest treachery. Alas! I was blind, and did not see that it was just that the wisest men should be against me, no less than the gods, whom I had offended. I continued near the whole time of the siege of Troy alone, without help, hope or relief; suffering the most exquisite tortures in that savage desert isle, where I heard nothing but the noise of the sea waves dashing against the rocks. In the midst of this solitude I found an empty cavern in a rock, which towered up into the air with two points, like two heads, and from which there issued a fountain of clear water. This cavern, which was the retreat of wild beasts, to whose fury I was day and night exposed, I strewed with leaves to lye upon; and my whole furniture consisted in a wooden dish coarsely wrought, and some rags with which I staunch'd the blood and dress'd my fatal wound. There, forsaken by men, and pursued by the wrath of the gods, I pass'd my time in shooting with my arrows pigeons and other birds as they flew about the rock. When I had killed a bird for food, I was obliged to crawl upon the ground with a great deal of pain to fetch it; and in this manner did I support myself. It is true, indeed, that the Greeks, when they set out for Troy, left me some provisions; but they did not last long. When I wanted a fire to dress my victuals, I made use of flints. This life, how uncomfortable soever it may appear, would have been agreeable enough, far removed as I was from treacherous ungrateful men, had I not been racked with pain, and continually tortured with reflecting upon my unhappy fate. What, said I, de-
coy

coy a man from his native country, as the only person who could revenge Greece, and then abandon him, while asleep, in a desert isle! for I was asleep when the Greeks left me. Imagine what was my surprize, and what tears I shed, when I awaked and saw the ships ploughing the waves! alas! after all the search I could make, I could find nothing in that solitary savage isle which could give me any comfort. In fact, there are no ports in it, no commerce or culture, no hospitality, nor any living soul that voluntarily tempts the strand. No human face is seen, but of those unhappy persons who have been driven upon it by storms; nor is any society to be expected but from shipwrecks; none even of those who came upon compulsion would venture to carry me off; apprehensive of the wrath both of the gods and Greeks. For ten years was I a victim to pain and hunger? feeding a wound that wasted all my substance: even hope was extinguished in my heart.

At last, returning one day from seeking medicinal herbs for my wound, I found in my cave an handsome youth, of a graceful and heroic mien, but proud and lofty aspect. I fancied I saw Achilles, so much did he resemble him in his features, looks, and manner; only I perceived by his age that he could not be that hero. I could discern in his countenance a mixture of pity and perplexity; and the pain and slowness with which I dragged myself along, joined to the doleful piercing cries with which I made all the coast resound, seemed greatly to affect him. Stranger! said I at a considerable distance, what misfortune hath brought you into this uninhabited isle? I recognize the garb of Greece; that garb still dear to my affection! O how I long to hear your voice, and to find upon your lips that language which I learned from my earliest infancy, but have had no opportunity of speaking for a long time in this solitude. Be not afraid to behold such a wretch as me: it is your duty to afford me compassion. Scarce had Neoptolemus pronounced *I am a Grecian*, than I exclaimed:
O charming

O charming words! after so many years of silence, and unremitting pain! O my son! what misfortune, what tempest, or rather what favourable wind hath brought you hither to put an end to my sufferings? He replied: "I am of the isle of Seyros, whither I now return. Fame says I am the son of Achilles; that is all." Such a concise reply not satisfying my curiosity, I said: O son of a father whom I so much loved! dear foster-child of Lycomedes, how came you hither, and from whence? He answered; "I am come from the siege of Troy."—You was not, said I, in the first expedition? "Was you?" said he. To this interrogation I replied: I perceive you have not heard either of the name of Philoctetes, or his misfortunes. Alas! unhappy man that I am! my persecutors make a jest of my sufferings, and Greece knows nothing of them! thus my woes increase, for which I am indebted to the two sons of Atreus; may the gods reward them for their cruelty! I then informed him how I had been abandoned by the Greeks. He heard my complaints, and then immediately entered upon his own: "After the death of Achilles," said he. . . . (here I presently interrupted him, and said:) What! Achilles dead? Forgive me, my son, if I put a stop to your narrative by the tears which I owe your father. Neoptolemus replied: It is a consolation to me to be so interrupted: what joy I feel to see you weep in that manner for my father!" Neoptolemus then resuming his narrative, said: After the death of Achilles, Ulysses and Phoenix came to me, and told me that Troy could not possibly be taken without me. They found but little difficulty in prevailing upon me to go along with them. Grief for the death of Achilles, and a desire of succeeding to the glory he had acquired in that celebrated war, were motives sufficient to induce me to follow them. When I arrived before Troy, the whole army gathered about me, and every one swore that he beheld again Achilles himself: but alas! he was now no more.—Young as I was, and without experience, I imagined
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that I had every thing to hope for from those who were so lavish of their praises; I therefore immediately demanded of the Atridæ my father's arms, but they made me this harsh reply: Whatever else belonged to him you shall have; but as for his arms, they are destined for Ulysses."

"I was confounded at this intimation. I went in a transport of passion; but Ulysses, little regarding my emotion, said: Young man, you have not shared with us in the perils and hardships of this long siege, and therefore have no just claim to the arms, nor shall you ever have them: you have too much vanity and presumption. My claim of the arms having been thus unjustly rejected, I am now returning to the isle of Scyros, not so much offended at Ulysses, as at the two sons of Atreus. May every one that is their enemy, be the friend and favourite of the gods! O Philoctetes! I have now told you all." I then asked Neoptolemus how it happened that Ajax, the son of Telemon, had not prevented that act of injustice. He replied: "He is dead." Dead! said I hastily; but Ulysses, so far from being dead, it seems is still in the army alive and well. I then asked him what was become of Antiochus, the son of the sage Nestor; and Patroclus, so dear to Achilles? "They too are both dead," replied he. I then again exclaimed: What, dead! alas! what do you tell me? At that rate, the cruel war carries off the good, while it spares the bad. As Ulysses is still alive, Therfites, no doubt, is living also. Such are the doings of the gods; and yet will we still sing their praises! While I thus vented my rage against your father, Neoptolemus continued to deceive me; adding these melancholy words: "I shall now set out for the barren isle of Scyros, where I shall live contented, far from the army of the Greeks, in which the wicked are more esteemed than the virtuous. Adieu, I must be going, may the gods grant you relief, and a cure of your wound." I immediately answered: O my son, I conjure you by the manes of your father, by your mother, and whatever you hold most dear upon earth, not to
leave

Save me alone in the woful condition in which you see me. - I am not ignorant how troublesome I shall be to you, but it would be a shame to you to abandon me. Throw me down either at the stem or stern, or in the hold, or wherever I shall incommode you least. Great minds alone know what glory there is in being good: leave me not, I beseech you, in a desert, where there are no vestiges of man; carry me to your native country, or to Eubœa, which is not far from mount Oeta, Trachine, and the pleasant banks of the river Sperchius: convey me to my father. Alas! how I dread lest he should be dead! I gave him notice to send me a vessel; he must either be dead, or those who promised to acquaint him with my misery have neglected it. I must, therefore, now apply to you, O my son! remember how precarious every thing is that belongs to man. He that is in prosperity should beware of abusing it, or of turning a deaf ear to the supplications of the miserable! In such terms did the excess of my grief make me address Neoptolemus, who thereupon promised to take me with him; when I again exclaimed: O happy day! O amiable Neoptolemus, worthy of the glory of thy father! you who are to be my dear companions in this voyage, allow me to bid a last adieu to this my melancholy retreat. See where I have lived, and imagine with yourselves what I have suffered; none besides myself would have borne it. But necessity was my instructor, and by it men are taught what they never would have otherwise learned. Those who have never suffered, know nothing, neither adversity nor prosperity; they are strangers to men, nay, they are even strangers to themselves. Having made these reflections, I laid hold of my bow and arrows. When Neoptolemus saw them, he begged to be allowed to kiss arms so celebrated and sacred, as being those of the invincible Hercules. To this request I replied: There is nothing, my son, that I can refuse you; for it is you who are going to day to restore me to the light, to my country, to my father, labouring under the weight of years, to my friends,
and

and myself; you may, therefore, touch them, and then boast that you are the only Greek who hath merited that honour. Accordingly Neoptolemus went into my grotto to view and admire my arms. In the mean time, my pain became so violent, and racked me to such a degree, that I was quite beside myself, calling for a sharp knife to cut off my foot, and exclaiming, O death! so much wished for, why comest thou not to my relief? O young man, set fire to me immediately, and burn me, as I burnt the son of Jupiter! O earth, earth! receive a dying man, who can never raise himself from thee again. From this excess of pain I swooned as usual, till a profuse sweat began to bring me to myself, and give me some ease; black, purulent blood at the same time flowing from my wound. Neoptolemus, during my fit, might easily have carried off my bow and arrows, and left me; but he was the son of Achilles, and not born to act an ungenerous, dishonourable part. When I came to myself, I perceived his perplexity: he sighed, and looked like one who knows not how to dissemble, and acts against the dictates of his own heart. Do you intend, said I, to cut me off by surprize? What then is the matter? "You must," said he, "go along with me to the siege of Troy." Ah! my son, replied I hastily, what do you say? I am betrayed; restore me that bow, and take not away my life." Alas! he makes me no answer, but eyes me calmly, without seeming in the least moved. O ye coasts, and promontories of this isle! O ye wild beasts! O ye craggy rocks! to you I make my complaint; for you alone have I left to complain to, and you are accustomed to my groans. Must I be betrayed by the son of Achilles? He hath taken from me the sacred bow of Hercules, and would drag me to the Grecian camp to triumph over me: he does not reflect, that it would only be triumphing over a dead man, a spectre a shadow. O if he had attacked me when in strength and vigour! but, besides, he attacks me at present with my own weapons, which he obtained by surprize. What shall I do? Restore me my bow, my son, and act like your father

father and yourself. What do you say? Alas! you make me no answer. O savage rock! I come to thee naked, wretched, forsaken, and destitute of food I shall die alone in this cave, or the wild beasts will devour me, as I have no bow wherewith to kill them; it matters not! But, my son, as you do not appear to be of a bad disposition, you must be influenced by some body's advice; return me my arms, I say, and go away.

"Neoptolemus, with a low voice, and tears in his eyes, said: "O that the gods had never suffered me to leave Scyros!" Immediately after I exclaimed: Ah! what do I see? Is it not Ulysses? Presently I heard his voice, and he replies: "Yes, it is I." Had the dismal realm of Pluto opened to my view, and I had seen the gloomy Tartarus, which the gods themselves dread to behold, I should not, I own, have been seized with more horror. I exclaimed again: O isle of Lemnos, I call thee to witness! O sun, thou seest it, and sufferest it! Ulysses, without any emotion; replied: "Jupiter wills it, and I execute his will." Dare you, said I, mention the name of Jupiter? Do you see that young man, whom nature never designed for an impostor, and who executes with the utmost reluctance what you have enjoined him? "We are not come," said Ulysses, "either to hurt you, or deceive you; on the contrary, we are come to deliver you, to cure you, to procure you the glory of taking Troy, and to carry you to your native country. It is not Ulysses who is the enemy of Philoctetes but himself." Upon this, I poured out against your father all the abuse with which rage could inspire me. Since you forsook me upon this coast, said I, why do not you suffer me to remain upon it in peace? Go in pursuit of military glory and pleasure; enjoy your happiness with the sons of Atreus; leave me my misery and pain. Why would you carry me away? I am no longer any thing, I am dead. Why do not you think now as you thought formerly, that I cannot go with you; that my groans, and the infection of my wound, would disturb the sacrifices?

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O Ulyss.

O Ulysses, author of my woes! may the gods
But the gods heard me no more; on the contrary, they stir up my enemy against me. O my native land, which I shall see no more! O ye gods, if there are any just enough to take pity upon me, punish, punish Ulysses, and then shall I think myself cured! While I thus exclaimed, your father without being in the least ruffled, regarded me with a look of compassion, like one, who, instead of being offended, bears patiently, and excuses the ill humour of a man whom fortune hath soured. He appeared to me like a rock on the top of a mountain, which bids defiance to the fury of the winds, and receives their rudest assaults unmoved. Thus did your father remain in silence, waiting till my rage had spent itself; for he knew that it was in vain to attack the passions of men, in order to reduce them to reason, till they begin to grow weak, and to feel a kind of lassitude. Then he addressed me thus: "O Philoctetes, what is become of your reason and courage? If you still possess them, now is the time to make use of them. You are unworthy of the glory of being the deliverer of Greece, and the destroyer of Troy, if you now refuse to go along with us, and to fulfil the will of the gods in respect to you. Adieu; you may still remain in Lemnos, and these arms, which I shall carry off, will procure me the glory that was intended for you. Come, Neoptolemus, let us begone; it is in vain to speak to him; and compassion for a single man ought not to make us overlook the safety of all Greece."

"Then was I seized with no less rage than a lioness, when she is robbed of her whelps, and fills the woods with her roarings. O cavern, said I, never will I quit thee, thou shalt be my tomb! O sad retreat! now is there an end both of food and of hope! who will give me a dagger, to make away with myself. O that the birds of prey would bear me away. No more shall I shoot them with my arrows. O precious bow! made sacred by the hands of the son of Jupiter! O dear Hercules, if you

you have yet any existence, are you not fired with indignation? Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend, but in the impure and treacherous grasp of Ulysses. Birds of prey, and savage beasts, fly no more from this cavern, for I have now no arrows. Wretch that I am! I cannot now hurt you; come then and devour me; or rather let a thunderbolt of the pitiless Jupiter put a period to my days. Your father having tried every other way to prevail upon me in vain, at last thought the best would be to return me my arms; accordingly he made a sign to Neoptolemus to restore them immediately. Upon which I said to him: Worthy son of Achilles, you shew that you really are so: but allow me to sacrifice my enemy. So saying, I would have let fly an arrow at your father; but Neoptolemus prevented me, saying: "Resentment blinds you, and hinders you from seeing what an unworthy action you are going to commit." As for Ulysses, he appeared as little moved at my arrows, as at my reproaches. I could not help admiring such patience, and such intrepidity, and was ashamed, that in the heat of my passion I should have thought of employing my arms to take away the life of him who had caused them to be restored. But as my resentment was not yet quite extinguished, I was extremely mortified to be indebted for my arms to one whom I hated so much. In the mean time, Neoptolemus accosted me thus: "Know, that the divine Helenus, the son of Priam, came by the order and inspiration of the gods out of Troy, and acquainted us with what was to happen hereafter. Ill-fated Troy, said he, is doomed to fall; but not till it is attacked by him who has in his possession the arrows of Hercules, and who cannot be cured till his arrival before Troy, where the sons of Æsculapius will heal his wound." Here I found myself in doubt and perplexity; I was charmed with the simplicity of Neoptolemus, and the readiness with which he had restored my bow; but I could not yet be reconciled to life upon the condition of yielding to Ulysses, and a false shame kept me in

suspence. Shall I be seen, said I to myself, with Ulysses, and the sons of Atreus? What will people then think of me? While I was in this uncertainty, I heard, all of a sudden, a voice more than human; and beheld, in a bright cloud, Hercules encompassed with rays of glory. I immediately recognized his features, somewhat harsh, his robust make, and his plain unaffected manner; but he appeared with a superior majesty and dignity than when he was subduing monsters on earth. He thus addressed me: "You see and hear Hercules. I am come down from the lofty Olympus to notify to you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labours I have attained to immortality. If you would then acquire glory, you must accompany the son of Achilles, and tread in my steps. You shall be cured of your wound, and with my arrows shall transfix Paris, the author of so many disasters. After the reduction of Troy, you shall send some rich spoils to your father Pæan on mount Oeta, which shall be put upon my tomb as a monument of the victory obtained by my arrows. And to you, O son of Achilles, be it known, that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go then together, like two lions in quest of their prey. I will send Æsculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all things, I charge you, O Greeks, to shew a due regard and reverence to religion; every thing else passeth away, but that will never fade." I had no sooner heard these words, than I exclaimed: O happy day! sweet light, thou at last again visitest me after so many years. I yield, and shall set out as soon as I have taken my leave of this place.—Adieu, my dear cave! Adieu, nymph of these watery plains! I shall hear no more the rumbling of these waves. Adieu, thou sea-coast! where I have so long been exposed to the inclemency of the air. Adieu, ye promontories! whence echo so often returned my groans. Adieu, ye fresh-water fountains! that to me have been so bitter. Isle of Lemnos, adieu! may my departure from thee be auspicious, since I go whither I am called by the will of
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the gods and my friends. We then embarked, and arrived in the camp before Troy, where Machaon and Podalyrus, by the divine skill they derived from their father Æsculapius, cured my wound, or at least brought me to the condition in which you see me. I no longer feel any pain, and have recovered my strength; but am somewhat lame. I slew Paris like a timorous fawn, which the huntsman hath transfix'd with his arrows; after his death, Troy was soon laid in ashes: the rest you know. Yet I still retained a great antipathy to the sage Ulysses, from the recollection of what I had suffered, which his virtue could not overcome; but my acquaintance with his son, who resembles him, and whom I cannot help loving, hath much softened my aversion to the father."

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus falls out with Phalantus, in consequence of a dispute, which had the best right to certain prisoners. He engages and vanquishes Hippias ; who, despising his youth, had, in a haughty manner seized these prisoners for his brother Phalantus. But, far from being pleased with his victory, he laments, in secret, his temerity and error, which he would gladly atone for. In the mean time, Adrastus, king of the Dauni-ans, being informed that the confederate kings thought of nothing but making up the quarrel between Telemachus and Hippias ; goes and attacks them unexpectedly. Having taken a hundred of their ships by surprise, he transports his troops in them to their camp, then sets fire to them, and attacking the quarter where Phalantus commanded, kills his brother Hippias, and Phalantus himself is dangerously wounded.

WHILE Philoctetes thus recounted his adventures, Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon that great man, and listened with the utmost attention and admiration. All the different passions with which Hercules

Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses, and Neoptolemus had been affected, appeared successively upon the countenance of the young Telemachus as they were represented. In the course of the narration he sometimes exclaimed and interrupted Philoctetes undesignedly; sometimes he appeared very thoughtful, like one meditating deeply upon the consequences of things.—When Philoctetes described the perplexity of Neoptolemus, who was incapable of dissimulation; Telemachus seemed to be in the same situation; and one would have taken him then for Neoptolemus himself. The army of the allies was now marching in good order against Adrastus king of the Daunians, who despised the gods, and made it his study to deceive mankind. Telemachus found it a matter of no small difficulty to keep fair with so many kings, jealous of one another. He wished not to give umbrage to any, and to endeavour to make himself beloved by them all. He was good-natured and sincere, but not of an affable, winning disposition: he did not study much to render himself agreeable to others, and though his heart was not much set upon riches, yet he was not liberal. Thus, though his sentiments were noble, and his disposition benevolent, yet he seemed to have neither good-nature, nor sensibility, nor generosity, nor gratitude for the kindnesses done him, nor desire to reward merit; following, without reflection, the bent of his own inclination. His mother Penelope, in spite of Mentor, had cherished in him a haughtiness and pride that tarnished all his good qualities. He looked upon himself as of a superior nature to the rest of mankind, who seemed to him to have been sent into the world by the gods for no other purpose but to minister to his pleasure; to serve him, to prevent all his wishes, and to regard him as a sort of divinity. He thought his servants were sufficiently rewarded by being in his service, although he expected that they should not boggle at any thing, how hard or difficult soever to please him: and was of so warm and impatient a temper, that he could not bear the least difficulty or delay. Whoever had observed this temper and behaviour of his, would have thought that
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he was incapable of loving any besides himself; and minded nothing but the gratification of his own humour or vanity. But this indifference in regard to others, and constant attention to himself, was entirely owing to the ungoverned violence of his passions. He had been humoured and flattered by his mother from his infancy, and was a remarkable instance of the unhappiness attending high birth. Nor had the misfortunes he encountered so early in life been able to abate his haughtiness, or curb the impetuosity of his temper. Though he had been stripped of every thing, deserted, and exposed to so many hardships and dangers, yet he still retained his pride; it could not be subdued, but like the vigorous palm, still recovered itself, whatever efforts were used to keep it down. While he was with Mentor, these defects did not appear; and indeed, declined every day. Like a high-spirited courser bounding over the spacious plains, whom neither craggy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents can restrain; and who owns but one man, whose hand and voice are capable of taming him; Telemachus full of a noble ardor, could be curbed and governed by Mentor alone: but a single glance of his eye would at any time check him in the midst of his career; he immediately understood what it meant; became sensible of his fault, and cheerfulness and serenity appeared again upon his countenance. Neptune, when he lifts his trident, and threatens the angry waves and stormy winds, does not with greater ease restrain their fury. But no sooner did he find himself alone, than all his passions, like a torrent that had been dammed up, broke forth again. He could not bear the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians, nor of Phalantus who commanded them.— That colony had founded Tarentum, and consisted of the young men who had been born during the siege of Troy, and had received no sort of education. The illegitimacy of their birth, together with the licentiousness in which they had been brought up, and their dissolute manners had rendered them surprisingly rude and ferocious. They looked more like a band of
robbers,

robbers, than a Greek colony. Upon all occasions, Phalantus affected to contradict Telemachus; and when any thing was debated in council, treated his advice with contempt, as that of a raw young man. He even ridiculed him, and charged him with effeminacy and pusillanimity; not letting his most considerable faults escape, without painting them out to the chiefs of the army. He endeavoured to excite a jealousy of him in all of them; and to make him odious for his haughtiness to the whole army.

One day Telemachus having taken some prisoners from the Daunians, Phalantus pretended that they belonged to him, because it was he, as he said, who had, at the head of his Lacedæmonians, defeated that detachment of the enemy; and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquished and put to flight, had no other trouble than to give them quarter, and conduct them to the camp. Telemachus on the other hand maintained, that he had prevented Phalantus being beaten, and that the victory over the Daunians was owing to him. They both, therefore, appeared before the assembly of the confederate kings to plead their cause: there Telemachus proceeded so far as to threaten Phalantus, and they would have fought upon the spot had they not been prevented. Phalantus had a brother named Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valour, strength, and dexterity. "Pollux, said the Tarentines, did not excel him at the cestus, nor Castor in horsemanship; and he had the strength and stature of Hercules. He was dreaded by the whole army; for he was even more quarrelsome and brutal, than brave and intrepid. He, when he observed in what a haughty manner Telamachus had treated his brother, goes directly and takes the prisoners, in order to carry them to Tarentum, without waiting for the decision of the council. Telemachus being privately informed of his design, immediately quitted the council in a rage, like a foaming wild boar in quest of the huntsman that had wounded him. Thus he traversed the camp in pursuit of his enemy, brandishing the dart with which he intended

to dispatch him. At last he descries him, and then his fury redoubled. It was now no longer the sober, sedate Telemachus, guided by the instructions of Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, but a raving mad-man, or a roaring lion. He immediately called out to Hippias: "Stop, O thou the most dastardly of all men! stop; we must see whether you can take from me the spoils of these prisoners of mine. You never shall carry them to Tarentum, for I will send you directly to the gloomy banks of Styx. He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he let fly his dart, but in such a fit of rage, that he neglected to take his aim properly, and thereby missed Hippias. Then he forth-with drew his sword, the hilt of which was of gold. This Laertes had presented him with, when he left Ithaca, as a pledge of his love. Laertes had worn it when young with a great deal of glory, and it had been stained with the blood of several famous captains of the Epirotes, in a war which he had with them, and in which he had been victorious. This sword scarce had the young son of Ulysses drawn, when Hippias, in order to avail himself of his great strength, rushed upon him, and endeavoured to wrest it out of his hands, but the sword, breaking in the struggle, they immediately grappled, and closed with one another. Behold them now like two wild beasts endeavouring to tear one another, their eyes glancing fire: they bend, they stretch, they stoop, they rise, they spring, they thirst for each other's blood. Then they close foot against foot, and hand opposed to hand, clinging so close together, that the two bodies seemed but one. But Hippias being of a more advanced age, and stronger nerves, seemed likely to be too hard for Telemachus, who soon began to be out of breath, while his legs trembled under him. Hippias, perceiving him flag, redoubled his efforts; all was over with the son of Ulysses, who would have infallibly paid for his rage and rashness, had not Minerva, who watched over him, and suffered him to be in so great danger, merely as a lesson to his ardor, determined victory at last to declare in his favour.

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She did not herself quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris, the nimble active messenger of the gods, who spreading her airy wing, with a rapid flight pervaded the immense spaces of the air, and left behind her a long train of light tinged with a thousand different colours; nor did she alight till she reached the sea-coast, where the army of the allies, in vast numbers, was encamped; and there she was witness of the fierce encounter, and violent efforts of the two combatants. She shuddered when she beheld the danger in which young Telemachus was, and drawing near, wrapped up in a shining cloud, which she had formed of subtle vapours, at the very instant when Hippias perceived his own superiority in strength, and thought himself sure of victory, she covered the young pupil of Minerva with the ægis, which the goddess of wisdom had given her for that purpose. Immediately Telemachus, whose strength was now quite exhausted, felt himself inspired with fresh vigour, and in proportion as his strength increased, Hippias lost courage: he felt something divine that terrified and disconcerted him. Telemachus, in order to improve his advantage, plies him hard; sometimes on one side, bending and shaking him incessantly, so that he had not a moment to recover his posture, till at last he threw him down, and fell upon him with his whole weight. A sturdy oak of mount Ida, felled by a thousand strokes of the ax, with which the whole forest rebounded, makes not a more dreadful noise by its fall; the earth groaned, and every thing shook around. In the mean time, with victory, wisdom again took possession of the heart of Telemachus. Scarce was Hippias overthrown, when the son of Ulysses became sensible of the fault he had committed, in thus attacking a brother of one of the confederate kings, whom he had come to assist; and he recollected, with shame and confusion, the sage counsel of Mentor. He blushed for his victory, and was sensible that he deserved to have been vanquished. In the mean time, Phalantus, in a transport of rage, runs to the assistance of his brother, and would immediately have transfixed Telemachus with
a dart

a dart he had in his hand, had he not been afraid of wounding at the same time, Hippias, whom Telemachus kept under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might easily have deprived his antagonist of his life, but his anger was now cooled, and he thought of nothing but repairing his fault by the moderation he displayed. He therefore starts up and exclaims: "Hippias! I am satisfied with having thought you never to despise my youth again. I therefore give you your life, and I admire your strength and courage. The gods have protected me on this occasion: submit to their power, and let us for the future direct our united efforts against the Daunians." While Telemachus spoke thus, Hippias arose, covered with blood and dust, and racked with shame and chagrin. When Phalantus found that Telemachus had generously given his brother his life, he forbore attacking him, but was in great rage and perplexity. All the chiefs of the alliance ran thither to part the combatants. They conveyed Telemachus one way, and conducted to another quarter Phalantus and Hippias, which last now so mortified and humbled, he durst not lift up his eyes. The whole army were lost in amazement to find that Telemachus, at an age when men have not yet attained their full strength, had been able to vanquish Hippias, who was tall and robust, like those earth-born giants who formerly attempted to drive the immortal gods from Olympus. But this victory so far from yielding the son of Ulysses any satisfaction, that while the army was extolling him to the skies, he withdrew to his tent, and with sighs and groans lamented his own temerity. He perceived how unjust and unreasonable he was during these violent transports of passion, and discovered a fund of vanity equally absurd and mean at the bottom of this excessive pride. He was sensible that true greatness resided always with moderation, justice, modesty, and humanity. But notwithstanding his knowledge, he despaired of ever being able to get the better of his foibles, after so many relapses; so that he lost all patience with himself, and roared like a furious lion. He continued
thus

thus for two days shut up in his tent, punishing himself, and secluded from all company. "Alas!" said he, "shall I ever dare to look Mentor in the face again? Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and the most patient of men? Came I hither to sow division and animosity among the allies? Is it their blood, or that of the Daunians that I ought to shed? I have acted rashly; I did not even know how to throw my dart, and ventured to attack Hippias, though greatly inferior to him in strength; so that I had nothing to expect but death, and the disgrace of being vanquished. But what would that have signified? I should then have been no more: no, I should have been no more, that rash Telemachus, that young fool, who is never the better for any advice: my disgrace and life would have ended together. Alas! could I hope that I should never do again what I am now so grieved for having done, I should think myself too, too happy; but, perhaps, before the day is at an end, I shall commit, and wish to commit again the very same faults which I at present regard with such shame and abhorrence. O fatal victory! O the mortifying applause, which, in reality, is but a cruel upbraiding of me with my folly!" While he remained thus alone, and inconsolable, Nestor and Philoctetes came to see him. Nestor intended to have expostulated with him upon his misconduct; but that sage soon perceiving how much the youth was grieved for it, instead of the reproof he intended, endeavoured to comfort him, and dispel his chagrin. This quarrel put a stop to the operations of the army of the confederate princes, who were obliged to suspend their march towards the enemy till they had reconciled Phalantus and Hippias to Telemachus. They were continually afraid lest the Tarentine troops should fall upon the hundred Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war. All, in short, was confusion, and that entirely owing to Telemachus alone; who, seeing himself the author of so much present evil, and future danger, in consequence of that was quite distracted with grief.

Great was the perplexity of the chiefs: they were afraid to put the army in motion, lest the Cretans, commanded by Telemachus, and the Tarentines of Phalantus, should attack each other upon the march; for it was with great difficulty they were restrained from this violence in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Nestor and Philoctetes were continually passing and repassing between the tent of Telemachus and that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither the mild eloquence of Nestor, nor the authority of the great Philoctetes could pacify his fierce haughty spirit, which was, besides, continually inflamed more and more by the fury of his brother Hippias.—Telemachus, on the other hand, though very placable, was so deeply affected with grief, that he was quite inconsolable. While the princes were thus agitated, the whole army were under the greatest consternation, and the camp appeared like a family in distress for the loss of a father, who was the support of his neighbours, and the tender guardian of his little children. In the midst of this confusion and consternation, all on a sudden was heard a frightful noise of chariots, arms, the neighing of horses, and the cries of men; some shouting for victory, and thirsting for carnage; others flying for their lives dangerously wounded, or groaning in the agonies of death. A whirlwind of dust formed a thick cloud that darkened the sky, and overspread the whole camp. And to this was soon added a thick smoke that disturbed the air, and rendered it unfit for respiration. Then was heard a hideous noise, like that of the fiery eruptions which issue from the scorched bowels of mount *Ætna*, when *Vulcan* with his Cyclops forge the thunder-bolts for the father of the gods: every heart was struck with terror! The vigilant, and indefatigable *Adrastus* had surprised the camp of the allies, having concealed his march from them, while he was exactly informed of all their motions. He had, with incredible diligence, made the circuit of an almost inaccessible mountain; the

the passes of which the allies had taken care to occupy. Possessed of those defiles, they thought themselves perfectly secure, and even believed that through these openings they could fall unexpectedly upon the enemy behind the mountain, as soon as some reinforcements, which they expected, were arrived. Adrastus, who paid those liberally who discovered to him any secrets of the enemy, had got intelligence of their designs; for Nestor and Philoctetes, commanders otherwise of such wisdom and experience, were not careful enough to keep their resolutions secret. Nestor, in the decline of life, took too much pleasure in recounting what he thought would procure him admiration and applause. Philoctetes, indeed, was not so talkative; but, being of a warm temper, if he was ever so little irritated, he was sure to disclose what he had determined to conceal. Thus had artful men got an infallible key to open his heart, and draw from it the most important secrets. They needed only put him into a passion: then would he in a rage break out into menaces, and boast that he had infallible means to accomplish his designs. If they seemed to doubt of this ever so little, he would, inconsiderately, give a particular detail of them, and thereby discover the greatest secrets. Thus was the heart of this great captain like a vessel of great price, but leaky; so that the most delicious liquors pass through it and are lost. The traitors, who were corrupted by Adrastus, availed themselves of the weakness of these two kings. Nestor they were perpetually applauding, and flattering with extravagant praises, taking notice of his former victories, and extolling his foresight. On the other hand, they were continually laying snares for the hot, impatient temper of Philoctetes; never talking to him of any thing but difficulties, cross accidents, dangers, inconveniencies, and irremediable blunders. His warm temper was no sooner irritated, than prudence and caution forsook him, and he no longer seemed the same man. Telemachus, notwithstanding the defects I have mentioned, was more capable of keeping a secret than

either of them. His misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under from his infancy of concealing himself from the lovers of Penelope, had habituated him to it; and he knew how to keep a secret without telling a lie. He had not even that reserved mysterious air, which those that value themselves upon their caution and secrecy usually affect; not appearing to have any secret to keep, but as one altogether free, open, and without disguise or reserve. Yet, while he talked freely of whatever he might mention, without any dangerous consequence, yet he knew exactly how to avoid whatever could give any suspicion, or had the least tendency to betray his secret. Thus was his heart impenetrable; and, except Mentor, for whom he had no reserve, his best friends knew no more than what he thought prudent to communicate to them for the sake of their advice. Of these last, indeed, some had more of his confidence than others, in proportion as he had experienced their friendship and sagacity. He had often observed, that some knowledge of what had passed in council had transpired into the camp; and he had informed Nestor and Philoctetes of this discovery; but these two chiefs, notwithstanding their experience, did not shew that regard to the intelligence that it deserved. Old age hath no pliancy: chained down by inveterate habits, it hath no resource against its own defects. Men, at a certain age, like trees, whose rough knotty trunks are become hard and stiff by length of time, and cannot any longer be bent or made straight, are not to be cured of certain habits which have grown old with them, and remain rooted in the very marrow of their bones. They are often sensible of them, and lament them when it is too late: youth is the only season when a man may hope to combat ill habits with success.

There was in the army a Dolopian named Eury-machus, an artful insinuating flatterer, who knew how to suit himself to the different characters and tempers of all the chiefs; and was very assiduous and successful in his endeavours to please them. If he was asked his opinion on any point, he was never

at a loss, but immediately guessed what would be most agreeable. He was pleasant in conversation, had a turn for raillery and ridicule, but he was complaisant and obliging to those he stood in awe of; and could flatter with such dexterity and address as not to offend the most modest and delicate. With the grave, he was grave; but merry and facetious with those of a contrary disposition: for it cost him nothing to assume any form. Men of honour, and without dissimulation, who are always the same, and will not deviate from the rules of virtue, can never make themselves so agreeable to princes, as those who are ever ready to flatter their predominant passions. Eurymachus understood war, and had a capacity for business; being an adventurer who had attached himself to Nestor, and had wormed himself into his confidence; from whom, as being somewhat vain, and not insensible to flattery, he could easily draw whatever he had a mind to know. Though Philoctetes had not the same confidence in him as Nestor, yet the warmth and impatience of his temper produced the same effect: for, by irritating and contradicting him, he had never failed to make him disclose his secrets. This man had received large sums from Adrastus, to give him intelligence of the designs of the allies: for which end, that king had always in their camp a certain number of deserters, who were to make their escape from thence one after another, and return to their own. For, as oft as Eurymachus made any discovery of importance enough to be communicated to Adrastus, he immediately dispatched one of these deserters; and the cheat could not easily be discovered, because they carried no letters. If at any time they were taken, nothing could be found that would occasion any suspicion of Eurymachus. By these means Adrastus rendered all the schemes of the allies abortive; for, no sooner was any resolution taken in council, than the Daunians immediately took the precautions necessary to defeat it. Telemachus took a great deal of pains to find out the cause of all these miscarriages, and to put Nestor and Philoctetes on their guard, by alarming their suspicion; but in

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vain,

vain, such was their delusion. A resolution had been taken in council to wait for the large reinforcements that were expected; and a hundred vessels had been secretly dispatched in the night to transport them from the place of their rendezvous, which was a rugged part of the coast, to the camp. In the mean time, they thought themselves quite safe; because the passes of the neighbouring mountain, which is a skirt of the Apennines, almost inaccessible, were guarded by their troops, while the main body of the army was encamped on the banks of the river Galefus, not far from the sea. This delicious coast produces plenty of forage, and other provisions necessary for the subsistence of an army. Behind the mountain was Adrastus encamped, and they thought it not possible for him to pass it; but, as he knew that the allies were as yet but weak, that a large reinforcement was upon the march to join them, that there were ships ready to transport them when they should arrive, and that the quarrel between Phalantus and Telemachus had occasioned great discord and animosity in the army, he resolved immediately to march a great way round the mountain. Accordingly he advanced with great expedition day and night along the sea-coast, by ways which, till then, had been thought impracticable.— Thus labour and resolution surmount the greatest difficulties: there is scarce any thing impossible to the hardy and enterprising; and thus do they, who, fondly imagining that what is difficult will never be attempted, think themselves secure, deserve to be surprised and cut off. The hundred ships belonging to the allies, which had been dispatched in the night, were, at break of day, surprised by Adrastus. They being but ill guarded, as there was no apprehension of danger, he easily made himself master of them, and, with incredible diligence transported his army in them to the mouth of the river Galefus, up he which proceeded with the same expedition. The advanced posts about the camp of the allies towards the river imagining that the reinforcements they expected were on board these ships, shouted at the sight

fight of them for joy. Before the mistake was discovered, the troops disembarked, and attacked the allies, who mistrusted nothing, and were in an open unfortified camp, without order, arms, or subordination. The quarter of the camp that they first fell upon, was that where the Tarentines, commanded by Phalantus, had pitched their tents. These young Lacedæmonians having been surprised and charged with great fury by the Daunians, were not able to stand their ground. But, while they in the utmost confusion are running to their arms, and embarrassing one another, Adrastus sets fire to the camp. Immediately the smoke and flames ascend from the tents into the air, attended with a noise like that of a torrent which lays the whole country under water, and sweeps away with its impetuosity huge oaks, root and branch, fields of corn, barns, stables, and cattle. The wind spreads the flames with amazing rapidity from tent to tent, and the whole camp looked soon like an ancient forest set on fire by an accidental spark. Phalantus, who was more immediately exposed to the danger, was not able to guard against it. He saw that his troops ran the greatest risk of perishing in the flames, if they did not immediately quit the camp; but he saw likewise the danger of such a disorderly retreat before a victorious enemy. However as the least of two evils, he was beginning to draw off his young Lacedæmonians, who were not yet half armed; but Adrastus did not give him time to execute his design. On one side a body of skilful archers galled them with showers of arrows; and slingers on the other, with showers of large stones. Adrastus himself, at the head of a chosen body of the most gallant Daunians, pursues; by the light of the flames, the flying troops of the enemy; mowing down with the sword all that had escaped the flames, swimming in blood, yet not fated; so that the rage of lions and tigers, when they fall upon the shepherds and their flocks, did not equal his. Phalantus's troops, therefore, were unable to stand their ground, and lost all courage. Pale death, led on by an infernal fury, whose head was bristled with serpents, freezes the
blood

blood in their veins, while their benumbed limbs grow stiff, and their trembling knees deprive them even of the hopes of escaping by flight. And Phalantus himself, whom shame and despair still supplied with a little strength and vigour, while he was lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, sees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, overthrown by the tremendous arm of Adrastus. Hippias, stretched upon the plain, lay rolling in the dust; the purple stream rushed like a torrent from the deep wound that had pierced his side. The light forsook his eyes; and his furious soul fled with the last gush that issued from his veins. Phalantus too, stained all over with his brother's blood, but unable to give him any relief, sees himself surrounded with great numbers of the enemy, striving who should dispatch him first. His buckler had been pierced with a thousand darts, and he had received several wounds in different parts of his body, so that he was altogether incapable of rallying his flying troops; and in this distress did the gods behold him without compassion.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, having put on his divine armour, flies to the assistance of Phalantus, kills immediately Iphicles the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have entirely defeated them, had not a storm arisen and put an end to the battle. He then causes the wounded to be carried off the field, and great care to be taken of them, particularly of Phalantus. He charges himself with the obsequies of Hippias, whose ashes he deposits in a golden urn, and presents to Phalantus.

JUPITER, enthroned amidst the whole assembly of the gods on the summit of Olympus, beheld this slaughter of the allies. At the same time, consulting the immutable destinies, he saw all the chiefs, the thread of whose life was that day to be cut by the fatal scissars. Each of the gods endeavoured, by narrowly observing the countenance of Jupiter, to discover what his pleasure would be. But the father of the gods and men, with a mild majestic voice, declared: "You see to what extremity the allies are reduced, and how Adrastus mows down
his

his enemies; but this appearance is deceitful: the glory and prosperity of the wicked are but of short duration. The impious Adrastus detestable for his perfidy, shall not gain a complete victory. This misfortune is permitted to happen the allies, only to make them wiser for the future, and teach them to keep their secrets better. The sage Minerva now intends to procure fresh glory for the young Telemachus, who is her darling." Jupiter said no more: and all the gods continued in silence to observe the engagement. Meanwhile, Nestor and Philoctetes were informed that part of the camp was already burnt; that the flames, driven by the winds, were still advancing; that their troops were in disorder: and that Phalantus was no longer able to make head against the enemy. No sooner did they receive these fatal tidings, than they ran to arms, and gave orders to the captains, whom they had called together, to quit the camp with all possible expedition, in order to avoid the flames. Telemachus, notwithstanding his great grief and dejection, as soon as he understood what had happened, immediately took the arms with which he was presented by Minerva, who, appearing to him under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an ingenious workman of Salentum, but in reality had them made by Vulcan in the smoking caverns of mount *Ætna*. They were polished as smooth as glass, and as brilliant as the noon-day sun. Upon them were represented Neptune and Pallas, contending for the glory of giving their name to a new city. Neptune, with his trident, strikes the earth, and up starts a fine horse, with fire issuing from his nostrils, and foam from his mouth: his large luxuriant mane seemed to wave in the wind, and his supple nervous legs appeared to move with great vigour and agility. He did not look as if walking, but leaping in obedience to the reins; and that so nimbly, as to leave no traces of his feet behind him: one would have almost thought that they heard him neigh. On the other hand, Minerva was represented as presenting to the inhabitants of the new city the olive which

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she had planted, with its fruit; the branch, with its fruit hanging to it, was an emblem of peace and plenty, much to be preferred to the devastations of war, of which the horse was an image.—The goddess, by her simple, but useful present, obtained the victory; and proud Athens bore her name. Minerva was seen, likewise, with all the fine arts around her, which were represented by little children with wings. They had fled to her for protection from the brutal fury of Mars, who destroys every thing; as the tender bleating lambs take shelter about their dams at the sight of a famished wolf; who, with his jaws wide open and inflamed, rushes upon them, in order to tear and devour them. In another place, Minerva, with disdain and resentment in her looks, confounds, by the excellence of her work, the temerity and presumption of Arachne, who ventured to dispute her superior skill in weaving. The body of that unhappy woman appeared quite emaciated and disfigured, as it was changing to that of a spider. Near this, Minerva was again represented, giving counsel to Jupiter himself in the war of the giants, and animating all the other gods. She appeared in another place with her lance and ægis upon the banks of the Xanthus and Simois, leading Ulysses by the hand, rallying the flying Grecian troops, baffling the efforts of the most valiant Trojan commanders, and even of the terrible Hector himself. Lastly, she was seen conducting Ulysses into that fatal machine, which was, in one night, to overturn the empire of Priam.

On another side of the shield was exhibited Ceres in the fertile fields of Enna, which lie in the middle of Sicily: she appeared assembling together the people, who, before were dispersed, either hunting for their food, or gathering, as they fell from the trees, the fruits that grew wild in the woods and forests. These savages she taught how to till the ground, and to procure themselves nourishment from her fruitful bosom. She made them a present also of a plough, and taught them how to use it by the yoke. The fertile fields were then seen laid open in fur-

rows

rows by the plough-share, and afterwards overspread with the golden grain, which the reaper cut down with his sharp sickle : thus rewarding himself for all his labour. Of steel, that elsewhere is employed to destroy every thing, no other use seemed to be made here but to procure abundance, and delights of every kind. Nymphs crowned with flowers danced together in a meadow by the side of a river, and near a grove, while Pan played upon his flute, and the frolicksome fawns and satyrs frisked about. There appeared Bacchus also, crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand upon his thyrsus, and holding in the other a vine, adorned with leaves and clusters of grapes. There was something very noble, tender, and agreeable in his air, though a little too languishing and effeminate. He was such as he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her in the deepest distress, alone and forsaken upon a foreign coast. Besides this, there appeared a great crowd of people, of whom some were old men going to the temples to offer first fruits ; some young, returning home from their labour, weary and fatigued. The wives of these last were come to meet them, leading by the hand, and caressing their little children.— There too was seen a company of shepherds, some of whom seemed to be singing, while others were dancing to the pipe. In fine, this part of the shield exhibiting nothing but joy, peace, and plenty ; happiness and content reigned through the whole : even wolves were seen playing among the sheep in their pastures, and the lion and tiger had forgotten their fierceness, and fled with the tender lamb ; while a little shepherd with his crook, tended them together. So that the happiness of the golden age was there represented in a very lively and agreeable manner.

Telemachus put on this divine armour, and, instead of his ordinary buckler, took the terrible ægis, which Minerva had sent him by Iris, the swift messenger of the gods. Iris had taken away his own buckler without his perceiving it, and had given him, instead of it, the ægis, terrible to the gods themselves

themselves. Thus accoutered, he made the best of his way out of the camp, to avoid the flames, calling with a loud voice to all the chiefs to follow him. His voice alone re-animates the despairing troops: a divine fire sparkled in the eyes of the young warrior. He never discovered any fear or perturbation, but gave orders with tranquility and precision, like an ancient sage employed in regulating his family, and instructing his children; but, he was keen and rapid in the execution, like an impetuous river which not only swiftly rolls its foaming flood, but also bears along with it in its course the heaviest vessels launched into its stream. Philoctetes, Nestor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and the other nations felt an authority in the son of Ulysses, which it was not in their power to withstand. In comparison of him, the old men found they wanted experience; and all the commanders, that they were destitute of wisdom and counsel: so that even jealousy, which is so natural to men, had no place in their hearts. They all submitted, all admired Telemachus, and obeyed him without hesitation or reluctance, as if they had been accustomed to it. He advances with the utmost diligence to the top of a hill, from whence he could observe the disposition of the enemy's army, and immediately perceives that it would be proper to fall upon it directly, and take advantage of the disorder they had thrown themselves into by setting fire to the camp. Accordingly he fetches a compass, together with all the commanders of the greatest experience, and attacks the Daunians in the rear, when they imagined the army of the allies was enveloped with smoke and flames. They are thrown into a panic by this unexpected attack, and fall thick under the hands of Telemachus, as the leaves in the forests towards the end of autumn, when the fierce north wind, bringing back the winter, makes the old trees groan and shake in every bough. The ground was strewed thick with the bodies of those whom Telemachus had overthrown. Among the rest, he transfixed with a dart the heart of Iphicles, the youngest

son of Adrastus. This youth ventured to present himself to the combat in order to save the life of his father, who had almost been surpris'd by Telemachus. Iphicles, and the son of Ulysses, were both beautiful, strong, active, and courageous; of the same age and stature; both good-natured, humane, and tenderly beloved by their parents. But Iphicles was like a flower that blows in the fields, soon to be cut down by the scythe of the mower. The next whom Telemachus slew was Euphorion, the bravest of all the Lydians, that came into Hetruria. Lastly, with his sword he dispatched Cleomenes, who had been but lately married, and had promised to present his spouse with rich spoils taken from the enemy; but fate ordained that he should never see her more.

Adrastus boiled with rage to see his son and several of his officers slain, and the victory ravished from his hands. Phalantus, upon the point of falling at his feet, was like a half-slaughtered victim that escapes from the sacred knife, and flies far from the altar. Another moment would have enabled Adrastus to finish the fate of the Lacedæmonians. Phalantus, drenched in his own blood, and that of the soldiers who fought about him, hears the shouts of Telemachus as he advanced to his assistance. Then did new life, in a moment, re-inspire his heart; and the cloud that was beginning to overspread his eyes, dispersed. The Daunians, finding themselves unexpectedly attacked behind, quitted Phalantus to make head against a more dangerous enemy. Adrastus, meanwhile, raged like a tyger, when the shepherds, assembling together, tear from him the prey that he was just ready to devour. Telemachus searches for him in the crowd, that he might have put an end to the war at once by delivering the allies from their most implacable enemy. But Jupiter would not give the son of Ulysses so easy and so cheap a victory; and even Minerva was willing that he should encounter more hardships and disasters, to learn the better how to govern mankind. The impious Adrastus, therefore, was preserved by the father
of

of the gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire both more glory and more virtue. Accordingly to save the Daunians, Jupiter condensed a thick cloud to darken all the air, frightful thunder at the same time announcing the will of the gods. One would have thought that the eternal dome of the lofty Olympus was going to tumble down upon the heads of weak mortals, while the cloud opened, and the lightning darted from pole to pole. The very moment that the eye was dazzled by those piercing fires, all nature was again enveloped with the dreadful shades of night. This storm, together with a heavy rain which fell immediately, compelled the armies to separate.

Adrastus availed himself of the interposition of the gods, without being affected with their power or goodness; and, therefore, deserved on account of his ingratitude, to be doomed to a heavier vengeance. He lost no time in making his troops file off between the half-burnt camp and a morass that extended quite to the river; and this retreat he performed with such dexterity and expedition, as plainly proved his great abilities and presence of mind. The allies, animated by Telemachus, endeavoured to cut off his retreat, but he escaped by means of the storm; as a bird by her swift wings, escapes from the net of the fowler. They returned, therefore, to their old camp, and applied themselves to retrieve, as much as possible, the damage they had sustained. Upon entering it, they beheld one of the most shocking sights that war exhibits. The sick and wounded not having had strength enough to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to deliver themselves from the flames: they appeared, therefore, half-burnt, uttering, with a plaintive, dying voice, the most piteous groans and shrieks. Telemachus was deeply affected with the sight, so that he could not refrain from tears; and often turned his eyes aside, greatly shocked and moved. He could not, without shuddering, and feeling the deepest compassion, behold these unhappy objects still alive, and doomed to a lingering, painful death;

who looked like victims whose flesh hath been burnt upon the altars, and diffuseth a smell around. "Alas," said Telemachus, "see what horrible scenes war produces! how great is the blindness and infatuation of wretched mortals! as life is short and miserable, why will they still make it shorter? And why will they add so many distresses and calamities to those, with which the gods have embittered a life so fleeting and precarious? Men are all brethren, and yet more cruel than wild beasts, they tear and destroy one another. Lions do not wage war with lions, nor tygers with tygers, but only with animals of a different species. Man alone, though endued with reason, does what irrational animals never did. After all, why thus engage in war? Is there not more land upon earth than can be properly manured by all its inhabitants? How much is there waste and uncultivated! more than ever can be occupied and tilled by men—What then is the cause of all this discord? The love of glory, falsely so called; and of the vain title of conqueror; which often light the flames of war in a vast extent of country. Thus one man, whom the gods have sent to execute their wrath on earth, barbarously sacrifices so many others to gratify his vanity. Every thing must go to wreck; the earth must be deluged with blood, or consumed with fire; and those who escape the fire and sword, be destroyed by the still more cruel famine; only that this man, who thus wantonly sports with the lives and fortunes of mankind, may, by the general desolation, glut his pride and ambition. What horrid glory is this! can men, who have thus divested themselves of all humanity, be sufficiently despised and detested? No, no: far from being demi-gods, they are not even men; and, instead of being admired, as they expected, by future ages, they ought to be execrated. Oh! how cautious ought kings to be about engaging in wars! it is not enough that they be just, they ought also to be necessary for the public good. The blood of the people should not be spilt but when necessity requires it, and to save the people. But

But flattering counsellors, false notions of glory, groundless idle jealousies, an unjust avidity, disguised under specious pretexts; in fine, rash, inconsiderate treaties and engagements scarce ever fail to plunge kings into ruinous wars, in which they unnecessarily hazard the loss of their dominions, and do as much mischief to themselves as to their enemies." Such were the reflections of Telemachus upon this occasion. But he was not contented with lamenting the fatal effects of war; he endeavoured also to alleviate them. He visited, in person, the sick and dying in their tents, supplied them with money and medicines, comforted and encouraged them by kind soothing words; and those whom he could not visit in person, he sent others to visit. Among the Cretans who came with him were two old men; one named Traumaphilus, and the other Nozophugus. The former had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and there had learned of the sons of Æsculapius the divine art of curing wounds. He poured into the deepest and most dangerous wounds a fragrant liquid which consumed the fungous mortified flesh, without any necessity of making an incision, and quickly supplied its place with new flesh, more sound and beautiful than the first. As for Nozophugus, he had never seen the sons of Æsculapius; but he had procured, by the help of Merion, a sacred and mysterious book, which Æsculapius had left them. He was also favoured by the gods; for he had composed hymns in honour of the sons of Latona, and offered every day a white sheep without blemish to Apollo, by whom he was often inspired. At first sight of a patient he knew by his eyes, by his complexion, the colour of his skin, the conformation of his body, and his respiration, the cause of his distemper. Sometimes he prescribed sudorifics, and made it appear by the effects of sweating, how much perspiration facilitated or obstructed, relieves or disorders the bodily machine; sometimes, in consumptive cases, he ordered certain draughts, which strengthened by degrees the noble parts, and restored men to health and vigour

by sweetening their blood. But, he maintained, that it was from a want of resolution and virtue that men stood so often in need of physic: "It is a shame to them," said he, "that they should have so many diseases; for, if they were more sober and virtuous, they would also be more healthy. Their intemperance, continued he, converts what was intended for the comfort and support of life, into a mortal poison. An immoderate pursuit of pleasure shortens the lives of men more than medicines can prolong them. The poor are more seldom sick and out of order for want of food, than the rich by indulging too freely in eating and drinking. Those dishes that are too palatable, and eaten to excess, produce poison rather than nourishment. Even remedies themselves hurt, and give shocks to the constitution; and should therefore never be taken, but when there is an absolute necessity. The great medicines, ever innocent and useful, are sobriety, moderation in the enjoyment of pleasures, tranquility of mind, and bodily exercise. These procure pure and wholesome blood, and throw off all superfluous humours." Thus was the sage Nozophugus more eminent for the regimen he prescribed for preventing diseases, and rendering physic unnecessary, than for the medicines he administered.

Telemachus sent these two men to visit the sick of the army; many of whom they cured by their remedies, but many more by the care they took that they should be properly nursed and tended; ordering them to be kept always clean, thereby to prevent bad air; and making them observe a very strict, sober regimen, when they began to recover. The soldiers were all highly pleased with Telemachus's care and attention to the sick, and gave thanks to the gods for having sent him to the army of the allies. "He is not," said they, "a man, but is undoubtedly some beneficent divinity in human shape. At least, if he is a man, he does not so much resemble other men as he does the gods, seeing he is wholly employed in doing good. He is still more to be admired for his humanity and good-
nature

nature than his valour: O if we could have him for our king! but the gods intend him for some more happy nation whom they love, and among whom they design to revive the golden age."— These praises Telemachus heard as he went in the night to visit the different posts and quarters of the camp, by way of precaution against the stratagems of Adrastus, and, therefore, they could not be suspected of flattery, as those which sycophants often give princes to their face, upon the supposition that they have neither modesty nor delicacy; and, that to gain their favour, they need only praise them in a fullsome extravagant manner. But the son of Ulysses had an aversion to all such praises; and, could relish none but such as were given him in secret, and out of his hearing, and such as he had deserved. To these last his heart was not insensible; that pleasure, so pure and genuine, which virtue alone can bestow, and which the vicious, by never having felt it, can neither conceive nor believe, he relished; but he did not suffer himself to be puffed up or intoxicated by it, but immediately recollected the many faults and follies he had been guilty of; he bethought himself of his natural haughtiness and indifference about others, and was secretly ashamed of his insensibility, and want of sympathy. To the sage Minerva he acknowledged himself indebted for all the glory he had acquired, without having merited it by his conduct.

"It was you, O great goddess," said he, "who gave me Mentor to instruct me, and to correct my naturally bad temper and disposition. It was you who gave me wisdom to profit by my faults, to learn to be diffident of myself, and to restrain my impetuous passions. It was you who made me feel a pleasure in comforting and relieving the unhappy; but for you, I should have been hated, and deservedly too; but for you, I should commit irretrievable errors, and be like a child, who, not knowing his weakness, quits his mother, and falls at the very first step he makes."

Nestor

Nestor and Philoctetes were surpris'd to see Telemachus become so kind, good-natured, sympathizing, and obliging; so ready to assist and relieve others, and so ingenious in obviating their wants. They did not know how to account for such a total change of his behaviour. But what surpris'd them still more, was the care he took of Hippias's funeral; for he went himself, and brought his corpse, all bloody and disfigured, from where it lay under a heap of dead bodies; and, while he dropped a tender tear over it, exclaimed: "O illustrious shade! thou now knowest how much I esteem thee for thy valour. It is true, thy haughtiness provok'd me, but thy failings arose from youthful ardor. I knew well what indulgence the errors of that season of life are entitled to: had you not fallen in the battle, we should certainly have been united by the bands of a sincere friendship. O gods! I own that I was also to blame: why did ye snatch him from me before I had time to force him, in spite of himself, to love me?" Telemachus then order'd the body to be wash'd with odoriferous liquors, and, after that, a funeral pile to be got ready. The lofty pines were now heard groaning under the strokes of the ax, and tumbling down the sides of the mountains. The oaks, those ancient sons of the earth, that seem'd to menace heaven; the stately poplars, the wild ash-trees, whose tops are so green, and so bedeck'd with a luxuriance of leaves; and beeches, that are the glory of the forests, were cut down, and convey'd to the banks of the Galefus. There was erected a pile that look'd like a regular building; and, being set on fire, the flames began to appear, and a cloud of smoke to ascend towards heaven.—The Lacedæmonians advance with slow, sad steps, pikes reversed, and downcast eyes; their fierce countenances exhibited the most pungent sorrow, and they shed floods of tears; then came Pherecides, an old man, ready to sink, not so much under the weight of years, as of grief, that he had surviv'd

Hippias,

Hippias, who had been his pupil from his infancy : his hands were raised towards heaven, and his eyes bathed in tears. Since the death of Hippias, he had refused all sort of nourishment ; nor had balmy sleep once closed his eyes, or suspended, for a moment, his deep distress : with feeble, trembling steps did he follow the crowd, and hardly knew whither he went. Not a single word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too full : grief and despair had overwhelmed him. But no sooner did he see the pile set on fire, then he became quite distracted and exclaimed : “ O Hippias, Hippias ! I shall see thee no more ; Hippias is no more, but I am still alive ! O my dear Hippias, it was I, cruel pitiless I, who taught you to despise death ; I flattered myself with the hopes that you would close my eyes, and catch my last sigh. O cruel gods ! you have prolonged my life that I might see the end of that of Hippias ! O my dear child, whom I nursed, and for whom I was so anxious ; I shall see thee no more ! but I shall see thy mother, who will not be able to bear her grief, and will reproach me with thy death. I shall see thy young spouse beating her breast, and tearing her hair ; and of all this I shall be the cause. O dear shade, call me to the banks of Styx, for the light is become odious to me.—Thee alone, my dear Hippias, do I desire to see. Hippias ! Hippias ! O my dear Hippias ! it is only to pay my last duty to thy ashes, that I support life.” In the mean time appeared the body of young Hippias, stretched upon a bier, adorned with purple, gold, and silver, to be laid upon the pile : death, though it had extinguished the lustre of his eyes, had not been able entirely to efface his beauty ; and the graces still faintly played upon his faded face. About his snowy neck, that reclined upon his shoulder, hung his long black hair, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, though destined now to be reduced to ashes : and in his side was seen the deep wound through which all his blood had flowed, and in consequence of which he had descended to the gloomy realm of Pluto.

Telemachus

Telemachus, sad and sorrowful, walked close behind the body, strewing flowers upon it all the way. When they were arrived at the funeral pile, the son of Ulysses could not see the flames catch hold of the cloth in which the body was wrapped, without shedding tears anew. "Adieu," said he, "magnanimous Hippias! for I dare not call thee friend; be pacified, O shade, who hast merited so much glory! if I did not love thee, I should envy thy happiness; for thou art delivered from the misery to which we are still exposed, and hast made thy escape in the most glorious manner. O how happy should I be, so to end my days! May thy shade find no obstruction from the river Styx; may the Elysian fields be open to receive thee; may fame transmit thy name to all future ages; and may thy ashes rest in peace."

Scarce had he uttered these words, broken and intermingled with sighs, when all the army burst into tears, and wept aloud, deeply affected with the loss of Hippias, whose great actions they recounted. Their grief made them recollect all his good qualities, and overlook the faults into which he was misled by the impetuosity of youth, and a bad education. But they were still more affected with the generous and affectionate behaviour of Telemachus. "Is that then," said they, "the young Greek, so haughty, proud, disdainful, and headstrong? See how gentle, humane, and compassionate he is become! Without doubt, Minerva, who loved his father so much, loves him also: without doubt, she hath bestowed upon him the most valuable gifts which the gods can confer upon men, by giving him wisdom, and a heart susceptible of friendship." The body being now consumed by the flames, Telemachus, with his own hands, sprinkled the yet smoaking ashes with a perfumed liquor, and then deposited them in a golden urn, which he decked with flowers, and carried to Phalantus. That chief was then so weak, and in so great danger from the many wounds he had received, that he had a near view of the black, dismal gates of Tartarus.

But

But Traumaphilus and Nozophugus having been sent to his assistance by the son of Ulysses, and having given him all the relief which their art could afford, his soul, that was ready to take its flight, by degrees resumed its place: a fresh supply of spirits insensibly invigorated his nerves; a gentle vivifying energy, a balsam of life diffused itself through every vein, even to the inmost recesses of his heart; and its agreeable warmth snatched him as it were from the cold arms of death. But, with the return of his health and strength, he found his grief also return and he began to feel the loss of his brother, which the condition he had been in hitherto, had prevented his feeling. "Alas," said he, "why all these pains to save my life? Should I not be happier to die, and follow my dear Hippias? I saw him fall close by me: O Hippias! the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more; then shall I see thee no more, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor make thee acquainted with my grievances; nor administer consolation to thee in time of trouble. O ye gods, enemies to mankind! you have then taken my Hippias from me! is it possible? May it not be all a dream? No, no; it is but too true. O Hippias! I have certainly lost thee, for I saw thee fall! I must be then content to live, at least till I have revenged thy death; I will sacrifice to thy manes the cruel Adrastus, stained with thy blood." While Phalantus thus exclaimed, the two divine men endeavoured to assuage his grief, lest it should irritate his wounds, and defeat the effects of their medicines. In this condition he was, when Telemachus, all on a sudden, appeared before him. Then was his heart assailed by two contrary passions; on one hand, what had passed between Telemachus and Hippias immediately occurred to him; and his resentment, on that account, was whetted by his grief for the death of Hippias. On the other hand, he could not pretend to be ignorant, that he owed the preservation of his own life to Telemachus, who had delivered him

him all bloody, and half-dead from the hands of Adrastus. But, when he saw the golden urn, in which the ashes of his dear brother were deposited, he shed a flood of tears, embraced Telemachus, but could not speak; at length, however, with a weak, languishing voice, broken with sighs, he said: "Worthy son of Ulysses, your virtue compels me to love you; to you I am indebted for what remains of life I yet enjoy, and for something still more dear to me. But for you, my brother's body would have been a prey to vultures; but for you, he had lain unburied; his melancholy shade would have been wandering on the banks of Styx, rejected and repulsed by unrelenting Charon. And am I so much obliged to a man whom I hated so violently? O ye gods! reward him for it, and deliver me from a life so wretched. As for you, Telemachus, take care of my obsequies, as you did those of my brother, and thereby render your glory complete."—So saying, he sunk down, quite overwhelmed with grief. Telemachus continued standing by him, and waiting till he should come to himself, before he offered to speak. When he had recovered himself a little, he snatched the urn from the hands of Telemachus, and having kissed it several times, and watered it with his tears, "O dear, O precious ashes," cried he, when shall mine be deposited with them in this same urn? O shade of Hippias, I shall quickly follow thee to the infernal regions, and Telemachus will be the avenger of us both." Nevertheless, by the care and skill of the two men who were masters of the science of Æsculapius, Phalantus grew better and better every day. Telemachus always attended with the physicians, that they might exert themselves the more, to forward the cure; and the whole army admired the goodness of his heart, in thus succouring his greatest enemy, more than the wisdom and valour he had displayed in the battle, by which he had saved the army of the allies. In the mean time, he was indefatigable in the discharge of all, even the most laborious duties of a commander:

commander: his sleep was scanty, and even that was often interrupted, either by the advices he received every hour of the night, as well as day, or by visiting the different quarters of the camp, which he never did twice successively at the same hour, the better to surprise those who neglected their duty. He often returned to his tent all over sweat and dust; his diet was very plain, and he lived in all respects as the common soldiers, in order to set them an example of sobriety and patience. And, as the camp was but indifferently supplied with provisions, he thought his submitting voluntarily to the same hardships and inconveniencies, as they suffered, might contribute to silence the murmurs of the soldiers. His body, far from being weakened by such an active, laborious life, became stronger and hardier every day; those tender, delicate graces, that are, as it were, the flowers and blossoms of the spring of life, began to disappear: his complexion grew browner and more manly, and his limbs more nervous and elastic.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

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T H E

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, fully convinced by several dreams that he had, that his father was no longer upon earth, puts in execution the design he had formed of going in quest of him to the infernal regions. He privately withdraws from the camp, attended by two Cretans, as far as a temple near the famous cavern of Acheruntia; through which he passes in the dark; arrives upon the banks of Styx, and is taken by Charon into his boat. He then goes and presents himself before Pluto, whom he finds disposed to let him proceed in quest of his father; in consequence of which he traverses Tartarus, and is a spectator of the torments which the ungrateful, hypocritical, and perjured, but especially bad kings, are doomed to suffer.

ADRASTUS, whose troops had suffered considerably in the engagement, had withdrawn between the mountain Aulon, to wait for new reinforcements, and watch an opportunity of surprising his enemies once more. He resembled a famished lion, who, having been driven from a sheep-fold, returns
to

to the gloomy forests, and enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favourable opportunity to destroy all the flocks. Telemachus, having taken care to establish a strict discipline in the camp, turned all his thoughts towards the executing a design he had formed, but had communicated to none of the chiefs of the army. He had, for a considerable time, been greatly disturbed every night with dreams, in which his father Ulysses appeared to him. That dear image presented itself always towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her early rays to drive from heaven the roving stars, and banish balmy sleep, with her train of flattering dreams. Sometimes he fancied he saw Ulysses naked in a meadow, bedecked with flowers, upon the banks of a river, in a pleasant island, encompassed with nymphs, who threw him garments to cover his nakedness. Sometimes he imagined he heard him speaking in a palace, glittering all over with gold and ivory, where men, crowned with flowers, listened to him with pleasure and admiration. Oftentimes he appeared to him all on a sudden at a feast where mirth and pleasure reigned, and where the sweet melody of a voice accompanied a lyre more ravishing than that of Apollo, or the voices of the Muses. But these agreeable dreams served only to make Telemachus melancholy when he awaked.—“O my father! O my dear father Ulysses!” would he exclaim: “the most frightful dreams would be more welcome to me. By these images of felicity, I perceive that you are gone to the place of happy souls, where the gods, to reward their virtues, bestow upon them eternal tranquility. Methinks I see the Elysian fields. O what a grief it is that I can hope for no more! What! O my dear father! then I shall see you no more! never more embrace him who loved me so tenderly, and whom I undergo such labour and hardship to find! never more hear that voice which spoke so wisely! never more kiss those hands, those dear hands, those victorious hands, that have overthrown such a multitude of enemies! but they will

not now take vengeance on the presumptuous lovers of Penelope; nor will Ithaca ever emerge from ruin. O ye gods, enemies to my father! ye send me these fatal dreams to deprive me of all hope which is, in effect, depriving me of life. No, I cannot live any longer in this uncertainty. But what do I say! alas! I am but too certain that my father is no more; but I will go down to the infernal regions in quest of him. Thither Theseus descended in safety, the audacious, impious Theseus, who would have insulted the infernal deities; whereas I go conducted by filial duty. Hercules also descended thither: I, indeed, am not Hercules; but it is glorious to attempt to imitate him. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the pity of the god who is represented as inexorable, and prevailed upon him to let Eurydice return to life: I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus, as my loss is greater; for, who can compare a young woman, equalled by so many others, with the sage Ulysses, admired by all Greece! Come, I will venture; if I must, let me die. What folly to be afraid of death, when life is so full of trouble! O Pluto! O Proserpine! I shall soon see whether you are as void of pity as you are represented. O my father; after having traversed in vain both sea and land in quest of you, I am coming to see whether you may not be in the dismal mansions of the dead. If the gods refuse to let me see you upon earth, and enjoying the light of the sun, perhaps they will not refuse me the sight of your shade in the realm of night. So saying Telemachus watered his couch with his tears: then he arose, and tried by the light to assuage the violent uneasiness which these dreams had occasioned. But it was an arrow which had pierced his heart, and which he carried every where about with him. He resolved, therefore, to attempt to find his way to the infernal regions, at a celebrated place, not far from the camp, called Acheruntia, where was a frightful cavern, through which a passage opened to the banks of Acheron, that river, by which the gods themselves are afraid to swear.—The city stood upon the summit of a rock, like a
nest

nest in the top of a tree, and, at the bottom of the rock, was the cavern, which timorous mortals durst not venture to approach. The shepherds took care to keep their flocks at a distance; for the air was infected by the sulphurous steam that arose perpetually through the cavern from the Stygian lake. In the neighbourhood, neither grass nor flowers would grow: there the gentle zephyrs never fanned the air; nor were the beauties of the spring, or the rich fruits of autumn, ever seen. The ground was quite parched and blasted, and the only vegetables that appeared upon it, were some naked withered shrubs, and dismal cypresses. To a considerable distance all around, Ceres refused her golden grain to the labours of the husbandman, and Bacchus seemed to produce his delicious fruit in vain, for the grapes, instead of ripening, were soon shrunk and shrivelled. Nor did the drooping Naiads pour forth the sweet transparent stream; the waters were always bitter and muddy: no birds were ever heard to sing in this forlorn country, over-run with briars and thorns, and destitute of groves for their retreat; they chose a more happy climate, where they could with pleasure warble their amorous lays. Nothing there was heard but the croaking of ravens, and the dismal hooting of owls. The very grass was bitter; so that the flocks that fed upon it never thrived, nor felt that pleasing sensation that makes them frisk along the plain. There the bull never wooed the heifer, and the melancholy, dejected swains never thought of the flute or oaten pipe.— From time to time there issued from the cavern a black thick smoke, that formed an artificial night, even in the middle of the day. The people in the neighbourhood were then doubly diligent in offering sacrifices to pacify the infernal deities, but, oftentimes the human species, in the flower of their youth, and even in their tender years, were the only victims which those cruel divinities took pleasure in destroying, by a fatal contagion. There it was that Telemachus resolved to seek a passage to the gloomy realm of Pluto. Minerva, who con-

tinually watched over, and covered him with her ægis, had pre-disposed Pluto to receive him favourably: even Jupiter, at the request of Pallas had ordered Mercury, who descends every day into the infernal regions to deliver over to Charon a certain number of ghosts, to tell the monarch of the dead, that he desired he should let the son of Ulysses pass unmolested in his dominions. Telemachus secretly withdrew from the camp in the night, and proceeded by moon-light, invoking that powerful divinity, which in heaven is the bright luminary of the night, on earth the chaste Diana, and in the regions below the terrible Hecate. That goddess was propitious to his prayers, because his heart was pure, and because he was actuated by the filial duty which a son owes his father. He had, as soon as he approached the entrance of the cavern, heard the bellowing of the subterranean empire, while the ground shook under him, and heaven seemed all in a blaze with the lightning that darted to the earth. The heart of the young son of Ulysses now began to be alarmed, and his body was covered all over with a cold sweat; yet his courage did not quite forsake him, while he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "Great gods! I thankfully accept of these presages, which I look upon as happy; proceed as you have begun, till you have finished your work." Having uttered this ejaculation, he advanced boldly, and with a quick pace, to the mouth of the cave. The thick smoke, that proved fatal to all animals which ventured to approach the entrance, immediately dispersed; and the poisoned smell was suspended for a little. Telemachus entered all alone; for what other mortal would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his design, and who had accompanied him to a certain distance from the cavern, were now in a temple, a good way off, half dead, and trembling for fear, putting up vows, and never expecting to see Telemachus again. The son of Ulysses in the mean time, sword in hand, enters the dark, horrible cavern: he soon perceives

perceives a dull feeble light, such as appears upon earth in the night; and at the same time observes a multitude of sitting ghosts hovering about him, which he drives away with his sword. He then descends the melancholy banks of the Stygian flood, whose thick heavy waters hardly seem to move: upon the hither bank he found an infinite crowd of the shades of those who had not been buried, and who presented themselves to the pitiless Charon in vain, in order to be ferried over. That god, who is eternally old, churlish, and morose, but vigorous, threatened them, and drove them away, but admitted the young Greek into his boat. Upon his stepping into it, hearing the groans of a ghost that seemed inconsolable, he thus addressed it: "Whence does your heavy grief arise? What were you when alive, and upon earth?" "I was," replied the ghost, "Nabopharzan, king of the proud Babylon: all the nations of the East trembled at the very mention of my name; I built a temple of marble, in which I made the Babylonians pay me divine worship, and burn, day and night, the most costly perfumes of Æthiopia before my statue, which was of massy gold; none durst presume to contradict me, without being immediately punished.—Every day were new pleasures and amusements invented, to render my life more agreeable: I was still young and robust. Alas! what pleasure I still might have enjoyed upon the throne! but a woman, of whom I was enamoured, though she loved not me, soon made me sensible that I was not a god. She took me off by poison, and I am now no more: yesterday my ashes were deposited with great pomp in a golden urn; and there was great lamentation and tearing of hair; nay, they even made a shew of throwing themselves into the flames of my funeral pile, in order to be consumed with me; and to-day they intend to set up an howling and crying at the foot of a superb monument they have erected for my ashes. Yet nobody, in reality, regrets me: even in my own family, my memory is execrated; and here below I am already subjected to the most horrible mortifications."

Telemachus,

Telemachus, who sympathized with him in his sufferings, questioned him thus: "Were you really happy during your reign? Did you feel that sweet tranquility, without which the heart is always uneasy and dissatisfied in the midst of mirth and pleasure?" "No," replied the Babylonian; "so far from it, I do not even understand what you mean. The sages extol that tranquility as the only real good; but, as for me, I never felt it: my heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, by hope and fear. I endeavoured to render it callous and insensible by continual dissipation and amusement, and to perpetuate, if possible, the intoxication; for the least intrusion of reason, or calm serious reflection, would have been too painful. Such was the tranquility I enjoyed; any other appeared to me but a chimera; and such is the happiness I now regret." So saying, the Babylonian wept like a weak, effeminate prince, debauched by prosperity; who, by never having experienced adversity, was incapable of supporting it with fortitude and resolution. He had about him some slaves, whom they had put to death in honour of his funeral; and whom Mercury had consigned over to Charon, together with the king, giving them an absolute power over him, whose slaves they had been upon earth. The ghosts of the slaves, therefore, no longer stood in awe of that of Nabopharzan, but held it in chains, and insulted it in the most cruel manner. "Are not we men, as well as you?" said one of them: "How could you be such a fool, as to fancy yourself a god; or forget that you were any thing more than a mere man?" Another with a sneer, told him: "You were in the right to be unwilling to pass for a man; for you really were a monster, void of humanity." Another exclaimed: "Well, where are now your flatterers? Unhappy wretch! nothing have you now to give, nor can you do any harm: you are even become the slave of your slaves. The gods are slow in rendering to men according to their deserts, but they never fail to do justice at last." At these mortifying

tifying, harsh words, Nabopharzan threw himself upon his face to the ground, tearing his hair in a transport of rage and despair. But Charon said to the slaves: "Pull him by the chain, and lift him up, he shall not even have the consolation of concealing his shame, and all the ghosts of Styx must be witnesses of it; that the gods may be justified for having suffered this impious man to reign so long upon earth. This, O Babylonian, is but the beginning of your woe; you will soon be called to account by Minos, the impartial judge of the dead." While the terrible Charon spoke thus, the boat reached the bank that bounded the empire of Pluto. Immediately all the ghosts came flocking to see the living man, that appeared in the boat among the dead: but as soon as Telemachus set foot on land, they all vanished, like the shades of night at the first approach of day. Charon with a forehead less wrinkled, and eyes less fierce and glaring than ordinary, said to the young Greek: "Mortal, beloved by the gods! since you are permitted to enter the realm of night, inaccessible to other men, while alive, proceed without delay whither your destiny calls you; that gloomy path will lead you to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find seated upon his throne, and who will indulge you with leave to visit those places, with the secrets of which I am not at liberty to acquaint you." Telemachus immediately advanced with eager steps, and beheld, fluttering all around him, the ghosts more numerous than the sands upon the sea-shore, which, together with the profound silence that reigned in those vast dreary regions, struck him with a divine awe and horror. His hair stood an end as he drew near to the dismal abode of the pitiless Pluto, and his knees trembled under him, so that it was with difficulty he could pronounce these words as he approached the god: "You see, O tremendous god, the son of the unhappy Ulysses; I am come to enquire of you, if my father hath yet descended to your empire, or if he is still wandering about upon earth?" Pluto was seated upon a throne
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of ebony, with a countenance pale and stern, eyes hollow and sparkling, and a forehead furrowed and frowning: the sight of a living man was offensive to him, as light is to the eyes of those animals, who never appear abroad but in the night. By his side sat Proserpine, who singly watched his looks, and seemed a little to soften his heart: she possessed unfading charms; but there was something of the austerity and cruelty of her husband blended with these her divine graces. At the foot of the throne was pale devouring Death, whetting, incessantly, his keen resistless scythe; about him flew black Care, cruel Jealousy; Revenge, all dropping with blood, and covered with wounds; unjust Hatred, and Avarice that preys upon itself; Despair, that tears itself with its own hands; mad Ambition, that overturns each object in its way; Treachery, that thirsts for blood, and cannot enjoy the mischief it hath done; Envy, which scatters its mortal poison all around, and is transported with rage at its inability to do mischief; Impiety, which digs for itself a bottomless pit, into which it plunges without hope; hideous spectres; phantoms, which represent the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and watchings still more irksome; all these horrid images surrounded grim Pluto, and swarmed all over his palace. With a hollow voice, which echoed through the dark profound of Erebus, he thus replied to Telemachus; "Young mortal, destiny hath impelled thee to violate this sacred asylum of the dead; go then, and fulfil thy towering fate: I shall not tell thee where thy father is; it is enough thou art at liberty to search for him: as he reigned a king on earth, thou needest only traverse, on one hand, that part of the gloomy Tartarus where wicked kings are punished; and on the other, the Elysian fields where virtuous monarchs are rewarded: but thou can'st not go from hence to the Elysian fields without passing through Tartarus: thither make the best of thy way, and quit my empire with all convenient dispatch." That instant Telemachus seemed to fly through those vast empty spaces, so impatient

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was he to know if his father was still alive, and to fly from the presence of that horrible tyrant, who is the terror both of the dead and the living. In a short time, he perceived that he was upon the confines of gloomy Tartarus, whence issued a dismal thick smoke, the poisonous stench of which would be mortal, was it to reach the living. Under the smoke was a river and whirlpools of fire, which made a noise like that of the most impetuous torrents, when they rush from the top of very high rocks into gulphs below, so that nothing could be heard distinctly in these dismal regions.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, with undaunted steps traverses this dreadful place: there he first observed a great number of men, who had been confined to the lowest stations of life, and were now punished for having endeavoured to acquire wealth by fraud, treachery, and cruelty. There too he saw a great many of those impious hypocrites, who had pretended to love religion, but in reality made use of it only as a plausible pretext to gratify their ambition, and impose upon the simple and credulous: these, as having profaned and villified even virtue itself, though the noblest gift that the gods can bestow, were punished as the most abandoned of all men: neither children who had made away with their fathers and mothers, nor wives who had imbrued their hands in the blood of their husbands, nor traitors who had betrayed their country and violated every oath, were doomed to suffer such tortures as they: so the three infernal judges would have it; and their reason for it was this; hypocrites, not satisfied with being wicked as other bad men, must needs pass for good, and by their false pretences to virtue discredit what is really such. The gods, whom they made light of, and whom they rendered contemptible in the eyes of men, with pleasure employ their whole power to punish the insult offered to their divinity. Not far from them appeared other men, whom the vulgar do not look upon as very guilty, but whom the divine vengeance, notwithstanding, pursues without mercy; and these
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are the ungrateful, liars, flatterers, who praised and extolled vice, and the censorious, who maliciously endeavoured to tarnish the purest virtue: finally, those, who rashly judged of things, without being thoroughly apprized of them, and thereby hurt the reputation of the innocent. Of all the different species of ingratitude, that which regards the gods was punished as the blackest. "What, said, Minos, shall men be accounted monsters who are ungrateful to their parents or friends, to whom they owe some few obligations, and yet glory in being ungrateful to the gods, from whom they derive life, and all the advantages attending it? Are not men more indebted to them for their existence than to their parents? The more crimes are overlooked, and the more venial they appear upon earth, the more rigorous and implacable is the vengeance that awaits them in the regions below." Telemachus, seeing the three judges sitting, and passing a sentence of condemnation upon a man, ventured to ask them what his crimes were: immediately the convict took up the question, and exclaimed: "I never did any thing amiss; nay, it was my delight to do good? I was magnificent, liberal, just, and compassionate; what then can be laid to my charge?" To this defence Minos made answer: "We do not charge you with any thing amiss in regard to men: but, was not you more indebted to the gods than to men? What then is that justice which you boast of? With respect to men, you have acquitted yourself well; but men, compared to the gods, are as nothing. You have been virtuous; but then you charged all your virtue to your own account, and not to the gods, whose gift it was; for you practised it only for the reputation and advantage of it, and would not hold yourself beholden to any superior being for it, or any thing else. The only divinity you adored was yourself: but the gods, who made every thing, and for themselves too, will not part with their rights; as you forgot them while on earth, they will now forget you: they will now leave you to yourself as you, when alive, studied

to please yourself only and not them. Find now, if you can, your consolation in your own heart; for now are you for ever separated from men, to whom you studied to recommend yourself, and are alone, with the idol you worshipped, that is yourself. Know, there is no true virtue, without love and reverence for the gods, to whom men are indebted for their all. Now, will your false virtue, with which you dazzled the eyes of men, easy to be deceived, be unmasked and exposed. Men judge of vice and virtue only as they coincide, or not, with their taste and interest, and are blind with respect to both. But here a divine light discovers the error of their superficial judgment; for those whom they admired, are often condemned; and those whom they condemned, acquitted and justified." By these words, the philosopher was struck as with a thunder-bolt: the self-complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own moderation, fortitude, and generous inclinations, was now changed into despair; and the view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became a punishment to him. He sees himself, and cannot avoid it; he sees the futility of the judgments of men, whose applause and admirations he aimed at in all his actions. A total revolution takes place within him, as if his heart was turned upside down: he finds himself no longer the same person; and his thoughts can no longer yield him any consolation. His conscience, whose testimony was before so soothing and agreeable, now rises up against him, and bitterly reproaches him with the falsity and futility of all his virtues, which had not the honour of the gods for their motive and end. He is quite confounded, distracted, and overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and despair. He was not tormented by the Furies, because they thought it enough to have delivered him over to himself, and to let his own heart take vengeance on him, for his contempt of the Gods. Though he cannot withdraw from his own conscience, yet, to hide himself from the rest

of the dead, he seeks the most gloomy places; he seeks darkness, but cannot find it: an odious intruding light pursues him every where: the piercing rays of truth pervades his most secret haunts, to punish him for neglecting it when on earth. Whatever he loved then, is now become hateful to him, as being the occasion of his sufferings, which will never end. He often says to himself: "O fool! it appears then, that thou neither knewest the gods, nor mankind, nor thyself! No, I knew nothing, since I never loved the only true good; so that every step I took, I departed so far from the true way: my wisdom was but folly; my virtue, but a blind impious pride: in fine, I was the dupe of my own vanity."

Lastly, Telemachus perceived the kings who were condemned for having abused their power.—On one hand, an avenging Fury presented to them a mirror, that reflected their vices in all their deformity. There, in spite of themselves, they beheld their excessive vanity that greedily swallowed the most gross and fulsome flattery; their obduracy towards mankind, whose happiness it was their duty to promote; their insensibility with regard to virtue; their dread of hearing the truth; their partiality to worthless men and flatterers; their dissipation, sloth, and indolence; their misplaced distrust; their pomp and ostentation; their boundless magnificence, supported by oppression and the ruin of their people; and their ambition of purchasing a little glory by the blood of their subjects: in fine, their cruelty in seeking every day new pleasures, amidst the tears and distresses of so many miserable wretches. In this mirror they eternally beheld themselves, and found they were more frightful monsters than the Chimera vanquished by Belerophon; the Hydra of Lerna, destroyed by Hercules; or even Cerberus, though he vomits from his three wide-extended mouths a black venomous discharge, enough to poison the whole race of mortals on the face of the earth. At the same time,
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a second Fury, on the other side, insultingly repeated to them all the praises which flatterers had bestowed upon them during their lives; presenting also another mirror, in which they saw themselves as they had been represented by adulation; the contrast of these two mirrors served to punish their vanity. He observed, that amongst these kings, the most worthless were these, who had received the most extravagant praises during their lives, because the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not ashamed to expect to be flattered by the poets and orators of their time, in the most abject manner.

They were heard groaning amidst these dismal shades, where they could see nothing but what served to insult and deride them: every thing around them disgusted, shocked, and confounds them; whereas, on earth, they sported with the lives of men, and pretended that they were made only for their pleasure. In Tartarus they are subjected to all the caprices of certain slaves, who make them feel, in their turn, the whole weight of servitude: and though to be slaves is extremely grievous and mortifying to them, yet have they not the least glimpse of hope that they shall ever be able to make their condition the more supportable. Under the stripes of these slaves, now become the most merciless tyrants, they groan like the anvil under the strokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the flaming furnaces of mount *Ætna*. There Telemachus perceived pale, hideous, melancholy visages; melancholy occasioned by the cruel remorse that preys upon the criminals who abhor themselves, and can no more dispel that horror than they can divest themselves of their very nature.—There is no need of any other punishment of their misdeeds than the misdeeds themselves, which they see incessantly in all their enormity, and which present themselves to them, and pursue them like hideous spectres. To secure themselves from them, they wish for a death still more powerful, than that

which separated them from their bodies, and, in their despair, implore the assistance of such a death, as would extinguish in them every thought and perception. They call to the abyss to swallow them up, and deliver them from the avenging light of truth, that still pursues them; but they are doomed to a slow vengeance, that distils upon them drop by drop, and will never be exhausted. The truth, which they were afraid to see, is now become their executioner: they see it, and it alone, rising up against them; and the sight of it enrages, distracts, and confounds them. Like lightning, without destroying any thing outwardly, it penetrates to the inmost bowels. As metal in a flaming furnace, the soul is, as it were, melted by that avenging fire; which, though it destroys the consistence, yet consumes not the substance; and though the very first principles of life are dissolved, yet death does not ensue. They are, as it were, torn from themselves, and they can find neither consolation nor repose for a single instant, seeming to live only as actuated by the rage with which they are transported against themselves, and by the extinction of hope which drives them to despair. Among the objects which made his hair stand on end, Telemachus perceived divers ancient kings of Lydia, who, instead of labouring for the ease and happiness of their people, which is the indispensable duty of sovereigns, gave themselves up to the pleasures of a soft effeminate life. These monarchs were continually reproaching each other with their blindness. One of them said to another, who had been his son: "Did not I often charge you in my old age, and upon my death-bed, to repair the evils that my negligence had occasioned?"—"Ah, wretched father," replied the son, "it is you who have ruined me; it was your example that taught me pride, ostentation, voluptuousness, and inhumanity. By seeing you, when king, indulge such effeminacy, and have so many flatterers about you, I came by degrees to love pleasure and adulation. I thought other men were, in respect of

of kings, what beasts of burden are in respect of men; that is to say, animals, of which no account is made, but so far as they contribute to their advantage or convenience. This I believed, and that was owing to you; and now I am doomed to such pains for having followed your example." To these reproaches they added the most dreadful imprecations, and seemed ready, from the excess of their rage, to tear one another in pieces. About kings too were seen sitting, like owls in the night, cruel jealousies, vain alarms, and distrusts, which give the people their revenge for the hard-heartedness of their kings, insatiable avarice, false glory, which is always accompanied with tyranny, and unmanly sloth, which doubles every evil that befalls us, and can yield no solid pleasure. Of these kings too, divers were punished, not for the ill they had done, but for neglecting to do the good they might have done. All the crimes that are occasioned by a remissness in executing the law, and suffering it to be violated with impunity, were charged to the account of the kings, whose duty it is to cause them to be observed and executed. To them too were imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp and luxury, and other excesses, which tempt men to commit acts of violence, and break the laws, in order to acquire wealth. But those kings in particular were punished with rigour, who, instead of acting the part of good and watchful shepherds to their flocks, thought of nothing but fleecing them, like ravenous wolves. But what amazed Telemachus most, was to see in this abyss of darkness and misery, a great number of kings, who, though they were accounted tolerably good, when on earth, had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus, for having suffered themselves to be governed by artful wicked men. These were punished for all the enormities that had been committed under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of these kings had been neither good nor bad, such was their weakness or imbecility. They never had been afraid

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of not knowing the truth ; never had discovered any relish for virtue, nor taken the least pleasure in doing good.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK,

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters the Elysian fields, where he is known by Arceſius his grandfather, who aſſures him that his father Ulyſſes is ſtill alive; that he will ſee him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arceſius gives him an account of the happineſs which the ſouls of the juſt enjoy, eſpecially of good kings, who, during their lives, have ſerved the gods, and ſtudied to promote the welfare of their people. He lets him know that the heroes, who excelled only in the art of war, are ſeperated from the others, and leſs happy. He then takes ſome pains to inſtruct Telemachus, who immediately after ſets out, and makes the beſt of his way for the camp of the allies.

WHEN Telemachus quitted theſe diſmal places, he found himſelf eaſed and diſencumbered; as if a mountain had been taken off his ſhoulders. From which ſenſation, he perceived how wretched was the lot of thoſe who were confined to them, without hope of ever getting away; and it greatly affected him to ſee, how much more rigorouſly kings were

were punished, than other bad men. "What," said he, "so many duties, dangers, and snares; so many difficulties to surmount, to come at the truth, and to guard against others, as well as one's own self! and lastly, such horrible woes after death in the regions below, after having been so envied, harassed, and plagued in a short life! O the madness, to desire to be a king! happy he who is satisfied with a quiet private life, in which the practice of virtue is less difficult!" these reflections filled him with internal disquiet. He shuddered with fear and consternation, by which he felt something of the despair of those unhappy ghosts he had just quitted: but, in proportion as he moved farther off from that melancholy abode of darkness, horror, and despair, his spirits began gradually to revive; he breathed more freely, and had a distant glimpse of that pure, delicious light that shines in the retreat of heroes. There was the habitation of all those good kings who had till then ruled over mankind, separated from the rest of the righteous. As in Tartarus, wicked princes were doomed to a punishment infinitely more rigorous than that of other bad men in private life; so on the other hand, good kings enjoyed in the Elysian fields a happiness infinitely superior to that of other good men. Telemachus now advancing towards these kings, found them reposing in fragrant bowers, on beds of turf, adorned with ever-springing flowers, and never-fading verdure. A thousand pure transparent streamlets watered these charming meads, producing a delicious coolness; among which a thousand rivulets played, while an infinite number of birds warbled their sweet notes in the groves. All at once were seen together the flowers of spring fresh blowing beneath each foot that pressed the plain, and the most delicious fruits of autumn hanging from the trees. There was never felt the heat of the Dog-star, nor durst the ruthless North presume to blow dispersing Winter's rigours. Neither blood-thirsty War, nor rancorous Envy, that bites with venomous tooth, her breast and arms entwined with vipers; nor Jealousies,

lies, Distrust, or Fear, or Vain Desire, did ever approach that blest abode of peace. There day never ends, and night, with its sable wings, is altogether unknown: a pure delightful stream of light diffuses itself round the bodies of these just men, and encompasses them with its rays, as with a garment. It is not like that gloomy gleam which enlightens the eyes of wretched mortals, and is, indeed, nought else but darkness visible. It is rather a celestial glory, than what we call light, penetrating with more subtilty the densest bodies, than the rays of the sun pervade the purest crystal, never dazzling but on the contrary strengthening the eyes, and diffusing a serenity into the inmost recesses of the soul. By this alone the blessed are nourished. It enters in their frame, and issues from them; penetrating and incorporating with them, as our food incorporates with the living body. They see it, they feel it, they breathe it, and it is to them an inexhaustible source of peace and joy. In this abyss of pleasure are they immersed as fishes in the sea; they desire nothing further; and, without having any thing, enjoy every thing: the sweets of the pure light gratifying every wish of their hearts.— All their desires are satisfied; and thus they have no longings or cravings; their satisfaction raises their enjoyment infinitely above all that pleasure which is coveted by hungry half-starved mortal man. All the delights that surround them are counted by them as nothing; because that complete felicity they derive from within, leaves them no wish for any of those delights, being as the gods, who, filled with nectar and ambrosia, would not deign to taste any of those gross viands, that are accounted the most exquisite by mortals. Every woe is far removed from these peaceful mansions. Neither death, disease, poverty, grief, affliction, remorse, fear, nor even hope which is often the occasion of as much uneasiness as fear, nor discord, disgust, or chagrin, can have any admittance there. Sooner might the lofty mountains of Thrace, whose tops covered with ice and snow from the beginning of the world, are hid in the clouds, while

while their foundations extend to the centre of the earth, be overturned, than the hearts of these just men be in the least ruffled. Only they feel a pity for the misery with which men on earth are overwhelmed, but it is a calm gentle pity, that does not in the least abate their unalterable felicity. An eternal youth, an endless happiness, and a glory altogether divine, are displayed on their countenances: but there is nothing indecent or extravagant in their joy. It is a calm, noble, godlike joy. They are transported with a sublime relish of truth and virtue: and they are every moment in the same extacy of joy that a mother feels when she is blessed again with the sight of a dear son, who she believed to be dead: the mother's transport is soon at an end, but theirs never. It is never suspended or abated for a single moment, but is always the same. They feel the delights of intoxication, without its blindfold rage and destruction. They converse together on what they see and what they feel, expressing the utmost contempt for, and deploring the effeminate employments, and trifling grandeur of their former state. They review with pleasure those few melancholy years in which they were obliged to combat with themselves, and with a torrent of vice and corruption, to maintain their integrity; and admire the goodness of the gods, who led them as it were by the hand to virtue, amidst so many dangers. Something divine, which cannot be expressed, flows perpetually through their hearts, like a rivulet of the divine nature itself united to theirs, and they see and feel that they are happy, and always shall be so. They sing the praises of the gods, with one voice, heart, and sentiment; and the same happiness ebbs and flows as it were alike, in their united hearts. In this divine extacy, ages pass away more rapidly, than hours among men, and yet after millions and millions of ages, their happiness is still entire and undiminished. They reign all together, not on thrones, that may be overturned by human power, but by virtue of an internal, permanent, and immutable energy; for they have now no occasion to render themselves formidable

ble by a power derived from wretched mortals; nor do they now wear those insignificant diadems amidst the lustre of which so many fears and carking cares still lie concealed. The gods themselves have, with their own hands, provided for them crowns that never fade.

Telemachus, who was in quest of his father, and expected to have found him in these delightful retreats, was seized with such a longing after this peace and felicity, that he wished to have found him, and was grieved to find himself under the necessity of returning to the society of men. "Here it is," said he, "where men may in truth be said to live! on earth life is but a kind of death." But what surprised him, was to find so many kings suffering punishment in Tartarus, and to see so few in the Elysian fields.—Hence, he perceived that there are but few of them, who have fortitude and resolution enough to guard against the intoxication of power, and the flattery of so many sycophants, continually endeavouring to excite their passions. Thus are good kings very rare, and the generality of monarchs so bad, that the gods would be unjust, if, after suffering them to abuse their power on earth, they did not call them to an account for it after death. Telemachus not finding his father among all these kings, hoped at least to see the divine Laertes his grandfather, and therefore began to look for him. While he was thus employed, though without success, a venerable old man, with a majestic air, advanced. He did not resemble old men on earth, sinking under the weight of years, and bent to the ground. It appeared only that he had been old at his death; for, with the gravity of old age, were blended all the graces of youth; for even in the most decrepid old men, the graces all revive the moment they are introduced into the Elysian fields. This man advanced towards Telemachus with eager steps, and surveyed him with looks of complacency, as a person that was very dear to him; but Telemachus not knowing who he was, seemed troubled and disconcerted at his approach. "I am not
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at all surpris'd, my dear son," said the old man, "that thou dost not know me. I am Arceſius, the father of Laertes. I ended my days a little before my grandſon Ulyſſes ſet out for the ſiege of Troy, when thou waſt a little infant in the arms of thy nurſe. I even then conceived great hopes of thee, and find I was not miſtaken, ſince I ſee thou art come down to the realm of Pluto, in queſt of thy father; and that the gods proteſt and ſupport thee in the attempt. O happy youth! beloved by the gods; who have in reſerve for thee a glory equal to that of thy father! happy am I to ſee thee again! look not any more for Ulyſſes in this place, for he is alive; for him it is reſerved to raiſe our family to its former ſplendor in the iſle of Ithaca. Even Laertes ſtill enjoys the light, though bending under the weight of years, and hopes that his ſon will return in time to cloſe his eyes. Thus mortals paſs away like the flowers which blow in the morning, and in the evening are faded, and trodden under foot. The generations of men glide away like a rapid river; nothing can ſtop the current of time, which ſweeps away with it what appears moſt permanent and durable. Thou thyſelf, my ſon, my dear ſon! who at preſent enjoyeſt all the vigour and pleaſures of youth, remember that delightful period of life is but a flower, which will wither almoſt as ſoon as it is blown. Thou wilt find thyſelf alter inſenſibly, and the ſmiling graces, and enchanting delights that now attend thy ſteps, will vaniſh like an agreeable dream; nothing of them remaining but the ſad remembrance. Morose, feeble old age will ſteal upon thee by degrees, plough thy forehead with wrinkles, bend thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the ſource of joy within thy heart, and put thee out of humour with the preſent, and in-fear of the future, rendering thee inſenſible to every thing but pain and uneaſineſs. That time ſeems to thee juſt now at a great diſtance. Alas! my ſon, thou art miſtaken; it advances faſt, and is juſt at hand. What comes with ſuch rapidity, cannot be far off; whereas the preſent is already gone, and far away, ſince it is

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lost while we are yet speaking, and will never return. Do not then, my son, make much account of the present, but support thyself in the steep rugged path of virtue, by looking into futurity. and by purity of manners, and the love of justice, secure thyself a place in the happy mansions of peace. Thou wilt soon see thy father return to Ithaca, and resume his authority; on which it is ordained that thou shalt succeed him. But alas! my son, what a deceitful thing is a crown! when one views it at a distance, it presents nothing to the eye but splendor, pomp, and pleasure; but when one examines it more closely, it is found all beset with thorns. A private person may, without dishonour, lead an easy, obscure life; but a king cannot, without dishonour, prefer an idle indolent life, to the toils of government. He is bound to provide for the welfare and happiness of every subject he has, and his whole time and attention is due to the public. His smallest oversights are often extremely fatal; entailing misery on his people, and that sometimes for several ages. It is his duty to repress the audaciousness of wicked men, to support and defend the innocent, and to detect and discourage calumny. It is not enough for him to do no ill, he must also do all the good he can for his people. It is not enough that he does nothing but what is right himself, he must also prevent the ill that others would do, if they were not kept in awe. Dread then, my son, dread the many dangers incident to that station, and arm thyself with courage against thy own heart, against thy own passions, as well as the sycophants to whom thou wilt be exposed." In pronouncing these words, Arcefius appeared to be animated with a divine spirit, and displayed in his countenance a deep sense of the many dangers and difficulties kings have to encounter, in the arduous task of government.—

"When a king," said he, "thinks of nothing but gratifying his own humours and passions, he is a monster and a tyrant: but when he studies to do his duty, and watches over his numerous subjects, as a father directs his children, his labour is immense, and requires

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quires an extraordinary degree of courage and patience. And, therefore, it is certain, that those kings who have acquitted themselves to the best of their ability, enjoy here whatever the power of the gods can bestow, to render their happiness complete." While Arcegius spoke thus, his words made a deep impression, and were engraved on the heart of Telemachus, as figures engraved on brass by the hand of an ingenious artist, in order to be transmitted to after ages. They penetrated like a subtle flame into the bosom of the youth: his heart glowed with transport. Something divine, that cannot be described, seemed, as it were, to melt his very soul. He was secretly consumed by something in the most inmost recesses of his breast, and the impression was so strong, that he could neither resist, moderate nor support it. It was a very lively, agreeable sensation, but blended at the same time with something so painful and uneasy, as to be almost inconsistent with life. But Telemachus soon began to breathe more freely, and to find a great resemblance in countenance between Arcegius and Laertes; he even fancied he recollected confusedly, that the features of his father Ulysses, when he departed for the Trojan war, resembled those he now beheld. This recollection melted his heart, and tears of joy trickled down his cheeks. He would fain have embraced a person so dear to him, and often made an effort for that purpose, but in vain. The phantom still eluded his embraces, as a deceitful dream vanishes from the man who fondly thinks himself in possession of what he loves. Sometimes with eager thirst he pursues a fugitive stream; sometimes his lips are in motion to form words, which his benumbed tongue refuses to pronounce; and he eagerly endeavours to catch at something with his hands in vain. Thus was Telemachus unable to gratify his tenderness; and though he saw Arcegius, heard him, and spoke to him, yet could he not touch his shadowy form. At length he desired to know, who those personages were that appeared about him

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in the Elysian fields. "Thou seest, my son, (replied the sage) the men who, when alive, were the ornament and glory of their age, and proved a blessing to mankind. Thou seest these few kings, that deserved to be such, and performed with fidelity their duty, as gods on earth. These others, who reside pretty near them, parted only by a small cloud, possess a glory much more circumscribed. They are indeed heroes, but the recompence of their valour, and military expeditions, is far short of that of wise, just, and beneficent kings. Among these heroes behold Theseus, in whose countenance there appears a little melancholy. He hath felt the ill effects of his credulity to an artful woman, and is still grieved, that he should have so cruelly and unjustly asked of Neptune the death of his son Hippolytus. Happy, had he not been so passionate and irritable! See there also Achilles, leaning on his lance, by reason of the wound he received in the heel from the effeminate Paris, which cost him his life. Had he been as wise, just, and moderate, as he was intrepid, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they took pity of the Phthiots and Dolopians, whose king he would have been after Peleus, had he lived. They were not willing to subject such a number of people to a hasty, hot-headed man, more easy to be put into a rage, than the most stormy sea. The Fates therefore cut short the thread of his days, so that he was like a flower half-blown, which is cut down by the plough-share, before the close of the day in which it sprung up. The gods resolved to make no other use of him, than of torrents and tempests, namely to punish men for their crimes, employing him to level the walls of Troy, in order to revenge the perjury of Laomedon, and the dishonourable amours of Paris. Having thus avenged themselves by his means, they were pacified, and refused, though Thetis importuned them with tears, to let the young hero be any longer upon earth, as he would only have disturbed the peace of mankind and laid waste cities and kingdoms. Seest

thou that other hero with a fierce countenance? It is Ajax the son of Telamon, and cousin of Achilles. Of his valour and military glory, thou certainly canst not be ignorant. After the death of Achilles, he alledged that he had a better right to his armour, than any other: but thy father would not allow his claim, and the Greeks decided in his favour. Ajax having killed himself in despair, fury and indignation are still painted on his face. Do not approach him, my son, for he would think you were going to insult his misfortune, when he has a just claim to your pity. Do not you perceive, that the sight of us is uneasy to him, and that he retires in haste to that gloomy grove, because we are hateful to his view? On the other side thou seest Hector, who would have been invincible, had not the son of Thetis been his cotemporary. But there goes Agamemnon, who yet bears the marks of Clytemnestra's perfidy. O my son! I shudder, when I think of the misfortunes of the family of the impious Tantalus, the discord between the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, plunged that family in bloodshed and ruin. Alas! how many more does one crime draw after it! Agamemnon, had no time, after he returned at the head of the Greeks from the siege of Troy, to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired, and such is the fate of most conquerors. All these kings, that thou seest, were great warriors, but their characters were far from being amiable or virtuous. Accordingly they have only the second place in the Elysian fields. As for these others, they swayed the sceptre with justice, loved their people, and were beloved by the gods, whereas Achilles and Agamemnon, who were always quarrelling and fighting, still retain their uneasinesses and natural defects, in vain regretting the loss of life, and lamenting, that they are now but vain impotent shades. But these just kings, purified by the divine light, that nourishes them, have nothing farther to wish for, to complete their happiness, regarding with compassion the cares and uneasinesses of mortals, and looking upon the
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most important affairs, that engross and disquiet the minds of ambitious men, but as the amusements of children: as their own hearts are satisfied to the full, with the truth and the virtue they draw at the fountain-head. They can suffer no more, either from others or themselves: they have no longer any wants, desires or fears; all is over with them, except their joy, which can never end. Observe, my son, that ancient monarch Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. How mild and majestic is his air! while the flowers scarce feel his thread, his fleet light motion, resembling the flight of a bird. In his hand he holds any ivory harp, and in an endless transport chaunts the wonders of the gods. From his heart and mouth issues an exquisite perfume, and the harmony of his lyre and voice, would ravish gods and men. Thus is he rewarded for having loved the people, whom he assembled within his new-built walls, and for whom he enacted laws. On the other side among those myrtles, you may observe Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the first king of Athens, a city consecrated to the goddess of wisdom and named from her. From Egypt, to which Greece was indebted for its letters and polity, Cecrops brought good laws, civilized the barbarous inhabitants of the town of Attica, and united them by the bands of society. He was just, humane, and compassionate. He left his people in a flourishing condition, but to his own family only a competency, and did not desire that his sons should reign after him, because he thought others more deserving of the crown. I must show you also in that little valley Erycthon, who first introduced the use of silver-money, in order to facilitate commerce among the isles of Greece; but he foresaw the inconveniencies, of which the invention would be productive. "Be diligent and industrious, said he to the people of those isles, in multiplying the riches of nature, which are the only true riches, and cultivate the lands, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil, and fruits. Breed flocks innumerable, to nourish you with their milk, and cover you

with their wool, whereby you will secure yourselves against all apprehensions of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you teach them to be industrious; for the earth is inexhaustible, and its fertility increases in proportion as the inhabitants increase and cultivate it, liberally rewarding those who take pains, but making poor scanty returns to those who do not. Endeavour then chiefly to procure these true riches, which are sufficient to satisfy the real wants of men. As for silver-money, no account ought to be made of it, but in as far as it is necessary, either for carrying on unavoidable wars abroad, or for purchasing commodities that are useful and necessary, but not to be found in your own country; for it were to be wished, that all trade in articles of luxury, vanity and effeminacy, were laid aside." The sage Erythron also often observed; "I am much afraid, my dear children, that I have made you a fatal present, by inventing money. I foresee, that it will be an incitement to avarice, ambition, and vanity; that it will give rise to an infinity of pernicious arts, directly tending to introduce effeminacy, and a corruption of manners; that it will make you disrelish that happy simplicity, in which all the security and tranquility of life consist; and lastly, that it will make you despise agriculture, which is the support of human life, and the source of all its true riches: but the gods are my witnesses, that my intention was good and upright, in introducing among you this invention, which is useful in itself." Afterwards, when Erythron found that money, as he had foreseen, corrupted the manners of the people, he withdrew from grief to a savage mountain, where he lived in poverty and solitude to an extreme old age, but would never concern himself any more with the government of the cities. Not long after him, the famous Triptolemus made his appearance in Greece, whom Ceres had taught the art of cultivating the lands, and covering them every year with golden grain. Not but that men had corn before, and knew how

to multiply it by sowing : but their knowledge of agriculture being but superficial, Triptolemus, by order of Ceres, came with the plough in his hand, to make offer of the gifts of the goddess to all those who should have resolution enough to overcome their natural sloth, and apply themselves vigorously to tillage. In a short time Triptolemus taught the Greeks how to plough the ground, and fertilize it by proper culture, and soon the active indefatigable reapers made all the yellow grain, that covered the fields, fall under the strokes of their sharp sickles. Even those fierce savages, that wandered through the forests of Epire and Etolia, in quest of acorns for their food, became more civilized, and submitted to laws, after they had learned to raise crops of corn, and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks feel the pleasure of supplying all their wants by their own labour, and of finding in their own field, whatever was requisite to render their lives easy and happy. The plenty that they procured in so simple and innocent a manner by agriculture, made them reflect on the sage counsel of Erythron, and despise money and artificial wealth, which is only of imaginary value, tempting men to seek dangerous pleasures, and diverting them from labour, which would supply them with every thing necessary, together with liberty and innocence. They were then convinced, that a fertile, well-cultivated field is a real treasure to every family that is wise enough to desire only to live frugally, as their forefathers had lived. Happy would the Greeks have been, had they steadfastly adhered to these maxims, so proper to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being so by their genuine virtue ; but alas ! they begin to admire false riches, by little and little to neglect true, wealth, and to fall off from that marvellous simplicity. O my son ! as you will one day be a king, remember to make your subjects apply themselves to agriculture, to honour that occupation, to favour those who engage in it, and not to suffer men either to be idle or to follow employs that foster luxury and effeminacy :
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so you see that these two, men, who were so wise when on earth, are here greatly distinguished and carested by the gods. Their glory, you may observe, as far outstrips that of Achilles, and other heroes, who were eminent only for their valour, as a mild pleasant spring excels a cold frosty winter, or the light of the sun exceeds the moon in splendor." While Arceſius ſpoke, he obſerved that Telemachus kept his eyes fixed upon a grove of laurels, and a little rivulet, bordered with violets, roſes, lilies, and other ſweet-smelling flowers, whoſe vivid colours reſembled thoſe of Iris, when ſhe deſcends from heaven to earth, to notify to ſome mortal, the will of the gods. It was the great king Soſoſtris whom he recognized in that delightful place. He ſeemed now a thouſand times more majeſtic than ever he had appeared on the throne of Egypt. Mild rays of light iſſued from his eyes, with which thoſe of Telemachus were dazzled. He looked as if he was intoxicated with nectar, into ſuch an extacy, above human comprehension, had the divine ſpirit rapt him, in recompence of his virtues. Telemachus perceiving him, ſaid to Arceſius, "I there recognize, O my father! the great king of Egypt, Soſoſtris, whom I ſaw in that country not long ago." "Yes," replied Arceſius, "that is he, and he is an example to ſhew you, how liberal the gods are in rewarding good kings: but you muſt know, that all that felicity is nothing in compariſon of what was intended for him, if too much proſperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and juſtice. To humble the pride and inſolence of the Tyrians, he beſieged and took their city. That conqueſt inſpiring him with a deſire of more, he ſuffered himſelf to be ſeduced by the vain ambition of conquerors, and in conſequence of that ſeduction ſubdued, or rather ravaged all Aſia. When he returned to Egypt, he found his brother had uſurped his throne, and, by an unjuſt adminiſtration, violated the beſt laws of the kingdom. Thus did his great conqueſts ſerve only to interrupt the peace of his kingdom. But what was ſtill more inexcusable

excusable in him, was his suffering himself to be intoxicated by his glory; for he compelled some of the most haughty of the vanquished kings to draw his chariot. However, he afterwards became sensible of his ostentatious cruelty, and was ashamed of it. Such was the fruit he reaped from his victories, and such is the prejudice that kings do, both to themselves and their dominions, by endeavouring to subdue those of their neighbours. It was that which stained the character of a king, otherwise so just and beneficent, and deprived him of that degree of glory, which the gods had intended for him. Observe, my son, that other prince, whose wound appears so bright and shining? His name is Diocles. He was king of Caria, and devoted himself in behalf of his people in a battle; because in a war between the Carians and Lycians, the oracle had foretold, that the nation, whose king should be killed, would be victorious. Look at that other: he was a wise legislator, who framed laws for his people, calculated to make them virtuous and happy, and exacted of them an oath, that they never would violate any of them during his absence: then, in order to oblige them, in consequence of their oath, to adhere for ever to such good laws, he went abroad a voluntary exile, and died poor in a foreign land. That other is Eunestus, who was king of the Pylians, and one of the ancestors of the sage Nestor. When a plague desolated the country, and crowded with fresh ghosts the banks of Acheron, he prayed to the gods to let him appease their wrath by his death, and save the lives of so many thousand innocent people. The gods heard him, and bestowed upon him here a true crown, of which those on earth are only the empty shadows. That old man, whom thou seest crowned with flowers, is the famous Belus. He reigned in Egypt, and espoused Anchinoë, the daughter of the god Nilus, who conceals his source, and enriches, by his inundations, the country through which he flows. He had two sons, Danaus, whose story thou knowest, and Egyptus, from whom the country took its name. He thought himself richer by the plenty he procured his people,
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and the love they bore him, than by all the taxes he could have imposed. These men, my son, whom you suppose to be dead, are still alive, and that life which mankind miserably drag out on earth, is real death; the words are only changed. May the gods indulge thee with virtue enough to merit that happy life, which will never end, nor suffer the least disquiet. Come, it is now time to go in quest of thy father. Alas! what a deluge of blood wilt thou see spilt before thou shalt find him! What glory waits thee in the plains of Hesperia! Remember the counsels of the sage Mentor. By following them, thou wilt make thy name famous in all ages and nations." He said; and immediately led Telemachus towards the ivory gate, by which there is an outlet from the gloomy realm of Pluto, where they parted. Telemachus, at parting, shed tears, though he could not embrace Arcefus; then made the best of his way for the camp of the allies, and joined again the two young Cretans, who had accompanied him to the confines of the cavern, and never expected to see him more.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the chiefs, Telemachus wins their assent to his advice against surprising Venusium, which had been put into the hands of the Lucanians in trust, with the consent of both the parties concerned. He displays his wisdom, upon occasion of two deserters being apprehended, one of whom, named Acantus, had undertaken to poison him. The other, named Dioscorus, offered to bring the head of Adrastus to the allies. In the battle that was fought soon after, Telemachus deals death around him wherever he turned in quest of Adrastus; and that king in looking for him, meets with and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor. Immediately after Philoctetes comes up, and, when he was just going to dispatch Adrastus, is wounded himself, and obliged to retire from the field. Telemachus hastens to the relief of his friends, who were in great distress, engages Adrastus, who was making dreadful havoc among them, and having vanquished him, grants him his life upon certain conditions. But Adrastus, upon his getting up, endeavouring to surprise Telemachus, he seized him a second time, and put him to death.

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MEAN while the chiefs of the allied army held a council, to determine whether it would be proper, to take possession of Venusium, a strong city, which Adrastus had unjustly surpris'd and taken, some time before, from the Peucetes of Apulia, his neighbours, who, with a view to obtain redress, had joined the confederates. In order to pacify them, Adrastus had put the city into the hands of the Lucanians, in trust, but had corrupted with his money both the Lucanian garrison and commander: so that Venusium was actually more at his disposal than that of the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had consented to a Lucanian garrison, had been fairly out-witted in the negociation. A citizen of Venusium, named Demophantes, had secretly made an offer to the allies, to put them in possession of one of the gates of the city in the night. This offer was the more considerable, as Adrastus had his whole magazine of warlike stores and provisions in a castle near Venusium, which would have been tenable, had the other been taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given it as their opinion, that such an advantageous offer was not to be rejected; and all the other chiefs, influenced by their authority, together with the facility and utility of the enterprize, applauded their resolution: but Telemachus at his return, exerted himself to the utmost to divert them from their purpose. "I own," said he, "that if ever man deserved to be surpris'd and deceived, it is Adrastus, who hath so often deceived all the world. I own likewise, that the surpris'ing of Venusium will only be taking possession of a city that is your own, since it belongs to the Apulians, who are one of the nations that compose your league, and that you would do it with the greater appearance of reason and justice, as Adrastus, by whom it was sequestered, hath corrupted the garrison and officers, that he may have it in his power to make himself master of it when he pleases. Lastly, I am aware, as much as you, that if you should take Venusium, you would the very next day be in possession of the castle,

castle, in which Adrastus hath deposited all his warlike stores; and that you might thus put an end to this formidable war in two days. But is it not better to perish than conquer by such methods? Shall we repel fraud by fraud? Shall it be said, that so many kings entered into a confederacy to punish the fraud and treachery of the impious Adrastus, and yet practised perfidy themselves? If it is lawful for us to imitate his example, then is he not guilty, and we are to blame for endeavouring to punish his deceit. For what! has all Hesperia, supported by so many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms wherewith to combat the perfidy and perjury of Adrastus, but those very arts of fraud and subordination? Besides, you have sworn by all that is sacred, that you would let Venusium remain in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. But, say you, the Lucanian garrison hath been corrupted by Adrastus. I believe it as well as you; but still that garrison is paid by the Lucanians, and it hath not yet refused to obey their orders, but observes, at least in appearance, a neutrality. Neither Adrastus, nor any of his troops, have ever entered Venusium; so that the treaty is still binding, and the gods have not forgot your oath. Is faith never to be kept, but when plausible pretexts cannot be found to violate it? Are oaths to be religiously observed only, when nothing is to be got by breaking them? If the fear of the gods, and the love of virtue, do not move you, at least you ought to be influenced by your own interest and reputation. What wars will you not excite among mankind, if you should be so abandoned as to set them the pernicious example of terminating this by the violation of your oaths and faith? To what neighbour will you not thereby give ground to apprehend every thing from you, and to detest you? Who for the future will venture in the most pressing exigency to trust you? What method will you take to convince your neighbours of your sincerity, when you are really in earnest, and when it is your interest that they should believe you are so? Will you pro-

pose a solemn treaty? But that you have already trampled under your feet. Will you offer to confirm your engagements by oath? Say, will it not appear that you pay very little regard to the gods, when you hope to reap any advantage from your perjury? You will therefore be as insecure in time of peace as in war. Every step you take will be construed into a declaration of war upon your neighbours, open or understood; and thus will you be perpetually in a state of hostility with those nations, who have the misfortune to lie near you. Whatever transactions require reputation, probity, and confidence, will to you become impracticable; you will have no resource left to retrieve the credit of your engagements. But there is (added he) one consideration still more interesting, which must alarm you, if you have yet any remains of virtue or concern for your future welfare, and that is, that a conduct so treacherous has a direct tendency to break and annihilate the confederacy; and thus will your perjury ensure the triumphs of Adrastus." At these words the assembly were greatly surprised, and asked him, how he could presume to say, that what would procure certain victory to the league, would prove the ruin of it? "How," replied he, "is it possible that you should put any trust in one another, after having broke the only band of society and mutual confidence, which is good faith? Who among you, after it is lead down for a maxim, that the rules of probity and fidelity may be violated in order to obtain any great advantage, will trust another, when that other may be a great gainer by breaking his word, and deceiving him? In what a disagreeable situation will you be? Who is there among you that will not endeavour to defeat the perfidious schemes and intrigues of his neighbour, by his own? What will become of the confederacy of so many states, when by a public resolution it is declared lawful to take all advantages against your neighbour, and to violate your engagements? How great will be your mutual distrust, discord, and eagerness to destroy one another! Adrastus will have no occasion to attack you; for you will sufficiently weaken
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weaken and harrafs one another, and thereby justify his perfidy. O! ye sage, magnanimous monarchs, and commanders of this vast army, of consummate experience, disdain not to listen to the counsels of a young man! Should you be reduced to the greatest extremities, as is sometimes the case in war, you may extricate yourselves by your vigilance, and vigorous efforts; for true courage never gives way to despondency. But when you have once overleaped the bulwark of honour and good faith, the error is irretrievable, and you can neither regain the confidence that is necessary in all transactions of importance, nor bring men back to the rules of virtue, after you have taught them to despise that virtue. But what is it that you are afraid of? Have you not courage enough to conquer, without having recourse to treachery? Is not your virtue, supported by so great an army, sufficient? Let us fight, let us die, if it must needs be, rather than conquer in so unworthy a manner. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, will soon be subdued, provided we banish all thoughts of imitating his villainy and baseness." When Telemachus ended his speech, he perceived that sweet persuasion had flowed from his lips, and penetrated to the very hearts of his hearers. A profound silence ensued, the whole assembly, being struck, not with his person or eloquence, but the evidence of truth that ran through the whole of his reasoning, in so much that their astonishment was visible in their countenances. At length a low murmur was heard all over the assembly, every one looking at another, and afraid to break the silence first. The rest of the army would fain have disclosed their sentiments, but expected every moment that some of the chiefs would explain themselves. At last the venerable Nestor stood up, and spoke to this effect: "Worthy son of Ulysses, it was by the gods you were prompted to speak, and Minerva, who hath so often inspired your father, suggested to you the wise and generous counsel you have just given. Your youth I do not attend to; for I look upon all you have said as dictated by Minerva. You have pleaded the cause of virtue, with-

out which the greatest advantages that can be gained are real losses. Without it, men soon draw upon themselves the vengeance of their enemies, the distrust of their friends and allies, the detestation of all good men, and the just wrath of the gods. Let us then leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think no more of conquering Adrastus, by any other means than valour." Thus he spoke, and the whole assembly extolled the wisdom of his words, at the same time eyeing with astonishment the son of Ulysses, whose looks seemed to lighten with the wisdom of Minerva, by whom he was inspired. In a short time after this transaction, another question was debated in the assembly of the kings, by which Telemachus gained equal glory.—Adrastus, still cruel and perfidious, sent into the camp a pretended deserter named Acantus, who had undertaken to poison the most illustrious chiefs of the army, and had orders in particular to spare no pains or cost to dispatch Telemachus, who was become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave to be inclined to distrust received in a friendly manner, as soon as he arrived, this seemingly unhappy man, who had seen his father Ulysses in Sicily, and recounted to him the adventures of that hero. He treated him with great kindness, and endeavoured to comfort him in his misfortunes; for he pretended to have been imposed upon, and extremely ill used by Adrastus; but by acting thus, he was warming and cherishing in his bosom a venomous viper, ready to sting him to death. Another deserter named Arion, was apprehended, whom Acantus had dispatched to inform Adrastus of the state of the camp of the allies, and to assure him that he would next day dispatch by poison, at an entertainment to be given him by Telemachus, the chief of the kings, together with Telemachus himself. Arion, when apprehended owned his treacherous design. It was suspected that he acted in concert with Acantus, on account of the great intimacy between them; but Acantus being a bold man, and a profound dissembler, made so artful
a defence,

a defence, that he could not be convicted, nor a full discovery of the conspiracy obtained. Many of the kings were of opinion, that Acantus, though unconvicted, to prevent all danger, ought to be put to death. "He must," said they, "be sacrificed to the public safety. The life of a single man is nothing, when the business is to secure the lives of so many kings. What does it signify, if an innocent man suffers, when the question is, the security of those who represent the gods among men." "What an inhuman maxim! what barbarous policy!" cried Telemachus. "What! are ye, who are appointed the shepherds of mankind, and have authority over them, only to enable you to protect them as a shepherd does his flock, thus prodigal of human blood? You are then cruel wolves, and not shepherds; at least, if you are shepherds, it is only to fleece and devour the flock, instead of leading them to proper pastures. According to you a man becomes guilty as soon as he is accused, and to be suspected is to deserve death. At this rate, innocence will be at the mercy of envy and detraction, and the more your hearts become a prey to jealousy and distrust, the more victims must be sacrificed." Telemachus pronounced these words with such an air of authority and indignation, as had a great effect upon his hearers, and overwhelmed with shame the authors of so base a proposal. Then in a milder tone he thus proceeded. "As for me I do not value life so much as to purchase it at that price, and I had rather that Acantus should be a villain than I, and that he should take away my life by treachery, than that I should put him to death before I had full proof of his guilt. But hear me, O ye, who being ordained kings, that is judges of the people, ought to know how to administer justice with moderation, prudence, and impartiality, allow me to examine Acantus in your presence." Accordingly he interrogated him in regard to his connection with Arion, and urged a thousand suspicious circumstances. He often threatened to deliver him up to Adrastus, as a deserter that merited punishment, to see if he would betray any symptoms of fear. But no alteration ap-

peared either in his countenance or voice. At last, finding all his endeavours to come at the truth hitherto ineffectual, he said to him, "Give me your ring, I'll send it to Adrastus." Upon this demand of the ring, Acantus turned pale, and was disconcerted. Telemachus, whose eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceiving his confusion, immediately snatched the ring, saying, "I will send it directly to Adrastus by a Lucanian, named Polytropus, who is your acquaintance, and will pass for your accomplice. If we can by these means come to the knowledge of your correspondence, we will put you to death without pity by the most cruel tortures. But on the other hand, if you will immediately acknowledge your crime, we will grant you your life, and only send you to an island in the sea, where you will want for nothing." At this declaration Acantus made a full confession, and Telemachus persuaded the kings to grant him his life, because he had promised him that favour. According he was sent to one of the isles, called Echinades, where he lived in peace and safety.— On the back of this incident, a Daunian of obscure birth, but a bold violent spirit, came by night into the camp of the allies, and offered to assassinate king Adrastus in his tent. This deed he could have perpetrated; for a man becomes master of another's life, the moment he loses all regard to his own. This man breathed nothing but vengeance against Adrastus, because he had violently taken his wife, whom he loved to excess, and who equalled Venus herself in beauty. He maintained a secret correspondence with some individuals, who had promised to admit him into the king's tent in the night, and several Daunian officers had engaged to assist him in the attempt; but he thought it would be necessary that the allies should attack the camp of Adrastus, at the same time that he might have an opportunity in the confusion to escape, and carry off his wife. And if, after having assassinated the king, he could not retrieve her, he was content to lose his life. When Dioscorus had laid his design before the kings, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon Telemachus

lemachus, to request, as it were, his determination. "The gods," cried he, "by preserving us from traitors, forbid us to make any use of them ourselves. Though we had not virtue enough to make us reject with abhorrence this treasonable offer, the consideration of our own interest would be sufficient. After having given a public sanction to treason in regard to others, we should deserve to have it employed against ourselves: and who then among us could pretend to be safe? Adrastus may possibly elude the blow that threatens him, and make it fall upon the allied kings. The war will then no longer be a war, but a scene of treachery, treason, and assassination, and virtue and wisdom will be useless. We ourselves shall feel the fatal consequences, and deservedly, as having given a sanction to the greatest of crimes. I conclude therefore, that the traitor ought to be delivered up to Adrastus. I own, indeed, he does not deserve to be treated in that manner; but all Greece and Hesperia, who now attentively observe our conduct, may justly expect we should act such a part to merit their esteem. In fine, to abhor perfidiousness, is a duty we owe the just gods and ourselves." Accordingly, Dioscorus was immediately delivered up to Adrastus, who shuddered at the thoughts of the danger he had been in, and was quite amazed at the generosity of the allies; for sublime virtue is above the comprehension of bad men. He could not help admiring it, though he durst not praise it. The nobleness of the action made him reflect with shame on all his treacheries and cruelties. He endeavoured to depreciate the generosity of his enemies, being ashamed to seem ungrateful, while he had such obligations to them; but wicked men are soon hardened against all sense of moral obligation. Finding the reputation of the allies increased every day, he thought he must of necessity perform some notable exploit to prevent the loss of his own; and being incapable of executing any that was praise worthy, he resolved at least to try if he could not obtain some signal advantage over them; accordingly he prepared to give them battle. The day destined to the engagement

engagement being come, scarce had Aurora unbarred to the sun the portals of the east, in a path bestrewed with roses, when Telemachus, in vigilance outstripping the oldest commanders, sprang from the downy arms of sleep, and called up all the officers. Already his helmet, adorned with a flowing crest, glittered on his head, and the cuirass on his back dazzled the eyes of the whole army. The work of Vulcan, besides its natural beauty, displayed all the splendor of the ægis, which was there concealed. With one hand he grasped his lance, and with the other pointed to the several places where troops were to be posted. Minerva had illumed his eyes with fire divine, and dignified his looks with a sublime majestic air, presaging victory. He commanded the army to march; then all the chiefs, finding themselves impelled by a superior power, forgot their rage and dignity, and followed where he led. Low mean jealousy could find no place in their hearts. Every thing plied before him, whom Minerva led invisibly by the hand. His conduct had now nothing in it impetuous or precipitate. He was affable, cool, patient, always ready to listen to others, and to pay a due regard to their advice; at the same time he was active, foreseeing, and provident, for the most distant exigencies, regulating every thing with judgment and propriety, neither embarrassing himself, nor others; excusing mistakes, retrieving blunders, obviating difficulties, never requiring any thing too hard or unreasonable of any one, and diffusing through all ranks freedom and confidence. Did he issue orders? It was in terms the most clear and explicit, repeating them, that the person who was to execute them, might be thoroughly apprized of his intentions. He could discover by his eyes, whether he apprehended his meaning. He then made him explain in what sense he understood his words, and what it was he principally aimed at in the enterprize. After he had thus proved the understanding and capacity of him who was to execute the commission, he dismissed him, but not till he had first bestowed upon him some mark of confidence and

and esteem for his encouragment. Hence all those whom he thus employed were extremely zealous to please him, and to secure success, without restraint or fear of being made answerable for miscarriage, for he always forgave involuntary errors. The horizon now appeared all in a blaze with the rays of the approaching sun, and the sea was deeply tinged with the blush of the dawning day. The coast was quite covered with men and arms, horses and chariots, all in motion, and attended with a confused noise, like that of the raging waves, when Neptune rouses the fell tempest from the bottom of the abyss. Thus did Mars begin by the din of arms, and the noisy apparatus of war, to sow the seeds of rage in every heart. All over the plain appeared the bristling pikes, like ears of corn, which cover the fruitful fields in the time of harvest. Already, clouds of dust arose, so that neither heaven nor earth could be discerned by human sight, while confusion, horror, slaughter, and unrelenting death, advanced with hasty strides. Scarce were the first darts thrown, when Telemachus, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, thus preferred his prayer. "O Jupiter, father of gods and men, on our side thou seest justice and a disposition to peace, which we have not been ashamed to endeavour to obtain. It is with reluctance we engage in battle; we should be glad to avoid shedding human blood, and we do not even hate the enemy we are just going to encounter, though cruel, perfidious, and sacrilegious. Try our cause, and judge between us. As our lives are in thy hand, if we must fall, we submit. But if we deliver Hesperia, and humble the tyrant, as we shall be indebted for the victory to your power, and the wisdom of your daughter Minerva, the glory of it will also be due to you. It is thou who holdest the balance in thy hand, and determinest the issue of battles, and for thee we fight; as thou art our judge, Adrastus is more thy enemy than ours. If before the close of the day, thy cause should be victorious, the blood of a whole hetacomb shall stream upon thine altars." He spoke; and

and forthwith drove his fiery foaming steeds among the thickest ranks of the enemy. The first he encountered was Periander, the Locrian, covered with the skin of a lion, that he had killed when he was travelling in that country. He was armed like Hercules, with an enormously large club, and his strength and stature such, that he resembled a giant. When he cast his eyes on Telemachus, he despised his youth, and the beauty of his countenance. "It well befits thee, effeminate stripling (said he,) to dispute with me the prize of military glory. Go, child, go, and seek thy father in the shades below." So saying, he lifted up his ponderous, knotty club, which was armed with iron spikes, and looked like the mast of a ship. Every body dreaded destruction from its fall; but he aimed it at the head of the son of Ulysses, who avoided it, by slipping aside, and then sprung upon Periander with the rapidity of an eagle darting through the air. The club in its descent broke in pieces the wheel of a chariot, pretty near to that of Telemachus. In the mean time, the young Greek with a javelin pierced the troath of Periander, whose voice was choaked by the blood that gushed from the large gaping wound. His fiery horses, feeling no longer the restraint of his enfeebled hand, now scampered up and down the field, the loose reins flowing on their necks. At last he tumbles from the chariot, his eyes already closed for ever, and pale death pictured in his ghastly face. Telemachus taking pity upon him, delivered his body immediately to his attendants; but kept the lion's skin, and the club, as trophies of his victory. He then went in quest of Adrastus in the crowd; but before he found him, sent many a combatant to the infernal regions. Hileus, whose chariot was drawn by two coursers, like those of the sun, fed in the extensive meadows watered by the river Aufidus. Demoleon, who in Sicily formerly almost equalled Erix in fighting with the cestus. Crantor, who had been the friend and entertainer of Hercules, when that son of Jupiter passed through Hesperia, and put to death the infamous

mous Cacus. Menecrates, who is said to have been little inferior to Pollux, in wrestling. Hippocoon the Salapian, who imitated with success the dexterity and gracefulness of Castor in horsemanship. Eurymedes, the famous hunter, always stained with the blood of bears and wild boars, killed on the snowy tops of the cold Apennine, who is said to have been so dear to Diana, that she taught him herself to shoot with the bow. Nicostrates, who vanquished a giant that vomitted fire among the rocks of mount Gargan. Eleantes, betrothed to the young Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris, who had promised to give her in marriage to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent hatched upon the banks of the river, which, according to the prediction of an oracle, would have devoured her in a few days.— The young man, deeply enamoured of the maid, exposed himself to almost certain death, in order to kill the monster, but he came off victorious. He had not, however, reaped the fruit of his victory; for while Pholoe, in hopes of hymeneal joy, impatiently waited for him, she learned that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that the fates had cruelly cut short the thread of his days. The neighbouring woods and mountains echoed with her lamentations: she bathed her eyes in tears, and tore her fine hair: forgetting the garlands of flowers that she had been used to gather, and charging heaven with injustice. As she never ceased weeping night and day, the gods, moved with her distress, and her father's intreaties, put an end to her grief: for, in consequence of the tears she shed, she was all on a sudden changed into a fountain, which glides into the bosom of the river, and joins its waters to those of the god her father, but the water of the fountain is bitter, the plaints upon its margin never flowereth, and no other shade but that of cypress is found upon its melancholy banks. Meanwhile, Adrastus being informed that Telemachus spread terror all around him eagerly fought the youth. He flattered himself that it would be an easy matter to vanquish

vanquish the son of Ulysses, yet so young; and he placed around him thirty Daunians, of extraordinary strength, agility and boldness, to whom he promised great rewards if they could by any means whatsoever dispatch Telemachus in the engagement. Had he then met the young Greek, undoubtedly these thirty men surrounding his chariot, while he attacked him in front, would have found little difficulty in cutting him off; but Minerva led them another way. Adrastus, fancying he saw, and heard Telemachus in the hollow of the plain, at the foot of a hill, where there was a crowd of combatants, runs, or rather flies thither, eager to glut himself with his blood: but, instead of Telemachus, he finds old Nestor, who, with a trembling hand, was throwing about him some harmless darts. Adrastus, in his fury, would have dispatched him immediately, had not a troop of Pylians thrown themselves, about him.—Then did a shower of darts darken all the air, and envelop the combatants; and nothing was heard but the heavy groans and cries of the dying, and the clattering noise made by the armour of those who fell in the crowd. The ground was loaded with heaps of dead bodies, and streams of blood ran down on all sides, while Mars and Bellona, with the infernal Furies clad in robes dropping all over with blood, feasted their cruel eyes with the spectacle, and continually renewed the rage of the combatants. These divinities, enemies to mankind, banished from the breasts of both parties generous pity, gentle humanity, and valour tempered with moderation.

In such a tumult of men, intent upon destroying one another, all was carnage, revenge, despair, and brutal fury. Even the sage and invincible Pallas herself shuddered when she beheld it, and was struck with horror. In the mean time Philoctetes, with slow steps, and bearing in his hands the arrows of Hercules, advanced to the assistance of Nestor.—Adrastus, unable to offend the good old man, had hurled his darts at several Pylians, who bit the ground.

Already

Already he had overthrown Eufilas, so swift in running, that he scarce left the prints of his feet upon the sand, and in his own country outstripped the most rapid billows of Eurotas and Alpheus. Hard by him had fallen Entyphron, more beautiful than Hylas, and a keener sportsman than Hippolitus. Pterelas too had fallen, who followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and whom Achilles himself had loved on account of his courage and strength; and Aristogiton, who by bathing in the river Achelous, had secretly received from that god the power of assuming all sorts of forms. In fact, he was so nimble and quick in all his motions, that he could not be detained even by the strongest hands. But Adrastus with his lance, laid him motionless, and immediately his soul fled, together with his blood. Nestor, seeing his bravest captains fall under the hands of the cruel Adrastus, as the yellow ears of corn in harvest fall under the sharp sickle of the indefatigable reaper, forgot his age, and the danger to which he exposed himself, to no purpose, and thought of nothing but keeping his eyes fixed upon his son, who bravely maintained the fight in defence of his father: but the fatal moment was come, when Pisistratus was to convince Nestor what a misfortune it often is to live to a great age. Pisistratus aimed so violent a blow at Adrastus with his lance, that it must have brought him to the ground, but he avoided it, and with a javelin wounded in his belly Pisistratus, who had been a little disconcerted by missing his blow, and was now raising his lance again.—Through the wound the bowels of Pisistratus began to burst, with a stream of blood, and his complexion faded like a flower, which the hand of a nymph hath plucked in the meadows. The light of his eyes was now almost extinguished, and his tongue faltered. Alceus, his governor, who was close by him, supported him, when he was just going to fall, and had hardly time to convey him to his father's arms before his death: for, while he was opening his mouth in order to speak, and give his father the last marks of his tenderness, he expired. While Phi-

loctetes spread death and dismay around him, in repelling the efforts of Adrastus, Nestor held the corpse of his son clasped in his arms, at the same time pouring forth the most bitter wailings, unable to endure the light of day. "Wretch that I am!" said he, "to have been a father, and to have lived so long! alas! cruel Destinies, why did ye not put an end to my life, either at the chace of the wild boar of Calydon, or at the first siege of Troy, or when I made the voyage to Colchos? I should then have died gloriously, and without feeling this bitter distress; whereas I am now doomed to linger out a miserable old age, diseased and impotent! I now live only to be wretched, and am insensible to every thing but grief! O my son! O my son! my dear son Pisistratus! when I lost your brother Antilochus, I had you left to comfort me: but as I have now lost you also, I shall never be comforted any more; I have now no more happiness to expect. I am even excluded from hope, the only cordial that enables mankind to support affliction. O my dear children, Antilochus and Pisistratus! to-day methinks, I have lost you both; the death of the one making the wound I had received in my heart, by that of the other, to bleed afresh. I shall not see either of you any more. Whom have I now to close my eyes, or gather my ashes? O my dear Pisistratus, you died, as did your brother, like a gallant man; but I, I alone am obliged to live." So saying, he made an attempt to kill himself with a javelin that he had in his hand, but was prevented, and the body of his son forced from his embrace. The unhappy old man then swooned away, and was carried to his tent; where having recovered his spirits a little, he would have returned to the engagement, but was withheld by force. In the mean time Adrastus and Philoctetes were looking out for one another, their eyes sparkling like those of a lion or leopard when they seek to tear one another in pieces on the plains watered by the Caystea. Dire menaces, hostile fury, and cruel vengeance gleam from their voracious eyes. Where-ever their shafts are hurled, certain death attends them; and all the combatants behold them with
affright.

affright. Already they appear to each other's view ; and when Philoctetes draws one of those dreadful arrows, which never missed the mark when shot by him, but still inflicted wounds that were incurable. But Mars, who favoured the cruel, yet intrepid Adrastus, could not bear to see him fall so soon ; for he was resolved to increase the carnage, and prolong the horrors of war. Adrastus was yet spared by the gods, to execute their justice in punishing mankind by shedding human blood. At the very instant, when Philoctetes was going to attack him, he received a wound with a lance from Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, more beautiful than the famous Nireus, who, in that respect, was inferior to none of all those who were at the siege of Troy, except Achilles alone. No sooner had Philoctetes received the wound, than he let the arrow fly at Amphimachus, and pierced him to the heart. Immediately his beautiful black eyes were quenched, and covered with the shades of death. The vermillion of his lips, more lively than the roses which Aurora scatters through the horizon at the dawn of day, now vanished, and a deadly paleness overspread his cheeks. That face, so delicate and tender, was suddenly disfigured. Philoctetes himself could not help pitying his fate ; and all the combatants were greatly affected when they saw him fall and welter in his blood ; his hair beautiful as Apollo's golden locks, now trailing in the dust. Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was obliged to quit the battle : his strength, by the loss of blood, beginning to fail him ; and even his old wound, by the efforts he made, seeming ready to break out again, and renew his pains ; for the sons of Esculapius, with all their divine skill, had not been able to cure him entirely. Behold him then upon the point of falling on a heap of dead bodies that surrounded him when Archidamus the most high-spirited and dexterous of all the Oebalians, whom he brought with him to found Petillia, carried him off from the engagement at the very instant when Adrastus, with ease would have laid him at his feet. Nothing now could stand before Adrastus, or stop

his career, all his opponents fell or bled. He rushed like a torrent, that, surmounting all obstacles, sweeps away with its rapid flood the fields of corn, flocks, and villages. Telemachus heard at a distance the shouts of the conquerors, and at the same time saw the disorder of his own troops, flying before Adrastus as a herd of timorous deer traverse the vast forests, woods, mountains, and even the most rapid rivers when pursued by the huntsmen. He groaned; and indignation lightning from his eyes, he quits the place where he had fought a long time with much danger and glory. He runs to the assistance of his troops; he advances covered all over with the blood of a great number of the enemy whom he had laid groveling in the dust. Even at a distance he shouted so loud as to be heard by both the armies. Minerva had swelled his voice to such a terrible pitch, that all the neighbouring mountains echoed with the sound. Never did Mars exalt his horrid voice with greater force in Thrace when he summons the infernal Furies, War and Death. By his shouting, Telemachus inspired the troops of his own side with courage and spirit, while he froze the blood of his enemies with fear. Even Adrastus was ashamed to find himself disordered. A great many unfavourable presages alarmed him, and it was rather despair than cool courage that supported his spirits. Thrice did his trembling knees begin to sink under him; thrice did he recoil without thinking of what he did. A deadly paleness and cold sweat overspread his body and limbs. His hoarse faltering voice could hardly pronounce one word distinct: his fierce gloomy eyes seemed ready to start from his head, and all his motions were convulsive; so that he looked like Orestes agitated by the Furies. Then did he begin to apprehend, that there were gods. He thought he saw them incensed against him; and heard a hollow voice come from the bottom of the abyss, to call him to gloomy Tartarus. Every circumstance served to convince him that an invisible celestial hand hung over him, ready to fall heavy on his head. All hope was extinguished in his breast; and all his intrepidity forsook him,

as the day-light disappears when the sun sets in the bosom of the sea, leaving the earth enveloped in the shades of night. The impious Adrastus, suffered to remain too long on earth, if men had not rendered such a scourge necessary; the impious Adrastus, I say, now draws near his end. He runs headlong to meet his inevitable destiny, attended by horror, sharp remorse, consternation, fury, rage, and despair. No sooner did he perceive Telemachus, than he thought he saw Avernus open, and the flames that issue from the dusky Phlegethon ready to devour him. He cries aloud; and his mouth remains wide open, without his being able to utter an articulate sound. Like a man asleep, who, in a frightful dream opens his mouth, and makes an effort to speak; but his tongue fails him, and he endeavours to use it in vain. With precipitation and a trembling hand he throws a javelin at Telemachus; who, cool and intrepid as the favourite of the gods, covers himself with his buckler. Victory seemed already to shield him, as it were, with her wings, and to hold a crown suspended over his head; courage, calm and unruffled, beaming in his eye. One would have taken him for Minerva herself, such sagacity and presence of mind did he discover amidst the greatest dangers. The javelin which Adrastus threw having been repelled by the shield of Telemachus, he instantly unsheaths his sword, that he might not give the son of Ulysses time to launch his javelin in his turn. Telemachus, seeing him sword in hand, forthwith unsheathed his own, and left his javelin unessayed. The other combatants seeing them thus engaged in close fight, laid down their arms, and with silent attention beheld the contest, expecting that it would determine the fate of the war. Their two swords, gleaming like the flashes of lightning from whence the thunder breaks, crossed one another several times, and with their ineffectual strokes the polished armour rings. The combatants extend their bodies, and contract themselves by turns. Sometimes they stoop, and in an instant rise again: at last they close. The ivy, springing at the root of a wild ash, does not clasp

more closely with its interwoven branches the hard and knotty trunk, till it reaches the highest branches, than they clasped one another. Adrastus had not lost any of his strength, and Telemachus had not attained to his full vigour. The former several times endeavoured to surprize the latter, and take him from his poize. He endeavoured also to wrest his sword from him, but in vain; for at that instant Telemachus lifted him up, and flung him on the plain. Then did that impious man, who had always despised the gods, discover a dastardly fear of death; and, though ashamed to ask his life, yet he plainly shewed that he wished for it, by endeavouring to move the pity of Telemachus. "Son of Ulysses," said he, "now am I convinced of the justice of the gods, who punish me as I deserve. By misfortune alone are the eyes of men opened to see the truth which I now see, and by which I am condemned; but let an unhappy king remind you of your father, who is far from Ithaca, and let that remembrance touch your noble heart." Telemachus who held him down with his knees, and had already raised his sword to plunge it in his breast, immediately replied: "I desire nothing more than victory, and the tranquillity of the nations that I came to succour. I take no pleasure in shedding blood. Live then, Adrastus, but live to repair your faults: restore whatever you have unjustly seized; re-establish peace and justice upon the coast of the great Hesperia, which you have violated by so many massacres and treacheries; live and become another man; learn by your fall that the gods are just; that bad men are miserable, and deceive themselves when they think to obtain happiness by violence, cruelty, and falsehood; lastly, that nothing is so sweet and cordial as the practice of simple, stedfast virtue. Give us your son Metrodorus, together with twelve of your principal subjects as hostages." So saying, Telemachus suffered Adrastus to rise, and held out his hand to him, without the least suspicion of treachery; but Adrastus that instant threw at him a second javelin, very short, which he had hitherto kept concealed. So sharp was the weapon,

pon, and with so much force was it thrown, that it would have penetrated the armour of Telemachus, had it not been divine. Meanwhile, Adrastus ran behind a tree, to elude the pursuit of Telemachus, who thus exclaimed: "Daunians, you see the victory is ours; the miscreant could not have saved himself, without having had recourse to treachery; and, though he is not afraid of the gods, he is afraid of death: whereas those who fear the gods, fear nothing else." Pronouncing these words, he advanced towards the Daunians, making a sign at the same to his own men, who were on the other side of the tree, to cut off the retreat of the perfidious Adrastus, who, now afraid of being surpris'd, feigned to return the way he came, and would have opened to himself a passage through the Cretans, who oppos'd his retreat. But Telemachus immediately darted upon him, quick as the thunderbolts which the father of the gods hurls from the lofty Olympus on the heads of guilty men, seizes him, throws him down, and, as deaf to his intreaties as the cruel north wind when it levels the slender ears that gild the plain, though the impious caitiff attempted once more to abuse the goodness of his heart, he plunged his sword into his bosom and sends him headlong as his crimes deserved, among the flames of gloomy Tartarus.

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adrastus being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the allies, to signify their inclination to peace; and desire them to allow them to chuse a king out of their own nation. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, comes not to the assembly of the chiefs; in which several gave it as their opinion, that the lands of the conquered ought to be divided, and the territory of Arpi ceded to Telemachus. Far from accepting this offer, Telemachus makes it appear to be the common interest of the allies to chuse Polydamus king of the Daunians, and to leave them in possession of their lands. He afterwards prevailed upon that people to assign the country of Arpi to Diomedes, who then chanced to arrive in the camp. The troubles being thus composed, the several nations separate, in order to return home.

ADRASTUS was no sooner dead, than the Daunians, far from regretting their defeat, and the loss of their chief, rejoiced at their deliverance; offering their hands to the allies, in token of their pacific disposition and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom his father had trained to
maxims

maxims of dissimulation, injustice, and cruelty, like a coward, betook himself to flight. But, a slave, who had been his accomplice in all his cruel and infamous actions, to whom he had granted liberty and many favours, and who now attended him in his flight, thought of nothing but abusing his confidence from a mercenary view: accordingly he stabbed him as he fled, in the back, cut off his head, and carried it to the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime that would put an end to the war. But he was held in abhorrence for what he had done, and put to death. Telemachus could not refrain from tears, when he beheld the head of Metrodorus, who was young, extremely beautiful, and naturally of a good disposition, but corrupted by pleasure and bad example. "Alas!" said he, "thus it is that young princes are spoiled by prosperity; the greater their elevation and vivacity are, the farther do they recede from every virtuous principal they may have: and, perhaps, that would now have been my case, had not I, thanks to the gods, by the misfortunes I have undergone from my infancy, and the instructions of Mentor, been taught moderation." The Daunian chiefs in council assembled, demanded no other condition of peace, but that they should be allowed to chuse a king out of their own nation; who, by his virtues, might wipe out the stains with which the impious Adrastus had sullied the royal dignity. They thanked the gods, that they had cut off the tyrant; and came in crowds to kiss the hands of Telemachus, which had been imbrued in the blood of the monster, looking on their defeat as a triumph. Thus, in a moment, did that power vanish irrecoverably which had threatened the downfall of all the states of Hesperia, and made so many nations tremble. Like those grounds that appear firm and solid, but are gradually undermined. For a long time, the weak attempts to sap them are ridiculed: no alteration appears, no part sinks or gives way, or seems to be hollow; but, in the mean time, the whole, by little and little, is undermined, till at last all at once the ground gives way, and opens a dreadful

ful gulph. Thus power acquired by violence, injustice, and fraud, how much soever it may appear to prosper, digs a pit for itself. Fraud and oppression, by degrees, undermine the most solid foundations of legal authority. Power acquired in that manner is admired and dreaded; it makes the world tremble, till it vanishes in a moment, and sinks under its own weight. Nor can it ever rise again; having overthrown, as it were, with its own hands, the true pillars of power, namely, good faith and justice; by which the love and confidence of mankind are gained. Next day, the chiefs of the army assembled to grant a king to the Daunians. It gave them great pleasure to observe the two camps united by so unexampled a friendship, and the two armies become in a manner but one. The sage Nestor, could not assist at the council, his heart being quite broke with grief and old age; as a flower, which at the dawn of day was the ornament and glory of the green fields, is in the evening overwhelmed, and languishes beneath the beating rain. His eyes were become two fountains of tears that never ceased to flow. Far from them fled balmy sleep, that soothes the most poignant sorrow: and hope, that animates the heart of man, in him was quite extinguished. All kind of nourishment was distasteful to the unfortunate old man, and even the light grew odious. The only wish of his soul was to be disengaged from the body, and to descend into the endless shades of Pluto's empire. All his friends attempted to console him in vain: he had no more relish for friendship and conversation than a sick man has for food. He made no other reply to the most endearing expressions of his friends, than groans and sobs. Now and then he would exclaim: "O my son Pisistratus, Pisistratus, Pisistratus, thou callest me, I shall follow thee, Pisistratus! Thou wilt make death agreeable, my dear son! I desire nothing more to make me happy, than to see thee again upon the banks of Styx." Then he would pass whole hours without speaking; groaning only, and lifting his hands and streaming eyes to heaven. Meanwhile,
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the princes in council assembled were waiting for Telemachus, who stood by the body of Pisistratus, strewing it with flowers by handfuls; adding exquisite perfumes, and shedding floods of bitter tears! "O my dear companion," said he, "never shall I forget that I saw you at Pylos, followed you to Sparta, and met with you again upon the coast of the great Hesperia. Many were the obligations I owed you; I loved you, as you did me; and I was no stranger to your valour, which would have surpassed that of many famous Grecian warriors. Alas! it was your valour which put an end to your days; with glory indeed, but deprived the world of the benefit of your virtues, which would have equalled those of your father. Yes, in a more advanced age, your wisdom and eloquence would not have fallen short of your father's, which were admired by all Greece. You spoke in a manner so insinuating, that it was irresistible: there was a simplicity in your narratives; you were endued with that sagacity and moderation which operate like a charm in pacifying the angry and passionate; and had acquired that authority which results from prudence and judicious counsel. When you spoke, all that were present listened with attention; all were prepossessed in your favour; all wished that you might have reason on your side; and your simple modest eloquence distilled upon their hearts, as the dew falls upon the tender grass. Alas! of all these valuable endowments which we possessed but a few hours ago, we are now deprived for ever. Pisistratus, whom I embraced this morning, is now no more; nothing remains of him but the sad remembrance. Had you lived to close the eyes of Nestor, and your own had not been closed so early, he would not have seen what he now sees, nor been the most wretched of fathers." After this lamentation, Telemachus directed the bleeding wound in the side of Pisistratus to be washed. Then he was laid by his order on a bed of purple, where his head reclining on one side, and his face exhibiting the pale livery of death, he resembled a young tree, which, after it had overshadowed a large space of ground, and extended

tended its verdant boughs towards heaven, had been stretched on the earth by the sharp axe of the woodman. No longer is it supported by its roots, nourished in the bosom of its fruitful mother the earth: it languishes, and its verdure disappears; it nods, it falls. Its branches, which before excluded the light of heaven, now sweep the dust, decayed and withered; and it is nothing more than a log, stripped of all its beauty. Thus Pisistratus become a prey to death, was taken away in order to be laid upon the funeral pile. Already the flame ascends towards heaven. A company of Pylians, with slow and solemn steps, arms reversed, and downcast eyes all bathed in tears, conveyed it to the pile. As soon as it was consumed, the ashes were inclosed in a golden urn, which Telemachus, who superintended the whole ceremony, committed as a great treasure to the care of Callimachus, who had been the tutor of Pisistratus. "Take care," said he, "of these melancholy, but precious remains of him whom you loved. Keep them for his father; but before you present them to him, wait till he has recovered strength enough to ask for them: what at one time excites grief, at another time alluages it." Telemachus then went to the assembly of the allied kings, in which all were silent as soon as he appeared, that he might be heard the better. He blushed, and could not be prevailed upon to speak. The acclamations and encomiums bestowed upon him, for all that he had done, increased his confusion; so that he wished he could have concealed himself from their view. It was the first time he had appeared at a loss, and disconcerted. At last he begged it as a favour that they would forbear any further panegyric. "Not," said he, "that I don't love it, especially when it is bestowed by such good judges of merit: but that I am afraid I should grow too fond of it; for it is apt to corrupt the heart, and make us conceited, vain and presumptuous. We must endeavour to merit praise, but not be too much in love with it: the highest praise resembles that which comes not from the heart. Tyrants, the most vicious of the human race, still exact from sycophants
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the most extravagant applause. What pleasure can there be in being praised like them? True genuine praise is that which you shall bestow upon me in my absence, provided I am so happy as to deserve your approbation. If you really think I have merit, you ought also to suppose I would chuse to be accounted modest, and to despise vanity. Spare me then if you really esteem me; and don't treat me as one enamoured of applause." Telemachus having thus expressed his sentiments, took no further notice of those who still continued to extol him to the skies, and his indifference soon put a stop to their encomiums; for they began to be afraid of giving him offence. However, the whole camp admired him more and more, when they understood what regret he had expressed for Pisistratus, and how careful he had been of his obsequies. The whole army was more affected by these marks of the goodness of his heart, than by all the prodigies of wisdom and valour which he had exhibited. "He is wise, he is valiant!" said they to one another, in private, "he is beloved by the gods, and the greatest hero of the age: nay he is more than human! yet these qualities only excite our wonder and astonishment. But he is humane, benevolent, a faithful and affectionate friend, compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly attached to those whom he is bound to love. He is the delight of those he lives with: he has entirely shaken off his former haughtiness, indifference, and pride. Those his good qualities are of general use. They touch the heart; they bind our affections to him; they make us so sensible of all his goodness, in so much that we would willingly lay down our lives for his advantage." When this discourse was over, they began to deliberate upon giving a king to the Daunians. It was the opinion of most of the princes who were present in the council, that their country ought to be considered as conquered, and the lands divided. Telemachus was offered for his share the fertile country of Arpi, which bears twice a year the rich gifts of Ceres, the delicious presents of Bac-

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chus, and the ever-green fruit of the olive, sacred to Minerva. "That country," said they, "will make you forget the poor cottages of Ithaca, the dreadful rocks of Dulichium, and savage forests of Zacinthus. Think no more of your father, who must have perished in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, by the vengeance of Nauplius, and the resentment of Neptune; nor of your mother, who must have yielded to her lovers since your departure; nor of your country, whose soil hath not been so much the care of the gods as that of the lands which we now offer you." This discourse he heard patiently: but the rocks of Thrace and Thessaly are not dearer to the plaintive supplicants of despairing lovers, than he was to all their offers. "As for me," said he, "I do not much regard either riches or pleasures; of what advantage is it to possess a greater extent of land, and to have the government of a greater number of men? It is only to have more trouble and less liberty. Life, even to the wisest and most moderate, is sufficiently stock-ed with misfortunes and disappointments, without increasing them by the government of headstrong, restless, unjust, treacherous, and ungrateful men. To desire to be a ruler of men, purely for one's own sake, to get authority, grandeur, and pleasure, is to desire to be a tyrant, a miscreant, and a scourge of mankind. On the other hand, when one desires not to rule over them but as he ought, and for their good, he is not so much their ruler, as their tutor, and gets nothing by it, but infinite trouble; so that he is far from desiring to extend his dominions.—The shepherd, who does not butcher his flock, who exposes his life to defend them from wolves, who watches them day and night, and conducts them to good pasture, is not solicitous to increase their number, or take any of his neighbour's, for it would be only increasing his trouble. Although, continued he, I never executed the office of king, or governor, yet I have learnt from the laws, and the wise men that made them, how difficult it is to govern cities
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and kingdoms. I am, therefore, satisfied with my poor Ithaca. Small and poor as it is, I shall acquire glory enough, if I rule it with justice, piety, and valour. But even there, I shall but too soon ascend the throne. May the gods grant that my father may escape the fury of the waves, and reign in Ithaca to extreme old age, that I may have an opportunity of learning a long time from him how to restrain my own passions, so as to be able to moderate those of a whole nation." He afterwards proceeded thus: "Hear, O ye princes, in council assembled, what I think it my duty to lay before you, for your interest. If you assign the Daunians a just king, he will rule them with justice, and convince them how much it is their interest to be true to their engagements, and not to invade unjustly, or usurp the possessions of their neighbours: a lesson which they never could have learned under the wicked Adrastus. While they are under the government of a wise and just prince, you will have nothing to fear, especially as they will be indebted to you for their good king, and for the peace and prosperity they enjoy. Far from attacking you, they will bless you without ceasing, and both king and people will be the creatures of your hand. If, on the other hand, you should divide their lands among you, these, I apprehend, will be the consequences: they will become desperate, and renew the war; and as they will then fight for their liberty, and have justice on their side, the gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight in their behalf. If that should be the case, sooner or later, you will certainly be worsted, and your prosperity will vanish like smoke. The wisdom and counsel of your chiefs, the courage of your armies, and the fertility of your lands will fail. You will delude yourselves with vain hopes, engage in rash enterprizes, and turn a deaf ear to good men, who would tell you the truth. Thus will you sink on a sudden into ruin, and it will be said of you; "Is that then the flourishing nation which pretended to give law to all the world?"

They now fly before their enemies, and are despised and insulted by other states. This is the work of the gods; and it is what an unjust, proud, cruel people deserved." Farther, you ought to consider, that if you should attempt to divide among you this conquest, you will make all the neighbouring nations unite against you. Your confederacy formed to defend the common liberty of Hesperia against Adrastus, will render itself odious, and you will be justly charged by all nations with aspiring to universal despotism. But suppose you shall conquer the Daunians, and the other states, I will now make it appear, that even that success would prove your ruin. Consider then in the first place, that such an enterprize would break your union: as it is not founded upon justice, you will have no rule to determine your several pretensions; each of you will expect that his share should be proportioned to his power, and there is none of you that will have authority enough to make the rest agree to his distribution. The consequence will be a war, of which your grandchildren may not see the end. Is it not better to be guided by justice and moderation, than ambition attended with so much danger, and so many unavoidable misfortunes? Are not profound peace, and the innocent agreeable pleasures that accompany it, chearful plenty, the friendship of your neighbours, the glory inseparable from justice, and the authority that is acquired by foreign states referring their differences to you, in consequence of their esteem for you, advantages that far outweigh the gratification of a ridiculous vanity obtained from unjust conquest. O ye princes! O ye kings! You see I am quite disinterested in what I say. Listen then to him who is so much your friend, as to venture to contradict and displease you, that he may tell you the truth."—While Telemachus harangued in this manner, with an authority which they never had observed in any other, and all the princes were struck with wonder and astonishment at the wisdom of his counsels, a confused noise diffused itself through the whole camp,

camp, and at last reached the place where the assembly was held. "A stranger, said they, is just arrived upon the coast with a troop of armed men. He has a noble mien, and all the appearance of a hero: one may easily see, that he hath been long unfortunate, but the greatness of his courage hath raised him above misfortune. At first the people of the country, who guarded the coast, were resolved to attack him as an enemy who had made a descent with a hostile intention; but he drew his sword with an intrepid air, and told them he knew how to defend himself if he was attacked, though he wished for peace and hospitality: accordingly, he held out a branch of olive, as a suppliant. His request being complied with, he desired to be conducted to those who had the government of that part of Hesperia, and accordingly they are bringing him hither to present him to the kings here assembled." This account had scarce been given, when the stranger appeared, with an air of majesty that surprised the whole assembly. He might have easily passed for the god Mars, when he assembles upon the mountains of Thrace his blood-thirsty troops. He addressed the chiefs thus: "O ye shepherds of the people, who doubtless are here assembled either to defend your country against its enemies, or to enforce the most just laws, vouchsafe to hear a man, whom fortune hath persecuted. May the gods grant you may never meet with such misfortunes. I am Diomedes, king of Etolia, who wounded Venus at the siege of Troy. The vengeance of that goddess now pursues me through the universe, and Neptune, who can refuse nothing to the divine daughter of the sea, hath abandoned me to the rage of winds and waves, which have often dashed my ships to pieces against the rocks. The inexorable Venus had left me no hope of ever seeing again my kingdom, my family, and the sweet natal clime where I first saw the day and drew my breath. No, I shall never see again what I held most dear in life. After having been so often shipwrecked, I have ventured ashore

on this strange coast, in hopes of finding some repose, and a safe retreat. If you fear the gods, and especially Jupiter, who is the protector of strangers; if you have any feelings of humanity, refuse me not some barren corner in this wide extended country, some desert, some craggy cliffs or sands, where I may, with the help of my companions, found a city, which may be at least a melancholy representation of the place of our nativity, now lost. We ask only a small space of ground, which is of no use to you. We shall live in strict friendship and alliance with you; your enemies shall be ours, and we shall ever be attached to your interests, only we desire we may be allowed to use our own laws." While Diomedes thus addressed the chiefs, the eyes of Telemachus were fixed upon him, and all the different passions by turns appeared in his countenance.— When that majestic man began to speak of his long series of misfortunes, he fondly imagined, that he, might possibly be his father. But as soon as he had declared that he was Diomedes, his countenance faded like a fair flower defaced by the baleful breath of ruthless Boreas. When Diomedes afterwards complained of the unrelenting rage of the goddess, his words deeply affected Telemachus, by reminding him of what his father and himself had suffered. Mingled tears of pity and joy ran down his cheeks, and he immediately flew to embrace Diomedes.— "I am, said he, the son of Ulysses, whom you knew, and who was of some service to you when you carried off the famous horses of Rhesus. The gods have persecuted him as well as you without pity. If the oracles of Erebus do not deceive me, he is still alive, but not, alas! for me. I left Ithaca to go in quest of him, and now I can neither find Ithaca nor him. You may judge by my own misfortunes, what compassion I must feel for those of others. The advantage of having been unfortunate is, that we can thereby sympathize with the distresses of others. Although I am here but a stranger myself, I can, renowned Diomedes, the most invincible

cible of all the Greeks except Achilles, (for notwithstanding the calamities of my country during my infancy, my education was not so bad as not to know the glory you acquired in battle,) I can, I say, procure you some assistance. These princes, whom you see, are endowed with humanity; they know there is no virtue, no true courage, no solid glory without humanity. Misfortune gives a new lustre to the glory of great men. While they are strangers to misfortunes, there is something wanting to complete their characters, as their lives afford no examples of patience and fortitude; and every heart that has any relish for virtue sympathises with it in distress. It shall, therefore, be our care to comfort you, since the gods have brought you among us; in so doing they have dealt kindly by us, and we ought to account ourselves happy that we have it in our power to alleviate your distress." While he spoke, Diomedes eyed him with attention and surprize, and felt a strong emotion in his heart. After they had embraced one another, as if they had been long intimate friends, Diomedes exclaimed, "O worthy son of Ulysses, I recognise in you his mild aspect, his graceful action, his nervous eloquence, his noble sentiments, and his profound wisdom." Then Philoctetes likewise embraced the great son of Tydeus, and when they had given each other an account of their misfortunes, Philoctetes said to Diomedes, "Undoubtedly you will be pleased to see again the sage Nestor, who has just lost his sole remaining son Pisistratus; a path of sorrow is all he now has left in life, and that conducts him to the grave. Come, and see if you can give him any consolation: an unfortunate friend is more likely to do it than any other." Then they went both together to the tent of Nestor, who hardly knew Diomedes again, so much had grief depressed his spirits and impaired his understanding. As Diomedes could not help shedding tears at first sight, the old man's grief redoubled, but afterwards it was gradually assuaged by the presence of such a friend. It plainly appeared, that

that his affliction was a little suspended by the pleasure he found in recounting to Diomedes what he had suffered, and in hearing in his turn, what had befallen his friend. While they conversed together, Telemachus and the other chiefs in council assembled, were debating the question concerning the country of the Daunians. Telemachus advised them to give the territory of Arpi to Diomedes, and to chuse for king of the Daunians Polydamas, a native of the country, and an officer of distinction, whom Adrastus out of jealousy never would employ, apprehensive lest the success of his arms should be attributed to his general's abilities, and himself thereby deprived of the glory, which he otherwise hoped to enjoy without a rival. Polydamas had often intimated to him in private, that he risked too much both his life and his crown, in a war against so many nations combined, and would fain have engaged him to act with more moderation and justice towards his neighbours; but men who hate the truth, hate also those who have the courage to tell it them. They are not moved either with their zeal, or sincerity, or disinterestedness. A delusive prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against all salutary advice; and, notwithstanding his slighting it, he triumphed every day over his enemies. By insult, treachery, and violence, he still brought victory to declare for him, and none of the misfortunes which Polydamus foretold had yet ensued. He made a jest of the timid caution, that was always foreseeing danger, and Polydamus became so insupportable to him, that he divested him of all employment, and left him to languish in poverty and solitude. His disgrace at first lay very heavy on him, but it soon gave him what he had never hitherto possessed: it opened his eyes to see the vanity of grandeur. He grew wise at his own expence: he triumphed in his misfortunes: he learned by degrees to bear affliction, to be satisfied with a little to nourish his mind with contemplation in tranquility, to cultivate the secret virtues, which are of more value than

than the most shining talents; in fine, to live by himself free and independent. He took up his residence in a desert, at the foot of mount Garganus, where a hollow rock served him instead of a house, a rivulet that fell from the mountain quenched his thirst, and some trees in the neighbourhood supplied him with fruit. He had two slaves who cultivated a little field: these he assisted with his own hands, and the land rewarded them abundantly for their pains, so that they wanted for nothing. They had not only plenty of fruit and pulse, but all sorts of sweet smelling flowers. There he lamented the unhappy lot of those nations, who are undone by the absurd ambition of their kings. There he expected every day to hear that the just, though long-suffering gods, had taken vengeance on Adrastus. The greater his prosperity, the nearer he concluded he was to irrecoverable ruin; for successful iniquity and imprudence, and power stretched to the height of despotism, are the forerunners of the fall of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of his death and defeat, he discovered no indecent joy, either for having foreseen them, or for being delivered from the tyrant, but was extremely uneasy lest the Daunians should be stripped of their liberties. Such was the man whom Telemachus recommended to a crown. It was some time since he had been informed of his virtue and courage; for, in pursuance of Mentor's advice, he diligently enquired into the characters of all those who were in any considerable employment, not only in the nations that composed the confederacy, and served in the war, but also among the enemy. He never neglected to inform himself minutely concerning all that were eminent either for talents or virtues. The allied princes at first discovered some reluctance to the placing Polydamus upon the throne. "We know, said they, by experience, how formidable a king of the Daunians is to his neighbours, when he is fond of war, and acquainted with the military art. Polydamus is an able officer, and would be a dangerous enemy." To this objection Telemachus replied:

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“ It is true, Polydamas is acquainted with war, but then he loves peace, and these are precisely the qualifications to be wished for. A man who knows the dangers, difficulties, and disasters inseparable from war, will probably be more cautious of engaging in it, than he who has had no experience of its evils: besides, he hath had an opportunity of acquainting himself with the sweets of a quiet life, and he always condemned the conduct of Adrastus, of which he foresaw the fatal consequences. You have more to fear from a weak and ignorant prince, than from one who will judge and determine every thing himself. A prince, weak, ignorant, and without experience, will see only by the eyes of a capricious favourite, or a flattering, restless, ambitious minister. Hence will he blindly engage in war without intending it, and it will be impossible for you to depend upon him, who cannot depend upon himself; nor will he be true to his engagements, so that you will soon be reduced to the hard necessity, either of destroying him, or being destroyed by him. Is it not more for your interest, more safe, and at the same time more just and noble not to abuse the confidence of the Daunians, but to give them a king who is worthy of a crown?” By these arguments all the chiefs were persuaded, and accordingly Polydamas was proposed to the Daunians, who waited with impatience for the counsel’s resolution. When they heard the name of Polydamus, they immediately exclaimed: “ Now are we convinced that the allied princes have no sinister views in regard to us, and that they desire a lasting peace, since they have proposed to us for king a man so virtuous, and so capable of governing well. If they had proposed to us one that was pusillanimous, ignorant, and effeminate, we should have concluded, that their intention was to humble us, and to unhinge the form of our government. A conduct so artful and insidious, would have excited in us a violent and lasting resentment; but by recommending Polydamas, you shew the uprightness of your intentions.”

tions. It is evident, that your views in relation to us are just and honourable, since you have given us a king who is incapable of attempting any thing against our liberty, and the glory of our nation. We can, therefore, venture to declare in the presence of the just gods, that the rivers will return to their sources ere we cease to love such beneficent princes. May our latest posterity be informed of the benefit now conferred upon us, and renew from generation to generation the peace of the Golden Age through all the coast of Hesperia!" Telemachus then proposed, that they should give to Diomedes the lands of Arpi, where he might establish his colony.— "These colonists, said he, will be indebted to you for their settlement in a country at present unoccupied. Remember, that all men ought to love one another; that there will always be more land than can be settled; and that, as you must have neighbours, it is better to have those who are obliged to you for their establishment. Take pity on an unfortunate king, who cannot reach his native country. Polydamas and he, united by the bands of justice and virtue, which are the only lasting ties, will procure you an uninterrupted peace, and render you formidable to all those neighbours that may think of aggrandizing themselves at your expence. You see, O Daunians, that we have provided you with a king, capable of carrying the glory of your native country to the highest pitch. We may hope then, that you will grant, at our request, a tract of land which is of no use to you, to a king who merits all possible assistance." The Daunians, in answer to this proposal, said they could refuse Telemachus nothing, since it was he that had procured them Polydamus for their king, whom they immediately went to find in his desert, in order to place him on the throne. But, before their departure, they made a grant of the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomedes, there to lay the foundations of a new kingdom. This settlement gave great pleasure to the allies, because that Greek colony might be able to assist them powerfully, should

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should the Daunians ever attempt to renew the encroachments, of which Adrastus had set them a bad example. The princes now resolved to separate: accordingly Telemachus marched off with his troop, and his eyes bathed in tears, after he had tenderly embraced the valiant Diomedes, the sage but inconfolable Nestor, and the renowned Philoctètes, who worthily inherited the arrows of Alcides.

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TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus upon his arrival at Salentum is surprised to find the country so well cultivated, and so little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains to him the reasons of that alteration, points out to him the errors that commonly prevent a state's flourishing, and proposes to him for a model, the conduct and government of Idomeneus. Telemachus then discloses his mind to him in regard to his inclination to espouse Antiope, the daughter of that prince. Mentor agrees with him in praising her good qualities, and assures him, that the gods had destined her for him; but that at present he ought to think of nothing but setting out for Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from the irksome addresses of her suitors.

THE young son of Ulysses glowed with impatience to be with Mentor again at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father had by this time arrived. As he approached Salentum, he was greatly surprised to find all the

neighbourhood cultivated like a garden, and full of industrious people, which at his departure was little better than a desert, and concluded that it was the work of the sage Mentor. Then entering the city, he perceived fewer artificers for the luxuries of life, and much less magnificence than he had observed before. This change disgusted him greatly, for he was naturally fond of show and splendor; but his mind was soon engrossed by other thoughts. Seeing Mentor and Idomeneus at a distance coming to meet him, his bosom forthwith throbbed with strong emotions of tenderness and joy. At the same time, notwithstanding his great success in the war against Adrastus, he was apprehensive lest Mentor should not be satisfied with his conduct, and, therefore, as the sage approached, he endeavoured to discover in his eyes, whether he had done any thing amiss. After Idomeneus had embraced him with as much tenderness as if he had been his own son, he flew immediately to the arms of Mentor, and bedewed him with his tears. Mentor then said to him: "I am not dissatisfied with your conduct. You have, it is true, committed great faults; but then they have taught you to know yourself better, and to be more diffident than you were before. One often reaps more benefit from his misconduct than from his heroic exploits. Great actions are apt to swell the mind with pride, and to inspire the most dangerous presumption; whereas a man's errors in conduct make him look into himself, and recall that wisdom which prosperity had exiled. All that you have now to do is to be thankful to the gods, and not too ambitious of the praise of men. You have performed great actions, but if you will be ingenuous, you must own, that but a small part of the merit of them is due to you. Is it not true that they were suggested and directed by something independent of yourself? Would not your natural heat and imprudence otherwise have made them miscarry? Did you not perceive that Minerva had as it were, transformed you into something above yourself,

yourself? to enable you to perform what you have atchieved? She suspended all your natural defects, like Neptune when he pacifies the storms, and holds the angry billows in suspense." While Idomeneus with eager curiosity interrogated the Cretans who returned from the war, Telemachus was listening to the sage instructions of Mentor. In the course of their conversation, casting his eyes around him with surprize, he exclaimed: "What a change is here! I cannot conceive the reason of it. Hath any calamity befallen Salentum since my departure? What is become of that magnificence which then appeared in every part of the city? I now see neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones; the dresses are plain; the buildings which they are now erecting, are neither so large nor so much ornamented as they were then; the arts languish, and the city is become a solitude." Mentor replied thus with a smile; "Have you observed the condition of the country round the city?" "Yes, said Telemachus, I observed that the fields were cultivated, and agriculture in repute." Which, said Mentor, is most eligible, a city adorned with marble, gold and silver, and a barren neglected country; or a fruitful well cultivated country, with a city in which there is a simplicity of manners, and not much magnificence? A large city full of artificans employed in promoting luxury and a corruption of manners, with a poor ill cultivated country about it, resembles a monster with an enormous large head, but the rest of the body, for want of nourishment, meagre and emaciated, and bearing no proportion to the head.—The true strength and wealth of a kingdom consist in the number of the people, and the produce of the lands. Idomeneus has now an infinite number of people indefatigably laborious, through the whole extent of his dominions, so that they look like one continued city, of which Salentum is the center. We have transplanted from the city to the country the hands with which the former was overstocked, but were wanted in the country, in which we have

also induced many foreigners to settle. The more these people multiply, the more they multiply by their labours the fruits of the earth; and by such a peaceful and agreeable multiplication, the power of a state is more enlarged than by a conquest. We have not suppressed in the city any but superfluous arts, which divert the poor from the culture of the lands for the supply of real wants, and corrupt the rich by introducing among them effeminacy and ostentation. Nothing has been done that can effect the fine arts, or those who cultivate them with a true genius. Thus Idomeneus is become much more powerful now than when you admired his magnificence: that dazzling outside concealed a weakness and misery that would have soon brought his empire to ruin: now he has a much greater number of subjects, and maintains them with more ease. These men inured to labour and hardship, and taught to despise death by their love of equitable laws, would all take arms to repel an enemy who should invade the lands cultivated by their own labour. Hence will the state, which you thought on the brink of ruin, soon be the wonder of Hesperia. Remember, Telemachus, that there are two grievances in government scarce ever guarded against, or redressed.—The first is an exorbitant illegal power assumed by kings; and the second is luxury, followed by a corruption of manners. When kings once begin to think that their absolute wills are the only laws they are bound by, and to give a loose to their passions, their power indeed is uncontrolled. But by the exercise of such a power, they sap the foundation of it; for they have no longer any certain rule or maxims of government; every one vies with another in flattering them; and the number of their people, who are now slaves and not subjects, diminishes every day. Who will now venture to inform them of the truth, or to check the torrent of their power? They carry all before them, while the wile lament their blindness, retire, and a power so exorbitant can be reduced to its just limits only by force, and

and a sudden revolution; but the blow that might have reduced it, often overthrows it quite; for nothing is more exposed to a fatal overthrow than power stretched too far. It is like a bow too much bent, which never fails to break at last on a sudden, unless it is slackened: but who is it that will venture to slacken the bow of power? The heart of Idomeneus had been so much corrupted by an excess of power, that he was dethroned by his subjects, but not cured of his folly. It was necessary that the gods should send us hither to disabuse him, in regard to that exorbitant despotic power, for which men are altogether unqualified; so that a kind of a miracle was required to open his eyes. The other evil almost incurable, is luxury; for as arbitrary power is the bane of kings, so luxury impoisons a whole nation. It is said, that luxury maintains the poor at the expense of the rich, as if the poor could not gain a livelihood, and be more useful in multiplying the fruits of the earth, without enervating the rich by the refinements of luxury. A whole nation comes by degrees to look upon superfluities as necessaries of life, and to invent such necessaries every day; so that they cannot dispense with what was counted superfluous thirty years before. Such luxury is called elegant taste, the perfection of the arts, and the politeness of a nation; that vice, which draws after it an infinite number of others, is extolled as a virtue, so that the contagion extends at last to the very dregs of the people. Those of the royal family will imitate the magnificence of the king; the grandees, that of the royal family; those in the middle ranks of life, that of the grandees; for who is it that keeps within his own sphere? and those in low life will effect to pass for people of fashion. Thus all live above their rank and income, some from vanity and ostentation, and to display their wealth; others from a false shame, and to hide their poverty. Even those who are wise enough to condemn such excesses, yet have not resolution to make head against them, and to set an example

of a different conduct. Hence a whole nation goes to wreck; all ranks are confounded. The desire of money wherewithal to make a figure, corrupts the best disposed mind; wealth is the sole pursuit, and poverty is accounted scandalous. Though you should be learned, ingenious, and virtuous; though you should instruct mankind, gain victories, save your country, and sacrifice your all for its honour and interest, yet will you be despised, if your talents are not set off by pomp and parade. Even those who are poor will effect to appear wealthy, and spend as if they really were so. To supply that expence, they will borrow, they will cheat, they will have recourse to a thousand indirect methods. But how will these disorders be remedied? Only by changing the taste, manners, and constitution of a whole nation. But who will undertake such an arduous task, unless it be a king who is a philosopher, and who by setting an example of moderation, may bring contempt on those who effect an expensive shew, and give a sanction to the manners of the wise, who will be glad to have their decent frugality supported by such authority." Telemachus hearing these remarks, was like a man just waked from a deep sleep: he was convinced of the truth of Mentor's words, which made a deep impression upon his heart: as the skilful statuary engraves on marble what features he thinks proper to display, so as to give it delicacy, life, and motion. At first he made no reply; but after reflecting on what he had heard, and taking a view of the changes which had been made in the city, he said to Mentor: "You have made Idomeneus the wisest of all kings; so that I now know neither him, nor his people; and what you have done here, I own is infinitely more glorious than the victories we have gained: for in the successes of war, bodily strength and accident have no small share. Of the glory gained in war, a part is due to the soldiers; but this whole work proceeded from your sagacity alone. You were obliged to combat the false notions both of
king

king and people, in order to set them right. The successes of war are always ruinous and fatal to many: here all is the work of wisdom more than human; all is peace, joy, and beneficence, and manifests supernatural authority. When men are ambitious of glory, why do not they endeavour thus to obtain it, by doing all the good they can? How much are they mistaken with respect to true glory, who expect to find it by laying waste the earth, and shedding human blood!" Great joy appeared in Mentor's countenance when he perceived Telemachus had such just notions of victories and conquests, at an age when it was natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired. He then observed: "It is true, all is proper and praise-worthy that hath been done here; but you must know that something greater and better might have been done. Idomeneus now bridles his passions, and studies to discharge the duties of a king: but still his conduct is far from being free from blame; the unhappy effect of his former errors. Even when men are willing to forsake vice, it seems still to pursue them for a length of time. Some bad habits still remain; the natural vigour of the mind impaired, inveterate errors, and almost incurable prejudices. Happy are they who never quitted the path of virtue! they attain to a higher degree of perfection in the practice of beneficence. The gods, O Telemachus, will expect more of you, than of Idomeneus; because you were taught to know the truth in your infancy, and never was exposed to the seduction of great prosperity. Idomeneus, continued Mentor, is not destitute of judgment and discernment; but he is too attentive to the detail of business, and his views of things are too narrow and confined to form proper plans. It is not requisite that he, who is placed at the head of a nation, should do every thing himself, in order to shew his talents for government; and it is the height of vanity to imagine it possible for him, or to endeavour to make the world believe that it is. The business of a king is

to make choice of proper persons to govern under him; and to direct them; but he is not to concern himself with the detail; for that would be to do the duty of those who are subordinate to him: whereas he ought only to make them give him an account of their administration; and to know enough of it to be able to judge of that account with some degree of precision. He may be justly said to govern extremely well, who judiciously chuses those that are to govern under him, and employs men according to their different talents. The great art and perfection of government consists in governing well those who are vested with the executive power: these must be watched, proved, checked, punished, encouraged, advanced, degraded, shifted from one place to another, and always kept in order. For a king to pretend to examine, look into every thing himself, argues a distrust of his ministers, and a littleness of mind: it is abandoning himself to a mean attention to matters of little consequence, which consumes the time and application necessary for great affairs. To form great designs, the mind must be free and composed: it must meditate without restraint, wholly disengaged from the dispatch of intricate affairs. The mind, exhausted of its vigour by such an application, is like the lees of wine, which have neither strength or spirit. Those who govern by retail, are always determined by the present, never extending their views to a distant futurity, or looking beyond the affair of the day: and as their minds are engrossed by that alone, it makes too great an impression, and weakens the faculty of reason; for there is no forming a sound judgment of affairs, but by comparing them all together, and ranging them in a certain order, so as to have symmetry and dependence. Not to adopt this rule in government, would be to resemble a musician who should be satisfied with inventing melodious sounds, but should give himself no trouble about uniting and symphonizing them, so as to compose agreeable and affecting music. It would also be acting like an architect,
who

who should think he had done every thing necessary in collecting large columns, and abundance of hewn stone, without regarding the order, or proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. In laying out a saloon, he never reflects that there must be a convenient stair-case; and while he is employed upon the main building, he never thinks either of the court or portico; so that his work is nothing but a confused assemblage of magnificent parts, not at all suited to one another. Such a work, far from doing him honour, will be a monument to perpetuate his shame: for it will shew, that the architect had not capacity sufficient to form a general plan of his work. Such conduct argues a narrow confined genius; and he whose capacity rises no higher than detail, is only fit to be employed in a subordinate station. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony, like music, and proportions as exact as those of architecture. If you will allow me once more to borrow a comparison from the fine arts, I will convince you how moderate the capacity of those is who govern by detail. He, who in a concert only sings certain parts, how well soever he may acquit himself, is still but a singer; he alone who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates all the parts of it, is the master musician. In the same manner he who cuts the columns, or builds a part of the edifice, is but a mason: but he alone who hath planned it, and hath all the proportions in his head, is the architect. Thus, those who labour, who execute, and transact the greatest share of business, are but subordinate workmen, who have the least merit in the administration. The true genius who governs the state, is he who, without having any hand in the execution, directs and superintends the whole; who reflects, who plans, who looks into futurity, and revolves past events; who arranges and adjusts, who takes seasonable precautions, and in continual efforts wrestles with mischance; as a swimmer struggles with the stream, employing his attention day and night,

night, that nothing may be left to accident. Do you imagine, Telemachus, that a great painter labours incessantly from morning to night to finish his pictures the sooner? No, such servile labour and drudgery would quite extinguish the fire of his imagination, and depress his genius: he must work by starts and sallies, according to the dictates of his taste, and the impulse of his genius. Do you imagine that he spends his time in grinding colours, and preparing pencils? No, that is the business of his pupils. His part is to meditate, and by bold touches, to infuse majesty, life, and passion into his figures, while his imagination is warmed with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he intends to represent, transporting him to the ages in which they flourished, and recalling all the circumstances of their fate. But to this enthusiasm must be joined judgment, that the whole may be just, correct, and duly proportioned. Do you think, Telemachus, that a less elevated genius, and less capacity, are required to form a great king, than a great painter? If not, it follows that the business of a king must be to reflect, to plan great designs, and to chuse proper persons to execute them under his direction." To these observations Telemachus replied: Methinks I comprehend all that you have said: but if matters are to be managed in that manner, a king would be often imposed upon, by not entering himself into the detail of business." "That is your mistake," replied Mentor. "To prevent a king's being imposed upon, it is sufficient that he have a general knowledge of government: those who have no principles in regard to business, nor any true discernment, are always, as it were, groping in the dark. If they are right, it is merely by accident, for they do not know exactly what they would be at, nor the mark they ought to aim at. all they know is, to be distrustful and suspicious; and they are actually more distrustful of honest men who contradict them, than of knaves who flatter to betray them. On the other hand, those who have principles

principles to direct them in the management of affairs, and who are acquainted with human nature, know what they are to expect, and the means of obtaining it: at least, they know in the main, if the people they employ are fit for their purposes, and have a clear comprehension of their views and designs. Further, by not subjecting themselves to the labour of detail, they can with more freedom and ease take a general survey of the whole administration, and determine, whether their ministers advance towards the principal point they have in view; so that if they are deceived, it can hardly be in respect of essentials. Moreover, such kings are above those little jealousies, that argue a low mind, and narrow understanding. They know it is impossible to avoid being sometimes deceived in great affairs, as there is a necessity for employing in them men who are so much addicted to deceit. More is lost by the irresolution proceeding from distrust, than would be hazarded by acquiescing in a little imposition. Happy those who are deceived only in matters of no very great consequence, while such as are of importance are happily forwarded; and it is only about these that a great man ought to give himself trouble. Knavery ought to be severely punished when it is discovered: but men must lay their account with being sometimes imposed upon in trifles, if they would avoid imposition in matters more essential. A tradesman in his shop sees every thing with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands: but a king, whose dominions are extensive, can neither see every thing, nor do every thing, and therefore he ought to see only what regards matters of importance, and to do what can be done by none of those who are subordinate to his will." In conclusion Mentor said: "The gods love you, Telemachus, and intend to distinguish your reign by a wise administration. All the regulations you see here, were calculated more for your instruction than the glory of Idomeneus; and are no more than the type of those that will one day take place

place in Ithaca, if your virtues do not fall short of your high destiny. But it is now time to think of quitting this place. Idomeneus hath prepared a vessel on purpose to carry us home." Then Telemachus opened his heart to his friend, though with some reluctance, in regard to an attachment that embittered the thoughts of leaving Salentum. "Perhaps," said he, "you will blame my being too susceptible of tender inclinations in the place where we sojourn: but I shall be continually exposed to the reproaches of my own heart, if I did not acquaint you that I am in love with Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. No, my dear Mentor, it is not a blind passion like that of which you cured me in the island of Calypso. I have felt to my cost how violent that passion was with which Cupid then inspired me for Eucharis; for I cannot yet pronounce her name without emotion, and time and absence have not been able to efface her from my memory. Such dear-bought experience hath put me upon my guard. But as for Antiope, what I feel is of a very different nature; it is not a blind violent passion, but taste, esteem, and regard to merit. How happy should I be, could I pass my life with her! if ever the gods shall restore my father to me, and allow me to make choice of a consort, Antiope shall be the person. What charms me in her is her silence, her modest reserve, her constant employment; her industry in spinning, weaving, and embroidery; her attention to the œconomy of her father's house, since the death of her mother; her contempt of the ornaments of dress, and her forgetting, or even seeming to be ignorant of her beauty. When Idomeneus desires her to lead the dance with the young cretan ladies to the sound of the flute, one would take her for the ever-smiling Venus, with so much grace does she acquit herself; and when he carries her to the chace, she displays no less majesty and address in shooting with the bow, than Diana amidst her nymphs. Yet of all these accomplishments she seems herself insensible, even
while

While she is universally admired. When she enters the temples of the gods bearing the offerings on her head in baskets, one would imagine that she was herself the divinity of the place. With what reverence and humility have I seen her sacrifice, and deprecate the wrath of the gods, when any act of impiety was to be expiated, or ill omen averted! In fine, when she appears among the virgins with a golden needle in her hand, one is apt to think that Minerva herself is come from heaven in human shape to teach the liberal arts. She animates the rest to work, and banishes weariness and uneasiness by the charms of her voice, when she sings all the marvellous histories of the gods. The most exquisite painting falls short of the delicacy of her embroidery. Happy the man, whom gentle Hymen shall unite to her! the only thing he will have to fear, will be his irretrievable loss in case he should survive her. I here call the gods to witness, my dear Mentor that I am ready to depart. Though I shall love Antiope as long as I live, yet she shall not retard one moment my return to Ithaca. Was another indeed to possess her, I should pass my days in bitterness and sorrow: but I am determined to leave her, although I know that during my absence I may chance to lose her. I will not mention my passion either to her or her father; for you are the only person I ought to consult, until Ulysses, re-established on his throne, shall declare his approbation and assent. Hence you may judge, my dear Mentor, how different my present attachment is from that blind passion which I had for Eucharis." Mentor replied: "Telemachus, I am sensible of the difference; Antiope is good-natured, discreet, and unaffected; she does not think it below her to work with her hands; she foresees what will be wanted; and looks to every thing: she knows when she ought to be silent; goes about things in an orderly deliberate manner, and is never idle. She is never in any perplexity or confusion, because every thing is done in its proper time and place. The good order of her father's house speaks her praise, and is a greater ornament to her than her beauty. Although

she has the care of every thing, and authority to reprove, to refuse, to retrench, (an authority that makes almost all those women odious who are vested with it,) yet is she the darling of the whole family, because they do not find her subject to passion, caprice, levity, or ill humour, like other women.— By a single look she can make herself understood, and every body is afraid of displeasing her. She gives her orders with precision, requiring nothing of any but what they are capable of executing; reproving with tenderness and good-nature; so that she encourages even while she reproveth. The heart of her father with perfect confidence reposes on her; as a traveller, fatigued by the violent heat of the sun, reposes under a shade on the tender grass. You are in the right, Telemachus; Antiope is a treasure worth seeking in the remotest corners of the earth. Her mind is not set off with vain trifling ornaments, no more than her body: her imagination, though lively, is chaste; she never speaks but when it is proper; and when she opens her mouth, a stream of sweet persuasion and unaffected graces flow from her lips. When she begins to speak, every body is silent, then she blushes; and is almost tempted to suppress what she intended to have said, when she finds herself listened to with so much attention: so that I have hardly ever heard her speak at any length. Do not you remember, Telemachus, that her father one day sent for her, and she appeared with a modest look under a large veil; when she spoke only to pacify Idomeneus, and intercede for one of his slaves, whom he was going to punish severely? At first she gave way to his anger, then pacified him, and at last urged what she could in behalf of the unhappy delinquent. Thus, without making the king sensible that he had been too much hurried away by passion, she inspired him with sentiments of pity and justice. Thetis, when she flatters old Nereus, does not with more mildness pacify the angry waves. Thus Antiope, without assuming any authority, or availing herself of her charms, will
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one day mould the heart of her husband, as she now touches the lyre, when she would draw from it the most ravishing notes. Once more, Telemachus, I say, your love for her is rational and just, and the gods intend her for you; but you must wait till you have obtained the consent of Ulysses. I commend you for resolving not to discover your passion to her; for I assure you, if you had made any attempt of that kind, she would have been offended at it, and you would have lost her esteem; as she never intends to promise herself to any one, but to be entirely at the disposal of her father. She is determined too to espouse no man that does not fear the gods, and observe all the rules of decorum.—Have you taken notice, as I have, that she appears seldomer, and is more shy since your return, than she used to be? She is no stranger to the success you have had in the war, nor to your birth and adventures, and the talents the gods have bestowed upon you; it is that consideration which makes her so shy and reserved. Come, Telemachus, come, let us prepare to set sail for Ithaca. I have now nothing more to do but to find your father, and help you to a consort worthy of the golden age; for if she was but a shepherdess on mount Algidum, instead of being the daughter of the king of Salentum, you would be extremely happy in possessing so much virtue.”

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus, uneasy at the intended departure of his two guests, consults Mentor concerning several difficult matters; telling him, that he could not possibly settle them properly without his assistance. Mentor directs him how to proceed; but cannot be diverted from his purpose of departing with Telemachus. However, Idomeneus makes a fresh effort to detain them, by awakening the youth's passion for Antiope, which he does by engaging Mentor and him in a hunting match, and persuading his daughter to accompany them. But she would have been torn to pieces by a wild boar, had she not been saved by Telemachus, who was very unwilling after that to part with her, and take leave of the king her father. But by the encouragement of Mentor, he gets the better of his reluctance, and embarks for his native country.

IDOMENEUS, who dreaded the departure of Mentor and Telemachus, used all his endeavours to retard it. He told Mentor he could not, without his assistance, terminate a difference that had arisen
between

between Diophanes, priest of Jupiter, conservator, and Heliodorus, priest of Apollo, in regard to the presages taken from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. "Why," said Mentor, "would you concern yourself with things sacred? Leave the decision of them to the Hetrurians, who have the traditions of the most ancient oracles, and are qualified by inspiration to be the interpreters of the gods. You ought only to employ your authority to stifle these disputes in their birth, taking care not to shew any prepossession or partiality to either side; and to maintain the decision when once it is given. Remember, that a king ought to be subject to religion, and without ever attempting to subject it to his regulation; for it comes from the gods, and soars superior to the power of kings. When kings interfere in the disputes of religion, instead of protecting, they enslave it. So great is the power of kings, and so small that of other men, that every thing will run the risque of being altered, to suit their humour, if once they should assume a right to determine questions relating to things sacred. Leave then the determinations of them entirely to the ministers of the gods, and content yourself with restraining those who refuse submission to the judgment they pronounce. Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity occasioned by a great number of law-suits betwixt individuals, which he was pressed to determine. "Decide," replied Mentor, "every new question which tends to establish general maxims of jurisprudence, and to explain the laws. But never charge yourself with judging particular causes; otherwise you will be perpetually harassed by their number and variety, as in that case you would be the sole judge of your people, and all the other subordinate judges would become useless. The labour and drudgery of such an undertaking would be insupportable, and by attending to small matters, you would neglect such as were important, without being able to discuss the former. Beware then of exposing yourself to this embarrassment; but
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refer the cognizance of private causes to the ordinary judges, and only charge yourself with that which others cannot do for your relief. By observing that rule, you will acquit yourself of the duty of a king.” “I am also pressed,” said Idomeneus, “to bring about certain matches. Those persons of high birth, who have followed me in all my wars, and lost great estates in my service, would be glad to repair them by marrying certain rich heiresses, and it would cost me but a word to procure them these advantageous matches.” “It is true,” replied Mentor, “it would cost you but a word: but then that very word would cost you too dear. Would you rob parents of the liberty and consolation of choosing their sons-in-law, and consequently their heirs? That would be to reduce all families to the most wretched slavery; and to make yourself the author of all the domestic woes of your subjects.— Marriage is attended with trouble enough, without adding to the bitterness of it by such a conduct. If you have any faithful servants to reward, assign them estates out of the uncultivated lands, and add to that rank and honours, proportioned to their condition and services. If there is occasion, you may also present them with some money out of that paid into the treasury from the funds appropriated to your own immediate expence: but never pay your debts by encroaching on the rights of parents, and sacrificing the daughters of the rich.” From this, Idomeneus made a sudden transition to another question. “The Sybarites,” said he, “complain, that we have taken possession of lands that appertain to them, and assigned them to the strangers we have lately drawn hither as waste grounds for cultivation. Shall I yield them up to these people? If I do, every other neighbouring state will think they have nothing to do but to make a claim upon me.” “The Sybarites,” replied Mentor, “are not sufficient evidence in their own cause: nor are you in yours.” Whose evidence then, said Idomeneus, is to determine the dispute?” “There

is no necessity," said Mentor, "for trusting to the evidence of either party. Let some one of the neighbouring nations be chosen arbitrators, who are not suspected of favouring one side more than another; such are the Sipontines: their interests and yours do not clash in the least." "But am I obliged," said Idomeneus, "to refer it to any arbitrator? Am not I a king? Ought a king to allow strangers to determine the extent of his dominions?" Mentor thus replied: "As you seem resolved not to part with the lands in question, you, no doubt, look upon your right as sacred. On the other hand, the Sybarites continue firm, and insist that they have an indubitable right. Either an umpire chosen by both parties, or a war, must decide between these opposite pretensions. There is no other expedient left. If you should visit a republic, where there was neither judge nor magistrate, and where every family thought they had a right to make good their claims upon their neighbours by violence, you would lament the unhappy condition of such a nation, and look with horror upon such anarchy, as permitted all the families thus to make war on one another. Do not you think the Gods must regard the whole world, which is but one great republic, with equal horror, should each nation, that is, each family of the great commonwealth, think it had an undoubted right to make good its claims upon the neighbouring nations by violence? A private person, who is the proprietor of a field that descended to him from his ancestors. cannot maintain himself in possession of it but by the authority of the laws, and the decision of the magistrate. He would be severely punished, as guilty of sedition, if he should take arms to preserve even what justice has awarded. Do you imagine that kings are justifiable in having immediate recourse to violence to assert their claims, before they have made trial of every amicable method? Is not justice to be held more sacred and inviolable by kings, when whole countries are concerned, than by private families, when only a few cultivated fields are in question?

Shall

Shall he be accounted an unjust invader of another's property, who wrongfully dispossesses another of an acre of ground; and he who dispossesses another of whole provinces, be deemed a just man and a hero? If men are apt to be prepossessed, to be blinded, and to impose upon themselves in regard to the trifling concerns of private life, is there not more reason to apprehend that will be the case, when the question regards the great interests of a state? Will they venture to trust to themselves upon an occasion when they have so much reason to be diffident? Will they not be afraid of deceiving themselves, in a case wherein the mistake of a single person may have such fatal consequences? For the mistake of a king, who works himself up to a false persuasion of the justice of his pretensions, is often the occasion of devastations, massacres, famines, losses, and corruption of manners, the fatal effects of which extend to very remote ages. Ought not a king, who is always surrounded by such a number of sycophants, to be afraid of flattery upon these occasions? If he consents to submit his claim to arbitration, he thereby discovers his equity, honour, and moderation. He will then publish the solid reasons that justify his claim, referring it to the arbitrator that is chosen, as an amicable mediator, and not as a sovereign judge. He does not engage to submit implicitly to his determination: but pays a great deference to his judgment. The arbitrator is not vested with absolute power to determine the dispute; but he makes proposals, and by his advice and persuasion prevails on both parties to part with something for the sake of peace. If a king, notwithstanding all his endeavours to preserve peace, is obliged to go to war, he will at least have the approbation of his own mind, the esteem of his neighbours, and the protection of the just gods. Moved by these arguments, Idomeneus consented that the Sipontines should be mediators between him and the Sybarites. After having taken this resolution, the king finding all his endeavours to detain the two strangers were
ineffectual,

ineffectual, tried an expedient that promised more success. He had observed, that Telemachus was enamoured of Antiope, and he hoped to hold him by means of this passion. With this view he directed her to sing several times during the festivals. She would not disobey her father, and therefore complied with his desire; but she did it with so much modesty, and such an air of melancholy, as plainly shewed how much it was against her inclination.— Idomeneus even went so far as to desire her to sing the victory that had been obtained over the Daunians and Adrastus: but she could not prevail upon herself to sing the praises of Telemachus: she excused herself, therefore, in a respectful manner, and her father would not venture to lay her under any restraint. Her singing produced great rapture and emotion in the heart of the young son of Ulysses; and Idomeneus, who kept his eyes fixed upon him, was much pleased when he perceived it: but Telemachus would not seem to be aware of the king's designs. Although upon these occasions he could not help being greatly affected, yet his reason maintained a superiority over his passion: so that he was not now the same Telemachus who had been such a slave to a tyrannical passion in the island of Calypso. While Antiope was singing, he listened in profound silence; but she no sooner left off, than he immediately began to talk of some other subject. The king, finding this expedient had not the desired effect, resolved at last upon a great hunting match for the diversion of his daughter. Antiope, even with tears, expressed her unwillingness to engage in it: but she was obliged to obey her father's command. She mounted a sprightly, foaming steed, like those which Castor trained up to battle, and managed him with ease. A train of young damsels with joy attended her, amidst whom she appeared like Diana in the forest. The king was so charmed with the sight of her, that he gazed upon her incessantly, and forgot all his past misfortunes. Telemachus gazed upon her also, more affected with
her

her modesty, than her address, and all her other attractions. The hounds were now in pursuit of a wild boar enormously large, and as fierce as that of Calydon. His strong hard bristles stood up like darts; his blood-shot eyes glared fire; the sound of his breath was heard afar off like the hoarse murmur of the raging winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave in order to appease the storm; and his long tusks, bent like the reaper's sickle, made gashes in the trunks of even the hardest trees. All the hounds that ventured to approach him were torn in pieces; and the boldest hunters dreaded to overtake him in the chase. But Antiope, swift-footed as the wind, was not afraid of this encounter. She launched a dart that pierced him above the shoulder. The blood of the fierce animal flows in a torrent from the wound; the pain of which increasing his fury, he turned directly upon her, by whose hand it was inflicted. Antiope's horse, notwithstanding his mettle, was frightened and recoiled; but the monstrous boar now sprung upon him with a force like that of the heavy machines with which the strongest walls of cities are assailed. The courser, unable to stand the shock, was overthrown: Antiope sees herself dismounted, no longer in condition to avoid the fatal tusks of the exasperated boar: but Telemachus, attentive to guard her against all danger, had already alighted from his steed; quick as the lightning he throws himself between the horse that was overturned and the wild boar, just going to take his revenge. Having a long javelin in his hand, he plunges its whole length into the side of the dreadful animal, which falls and bites the ground. Telemachus, cutting off the head, which still struck terror when viewed so near, and astonished all the hunters, presented it to Antiope. She blushed, and consulted the looks of her father, who, after his great alarm at her danger, was now overjoyed at her escape, and made her a sign to accept of the present. As she took it from the hands of Telemachus, she said to him, "I thankfully accept
from

from you a more important present ; I am indebted to you for, my life." These words had no sooner proceeded from her mouth, than, apprehending she had said too much, she stood with downcast eyes in some confusion, which Telemachus observing, would not venture to make any other reply than this : " Happy is the son of Ulysses in having saved a life so precious ! but happier still would he be, could he hope to pass his days with you." Antiope, without making any answer, hurried away to her young companions, and mounted her horse again. Idomeneus would have that moment promised his daughter in marriage to Telemachus, but he hoped to enflame his passion more by keeping him in suspense, and even fancied that the desire of securing the match would make Telemachus put off his departure from Salentum. Such was the scheme of Idomeneus : but the gods laugh at human wisdom ; for that which promised fairest to induce Telemachus to stay, was the very circumstance that made him hasten his departure ; the emotions he began to feel justly inspired him with a diffidence in his own discretion. At the same time Mentor redoubled his efforts to inflame his impatience to return to Ithaca. He pressed Idomeneus to let him depart, a vessel being provided and ready to set sail. Thus Mentor, who regulated the whole course of his life, in order to raise him to the highest pitch of glory, suffered him to remain no longer in any particular place than was necessary for the exercise of his virtue, and for the purpose of gaining experience. Mentor had given orders to get ready a ship as soon as Telemachus arrived ; but Idomeneus, who had perceived this precaution with the utmost regret, sunk into a deplorable state of sorrow and chagrin, when he saw himself on the point of being forsaken by his two guests, from whom had received such benefit and assistance. He shut himself up in the most retired part of his palace, where he vented his grief in tears and lamentations. He neglected the necessary care of sustenance : sleep no longer soothed his poignant

nant sorrows. He was blasted and consumed by his disquiet. Like a lofty tree, whose numerous boughs project a mighty shade, when the worm begins to gnaw its stem, pervading those delicate canals through which the nourishing sap is circulated: this tree, though it stood unshaken by the winds, though the fruitful earth nourished it in its bosom, respected by the axe of the husbandman; from some secret cause, it now languishes, withers, and sheds those leaves that were its chief ornament, so that nothing remains but a trunk and some decayed branches covered with rotten bark. Such was Idomeneus in his grief; with which Telemachus was so much affected, that he was afraid to speak to him. He dreaded, therefore, the day of his departure; sought pretexts to put it off; and would probably have continued a long time in such irresolution, if Mentor had not interposed. "I am glad," said he, "to find you so much altered. You were by nature haughty, hard-hearted, and indifferent to every thing but your own interest and convenience; but you are at last become a man, and by the experience of your own misfortunes, you have learned to sympathize with those of others. Without such sympathy, there is no good nature, virtue, nor capacity for the government of mankind: but it must not be carried too far, nor must an unmanly tenderness be indulged. I should make no scruple to speak to Idomeneus, to obtain his consent to your departure, and spare you the pain and uneasiness of such an interview, if it were not that I would not have you enslaved by a false shame and timidity. At the same time that you manifest the tenderness and sensibility of a friend, you ought not to forget the firmness and fortitude that become a man. We must endeavour not to give more uneasiness to any than necessity requires; to sympathize with that affliction which we cannot avoid giving, and alleviate as much as possible the grief we cannot absolutely prevent." "It is with a view to that alleviation," said Telemachus, "that I wish Idomeneus were ap-
prized

prized of our intended departure by your mouth rather than by mine." Mentor immediately replied: "You deceive yourself, my dear Telemachus; it is with you, as with the sons of kings clad in purple, who must be humoured in every thing, and whom all nature must obey, though they have not resolution to thwart any individual to his face. Not that they care a straw for mankind; or have so much good nature that they are afraid of giving pain; but only to make themselves easy. For that reason, they do not love to see any sad, dissatisfied countenances about them. The sufferings and distresses of mankind give them no trouble, provided they are not eye-witnesses of them; when they hear them mentioned, they are uneasy and dejected; and therefore to please them, it is necessary to tell them always that every thing goes well. While they are indulging in pleasures, they will neither hear nor see any thing that may damp their joy. Is there occasion for reproving, reclaiming, undeceiving any one, or for controuling the absurd passions and pretensions of unreasonable men; they will always employ some other person for that purpose, rather than speak themselves with calm and decent fortitude. On these occasions, they would suffer the most unreasonable favours to be extorted from them; they would ruin the most important schemes, for want of resolution to over-rule the opinions of those whom they every day employ. When men observe this, their imbecility is at once known; every one endeavours to turn it to his own advantage. They press, they importune, they harass them with their solicitations; and, by dint of importunity succeed. At first, indeed, they flatter, and offer incense, in order to insinuate themselves into their confidence; which, when they have acquired, and even obtain some considerable employment, they push their influence still farther, and bring them under the yoke which they bear all their lives, though not without repining, and even some vain endeavours to shake it off. They would

fain appear independent of all such influence, but still are governed by their minions : and in fact, they cannot do without a leader ; resembling the weak slender vine, unable to support itself, which always clings around the trunk of some tall tree. I will not suffer you, Telemachus, to sink into such imbecility, as disqualifies a man for government. You who pretend to be so tender-hearted, as not to be able to speak to Idomeneus, will think no more of his distress after you have quitted Salentum. It is not his grief that moves you, but his presence by which you are disconcerted. Go now, and take your leave of him ; and display at the same time your sensibility and your firmness, professing your sorrow at parting, but insisting at the same time on the necessity of your departure." Telemachus had not resolution either to disobey Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus. He was ashamed of his timidity, and yet had not courage to get the better of it. He hesitated ; then, after having proceeded a few steps, he would immediately return to Mentor, and urge some new pretext for putting off the interview : but a single look from Mentor silenced him, and all his fine pretences vanished. " Is this then," said Mentor smiling, " the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great Hesperia, and that son of the sage Ulysses, who is to be, after him, the oracle of Greece ; and yet has not spirit enough to tell Idomeneus that he cannot any longer delay his return to Greece to see his Father ? O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy must ye one day be, if you should have a king enslaved by a false shame, who would sacrifice the most important interests of the state to little womanish scruples about trifles. See, Telemachus, what a difference there is between valour in the field, and courage in the ordinary affairs of life. You were not afraid of the armies of Adrastus, and yet you dread the affliction of Idomeneus. It is that inequality of conduct which brings dishonour on princes, who have performed the greatest exploits. After

After having distinguished themselves as heroes in war, they appear the most pusillanimous of all men in the ordinary occurrences, where others acquit themselves with spirit. Telemachus, stung with these reproaches, which he was sensible were just, immediately hurried away to Idomeneus, without suffering himself any more to be diverted by his scruples: but when he approached the place where that monarch sat, with downcast eyes, languishing and overwhelmed with grief, they were both startled, and afraid to look at one another. They both knew each other's thoughts before either had opened his mouth; each was afraid of the other's breaking silence, and they both burst into tears together. At last Idomeneus, in a transport of sorrow, exclaimed: "To what purpose is it to tread the paths of virtue, if her votaries are so ill rewarded? After you have shewn me my weakness; you are now going to abandon me: well! I shall now relapse into all my former difficulties and distresses. It is in vain to talk to me any more of governing well; no, it is impossible; I cannot any longer endure mankind. Where would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more: you seek him in vain; and Ithaca is in the hands of your enemies, who will put you to death if you should ever return. Some successful suitor is by this time married to your mother. Stay then with me: you shall be my son-in-law and heir, and succeed me on the throne. Even during my life you shall have the whole management, and I will repose an unlimited confidence in you. But if these offers cannot move you, at least leave me Mentor, who is my sole resource. Speak, answer me, and harden not your heart, but take pity on the most unfortunate of men. What! you make no reply? Ah! I see how much the gods are set against me, and feel their indignation more than I did when I killed my son in Crete." Telemachus at last made this reply, with a timid faltering voice: "I am not at my own disposal, but am called by the destinies to my own country.

Mentor, who possesses the wisdom of the gods, commands me in their name to depart. What then would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, and my dear country, which ought to be still dearer to me than they? As I was born heir to a crown, I am not at liberty to chuse a life of privacy and tranquillity, or to indulge my own inclinations. Your dominions are larger and richer than those of my father; yet I ought to prefer such as the gods have destined for me, to those which you are so good as to offer me. Without any hope of succeeding to your crown, I should think myself happy could I have Antiope for my consort; but to render myself worthy of her, I must go whither my duty calls me; and it is my father's province to demand her of you for his son. Have you not promised to convey me to Ithaca? Was it not in consequence of that promise, that I made the campaign with the allies against Adrastus? It is now time for me to think of repairing my own domestic misfortunes.—The gods, by putting me into the hands of Mentor, intends that he should direct me how to fulfil my high destiny. Would you have me lose Mentor too, after I have lost every thing else? I have now neither estate, or place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain home: all I have left is a wife and virtuous friend, which is the most precious gift Jupiter can bestow. Judge whether I can think of forsaking him, or being forsaken by him? No, I would sooner part with my life: to part with life is nothing in comparison of parting with Mentor.” While Telemachus was speaking, his voice gradually became stronger, and his timidity vanished. Idomeneus did not know what answer to make, and yet he could not assent to what the son of Ulysses had said. But when he had nothing more to say, he tried at least to excite pity by his looks and gestures. At that instant, Mentor appeared before him, and very gravely addressed him thus: “Do not be cast down; for though we must quit you, yet the wisdom that presides in the counsels of the gods will rest up-
on

on you. You ought to think yourself extremely happy that Jupiter sent us hither to prevent the loss of your dominions, and to rectify the errors of your conduct. Philocles, whom we have restored to you, will serve you with fidelity. In his heart you will always find the fear of the gods, the love of virtue and the people, and compassion for the miserable. Listen to him, and treat him with confidence free from reserve and jealousy. To draw the greatest advantage possible from him, you must charge him to tell you of all your faults, without palliation. A great king shews his magnanimity in nothing more than in providing himself with true friends, that will inform him of his faults. If you are possessed of that magnanimity, our absence will be no disadvantage to you, and you will still be happy: but if flattery, which steals into the heart as a serpent glides unseen beneath the grass, should find the way again into your heart, and infuse distrust of disinterested counsel, you are undone. Do not suffer yourself to be cast down with grief; but endeavour to follow where virtue leads the way. I have instructed Philocles how to act, so as to make you easy, and to deserve your confidence; and I will answer for his fidelity. He is a gift that the gods have given you, as they gave me to Telemachus: and every one ought to be satisfied with his lot; it signifies nothing to repine. If you should ever have occasion for my assistance, I will return to you, after I have restored Telemachus to his father and his country. What is it that could give me more pleasure? I desire neither wealth nor authority on earth; but only to be assisting to those who are friends to virtue and justice. Besides, do you think I ever can forget the confidence and friendship with which you have treated me?" These words had such an effect upon Idomeneus, that he appeared quite changed: his heart was soothed and calmed, as the angry waves and black tempests are assuaged by Neptune's trident, so that nothing of his violent grief remained, but a

gentle regret, or tender melancholy. Courage, confidence, virtue, and the hopes of the protection and assistance of the gods, began again to dilate his heart. "Well, my dear Mentor," said he, "it seems then I must even be content to lose my all, and yet not be disheartened! but you will at least think of Idomeneus when you have arrived at Ithaca, where your wisdom will crown you with prosperity. Remember that Salentum is your own work, and that here you have left an unhappy king, whose trust is in you alone. Go, worthy son of Ulysses, I will not seek to detain you any more, nor to resist the will of the gods, to whom I was indebted for the loan of so great a treasure. Nor will I any longer detain you, Mentor, the greatest and wisest of all men, (if a man can be supposed capable of doing what I have seen you do, and if you are not rather a divinity who hath borrowed the human shape, in order to instruct weak and ignorant men) go, and be the conductor of the son of Ulysses, who is more happy in having you to direct him, than in conquering Adrastus. Go both together: I can say no more; forgive my sighs. Go, may you live and be happy together. Nothing will yield me any comfort for the future, but the remembrance of having once possessed you. O ye blissful days, too happy days, which I knew not how to prize so much as they deserved! ye have passed away too quickly, and will never return; never will these eyes survey again what they now see." Mentor seized this moment to depart, having first embraced Philocles, who shed tears in abundance, but could not speak. Telemachus was going to take Mentor by the hand, that he might extricate himself from those of Idomeneus; but the king advanced betwixt them towards the harbour. He gazed at them and groaned. He would have spoke, but sobs and tears choaked up his utterance. Meanwhile were heard the sounds confused of mariners that swarmed upon the beach. The ropes were stretched, the sails unfurled, and the favourable gale sprung up. Then
Mentor

OF TELEMACHUS. 403

Mentor and Telemachus, with tears in their eyes, took leave of the king, who held them a long time clasped in his arms, and followed them with his eyes, until he could distinguish them no more.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

During the voyage, Telemachus makes Mentor explain several difficulties to him, touching the manner of governing a nation well; among others, that of knowing men in order to be able to chuse the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. When their discourse on that head was almost at an end, they were becalmed, and obliged to put into an isle where Ulysses had arrived just before them. There Telemachus sees him, and speaks to him without knowing him; but after he had seen him embark, he feels a secret emotion, the cause of which he cannot conceive, till it is explained by Mentor, who consoles him by assuring him that he would be soon with his father again, and puts his filial affection and patience to the test by delaying his departure, in order to offer a sacrifice to Minerva. At last, the goddess Minerva re-assuming her form, makes herself known; and having given Telemachus her last instructions, disappears. Telemachus afterwards arrives at Ithaca, where he finds his father at the house of the faithful Eumeus.

THE

THE anchors being now weighed, and the wind swelling the sails, the land seems to retreat; and the experienced pilot descries at a distance the mountains of Leucate, whose tops are hid with frozen fogs, together with the Acroceraunian heights, which still present a proud lofty front to heaven, after having been so often shattered with thunder-bolts. During the voyage, Telemachus said to Mentor: "Methinks I now comprehend the political maxims which you have explained for my instruction. At first they appeared to me like a dream, but by degrees they became more clear and intelligible; as all objects at the first glimmerings of day-light appear indistinct and confused, and in a kind of chaos, which vanishes insensibly, as the light increases to distinguish them, and restore, as I may say, their natural forms and colours. I am fully persuaded, that the most important point in government is to distinguish nicely the different characters and talents of men, and to employ them accordingly: but how such discernment is to be acquired, is what I am at a loss to know." Mentor thus replied: "To know men, you must not only study them, but keep their company, and even treat with them on different affairs. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, make them speak their sentiments, consult them, and prove them by inferior employments, of which they should exact an account, in order to discover whether they are qualified for higher offices. How was it, my dear Telemachus, that you learned in Ithaca to know the nature of horses? Was it not by seeing them often, and having their excellences and defects pointed out to you by persons of experience and skill. Just in the same manner, in order to know men, you must commune about their good and bad qualities with other wise and virtuous men, who have long studied their characters; thus will you insensibly become acquainted with them, and be able to judge what you have to expect from their qualifications. What was it that taught

taught you to distinguish between good and bad poets? Was it not the frequent reading of them, and talking of them with those who had a taste for poetry? What was it that made you a judge of music? Was it not your diligent attention to the performances of good musicians? How can any prince hope to govern a nation well, if he is ignorant of human nature? And how can he avoid being ignorant of it, unless he lives with men? But it is not living with them, to see them in public, where nothing is said on either side, but unimportant trifles, or the language of art and premeditation; the business is to visit them in private, to trace all the secret springs that move their hearts; to probe them on every side; and even relieve their wants, in order to discover their maxims. But to be able to form a sound judgment of men, you must begin with knowing what they ought to be; you must know in what true solid merit consists, that you may be capable of distinguishing between those who are possessed of it, and those who have it not. People are continually talking of virtue and merit, without having any clear ideas of them. In the mouths of most men they are only fine words without any determinate meaning; the frequent use of which, they imagine, does them honour. To be capable of determining who are really reasonable and virtuous, we must have just ideas of virtue, reason, and justice; and to know whether princes observe the maxims of a good and wise government, or deviate from them by a false refinement, we must know what these maxims are. In a word, as in taking the dimensions of several bodies, there must be a fixed measure; so there must be certain fixed principles by which we must regulate our judgment.— We must know exactly what it is men in general aim at, and what ought to be the end proposed in governing them. A sovereign's only and essential aim is never to extend authority, or display grandeur for his own sake; for such ambitious views tend only to the gratification of a tyrant's pride: but

but he ought to expose himself to the infinite trouble and vexation of government, in order to make mankind virtuous and happy. Unless that is the mark he aims at, he gropes in the dark, and rules at random all his life. He proceeds like a ship at sea without a pilot, driven thro' and fro, without any observation of the heavens, or knowledge of the neighbouring coasts, of consequence inevitably doomed to wreck and ruin. Princes often, by not knowing in what true virtue consists, know not what they ought to look for in the characters of men. According to their notions, virtue has in it something too rigid, independent, and austere: it frights and disgusts them, and therefore they throw themselves into the arms of flattery; from that moment they lose all sight of virtue and sincerity. They then pursue a vain phantom of false glory, which renders them unworthy of the true. In a short time they begin to fancy there is no such thing as true virtue upon earth: for though the good can distinguish the bad, the wicked cannot distinguish the virtuous, nor can be persuaded that there are any such in the world. All that these princes know, is to distrust good and bad alike; to shut themselves up in their palaces, and hide themselves from the sight of men. Their jealousy extends to the merest trifles, and, as they dread mankind, so are they dreaded by them. They shun the light, and are afraid of appearing in their natural colours; but how much soever they wish to conceal their true characters, they are always known: for the malicious curiosity of their subjects lets nothing escape it that regards them, while they are entirely ignorant of what regards their subjects. Those selfish sycophants by whom they are constantly beset, are extremely glad to find them inaccessible to all others. A king thus inaccessible but to a few, is also inaccessible to truth: for those who would open his eyes are rendered odious to him by calumny and misrepresentation, and thereby kept at a distance. Such sovereigns pass their lives in a gloomy, unsociable grandeur,

grandeur, always afraid of being the victims of deceit, which they notwithstanding are, and deserve to be. When a king excludes all his subjects, except a very few, from his presence, he subjects himself to the passions and prejudices, of these few: for all men have their foibles and prejudices, even the good not excepted. Besides he is at the mercy of slanderers and tale-bearers, a base malignant sort of people, full of venom, poisoning the most innocent actions, exaggerating trifles, who, rather than not do mischief, will invent falsehoods; and who study to make the most of the distrust and mean curiosity of a weak and jealous prince. Learn then, my dear Telemachus, learn to know mankind. Examine them, make them talk of one another, and prove them by little and little: but repose not a blind confidence in any. When you find yourself mistaken in your judgement of any individual, let it teach you to be more cautious afterwards; for mistaken you will undoubtedly sometimes be; and such mistakes should teach you not to be too hasty in judging either favourably or unfavourably of any character. The bad are too deep dissemblers not to throw the good sometimes off their guard by their plausible behaviour: but your past mistakes will be so many useful lessons to you. When you have found a man possessed of virtue and talents, avail yourself of them without any sort of diffidence; for men of honour and probity are well pleased when they are accounted such, and value confidence and esteem much more than riches; but beware of spoiling them by trusting them with an absolute authority. There are ministers who would have remained virtuous, though now they have forfeited that character, because their masters have lavished on them too much wealth and power. The prince who is so much loved by the gods as to find in his whole kingdom two or three friends of undoubted wisdom and virtue, will, by their means, soon find others that resemble them to fill the inferior places. By the good men, whom they honour with their confidence,

they

they are apprized of what they could not have discovered themselves in their other subjects."——

"But, said Telemachus, may not bad men, as I have often heard it maintained, be employed if they have abilities?" "Princes," replied Mentor, "are often obliged to employ them. During public disorders and confusions, vicious but artful men often get into places of great power and authority, of which it would be dangerous to divest them, as they have acquired the confidence of certain persons of high rank, who must not be disgusted: these wicked men, therefore, must be kept in good humour, because they are dreaded; and might, if provoked, throw every thing into confusion. There is, therefore, a necessity of employing them for a time; but then a resolution should be taken, at the same time, to render them, by degrees, incapable of doing harm. But such men ought never to have the real confidence of a prince, as they might abuse it, and yet could not be disgraced, by being in his secrets; by which they hold him in a chain stronger than those of iron. Employ them in negotiations of an inferior kind; use them well; and engage them by their very passions to be faithful to you; for this is the only tie by which they can be held; but never admit them to your most secret deliberations. Have always a spring by which they can be moved according to your views: but never trust them with the key of your heart, or your affairs. After peace and order are re-established in the state, and wise and upright men are vested with the administration, those of bad characters, whom you was obliged to employ, may be safely laid aside. But they must not even then be ill used; for ingratitude can never be justified even towards bad men; but while you treat them kindly, you ought to endeavour to reform their minds. Certain defects that men are seldom without, you must overlook; but you must gradually extend your authority, and prevent the mischief, which they would do openly, if not

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checked. It is an evil, after all, to have even good done by bad men; but though it is an evil often unavoidable, yet we should endeavour to put a stop to it as soon as possible. A wise prince, who aims at nothing but order and justice, will, in time, be able to act without corrupt and deceitful agents; and will find a sufficient number of such as have both ability and virtue. But it is not enough to find out men of merit in a nation; such ought also to be formed." "That," said Telemachus, "must be a matter of great difficulty." "Not at all," replied Mentor; "for by the paines you take to search for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, you stimulate and animate all who have spirit and talents, so that they exert themselves to the utmost. How many languish in indolence and obscurity, who would become great men, were they excited by emulation, and the hopes of success? How many are tempted to try to raise themselves by indirect methods from poverty, because they find it impossible to raise themselves by virtue? If then you shall distinguish virtue and genius by honours and rewards, what numbers of your subjects will endeavour to attain these qualifications! how many good subjects too may be formed by advancing them step by step from the lowest to the highest employments? thereby you will exercise their talents, discover the extent of their capacity, and try the sincerity of their virtue. Those who will at last fill the highest offices, will be such as have been trained up under your eye in the inferior stations, whom you have observed all your life, as they rose from one step to another; so that you will be able to judge of them, not by what they say of themselves, but by the whole tenor of their life and actions." While Mentor thus instructed Telemachus, they observed a Pheacian vessel which had put into a little barren desert isle surrounded by frightful rocks. At the same time the wind falling, and even the gentle Zephyrs with-holding their breath, the whole
sea

sea became as smooth as glass, the flagging sails were unable to keep the ship in motion, nor were the efforts of the weary rowers more effectual. It was therefore thought adviseable to put into that isle, which was rather a rock, than a place fit for the habitation of man. Had the weather been less calm, it would have been impossible to land without great danger. The Pheacians were waiting for a wind, and seemed no less impatient than the Salentiens to proceed upon their voyage. Telemachus advancing to them over these rugged rocks immediately asked the first he came to, whether he had not seen Ulysses, king of Ithaca, at the court of king Alcinous. The person whom he happened to accost was not a Pheacian, but a stranger of a majestic, but pensive melancholy air. He seemed very thoughtful, and at first took little notice of the question; but he afterwards made this reply; "You are not mistaken in supposing that Ulysses was entertained by king Alcinous, who fears the gods, and practises the virtues of hospitality: but he is not with him now, and therefore it would be in vain to go thither in quest of him. He has embarked on his return to Ithaca, provided the Destinies, appeased, will at last allow him to salute his household gods." The stranger had no sooner pronounced these words with a melancholy accent, than he hurried away into a thicket on the top of a rock, whence he attentively surveyed the sea, avoiding all society, and seeming impatient to be gone. Telemachus gazed at him with great earnestness, and the more he looked, the more his emotion and astonishment increased. "That stranger," said he to Mentor, "answered me like one who hardly hears what is said to him, and labours under some great affliction. I sympathize with the unhappy, since I have been so myself; but I feel an extraordinary concern for this man, the cause of which I cannot explain. Yet he shewed little regard to me, for he hardly deigned to hear or answer the questions,

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I asked. However, I cannot help wishing that his misfortunes were at an end." Mentor smiling, replied: "Such are the happy effects of adversity; it teaches princes moderation, and makes them feel for others. When they have never drank but from the sweet poisoned cup of prosperity, they look upon themselves as gods, and would have the mountains humble themselves into plains to please them; they make no account of men, and expect that all nature should be subservient to their will. When mention is made of distress, they know not what it means: they have no idea of it, having never known the difference betwixt happiness and misery. It is misfortune alone that can teach them humanity, and soften their obdurate hearts. They then find they are but men, and that they ought to study the ease and happiness of other men, their fellows of creation. If a stranger seems to merit your compassion, because, like yourself, he hath been a wanderer, and is now detained in this isle; how much more deserving of it ought the people of Ithaca to appear, when you shall hereafter see them in distress? That people, which will be entrusted by the gods to your care, as a flock is to a shepherd, may, perhaps, be made miserable by your ambition, your ostentation, or imprudence; for if a nation suffers, it is owing to the mal-administration of its rulers, whose duty it is to watch over it, and prevent its suffering." While Mentor spoke to this effect, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and vexation: but at last he thus replied with some emotion: "If all that you say is true, the condition of a king is very wretched; for he is the slave of all those whom he seems to command. He is appointed rather to serve than to command them. He must devote himself entirely to their interest, and supply all their wants; he is in fine the servant of the state and of every individual. He must accommodate himself to their weaknesses; correct them with the tenderness of a father, and use all his endeavours to make them
wise

wise and happy. The authority which he seems to exercise is not his own; he cannot do any thing merely for his own glory or pleasure: his authority is derived from the laws, which he must obey, and thereby set a good example to his subjects. Properly speaking, he is no other than the guardian of the laws, who enforces their execution; for which end he must watch and labour without ceasing: he is the man the least at his own disposal, the least free from care and business of any in his dominions. He is a slave, who hath sacrificed his liberty and repose to the happiness and liberty of the public." "True it is," replied Mentor, "a king is such only, in order to take care of his people, as a shepherd tends his flock, or a father superintends his family. But, my dear Telemachus, does he appear to you unhappy, because he is charged with promoting the good of such a number of people? The wicked he punishes, and the good he rewards, and thus represents the gods in leading mankind to virtue. Has he not glory enough in maintaining and executing the laws? To attempt to set himself above the laws, is aiming at a false glory, which produces nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he must necessarily be miserable; for, by gratifying his passions and his vanity, he must destroy his peace. If, on the other hand, he is virtuous, it must yield him the most pure and most solid of all pleasures, to labour in promoting virtue, and to expect an eternal reward from the gods. Telemachus being agitated by a secret uneasiness, seemed as if he had never been instructed in these maxims, although he had been taught them often, and had himself recommended them to others. A peevish captious humour made him, contrary to his real sentiments, cavil, and endeavour to refute the maxims that Mentor urged. To the arguments, therefore, advanced by the sage, Telemachus opposed the ingratitude of mankind. "What! said he, take so much pains to gain the love of mankind, and yet be disap-

pointed after all ; and to do good to wicked men, who will turn your very benefit against yourself ?” Mentor replied to him calmly thus : “ You must lay your account with the ingratitude of mankind, and yet not be discouraged by it from doing good : you must study their welfare, not so much for their own sakes, as for the sake of the gods who have commanded it. The good that one does is never thrown away. If men forget it, the gods will remember and reward it. Further, if the bulk of mankind are ungrateful, there are always some good men who will have a due sense of your virtue. Even the multitude, though fickle and capricious, does not fail sooner or later to do justice, in some measure, to true virtue : but would you prevent the ingratitude of men ? Do not labour solely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in war, and to procure them the pleasures of luxury ; for that power and wealth, and those pleasures will corrupt, and render them still more vicious, and consequently more ungrateful. It is making them a fatal present, and furnishing them with a delicious poison. But exert your utmost endeavours to reform their manners, and to inspire them with the love of justice, with sincerity, the fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness. By making them virtuous, you will prevent their being ungrateful, and will procure them the most substantial of all blessings, namely virtue ; which, if genuine, will always attach them to him whom to they are indebted for it. Thus by procuring them the solid advantages of virtue, you will do yourself a service, and will have no occasion to apprehend their ingratitude. Is it surprising, that those princes find men ungrateful, who set them no examples but of injustice, boundless ambition, jealousy of their neighbours, inhumanity, haughtiness, and perfidy ? A prince cannot expect they should act otherwise than as he hath taught them. But if, on the other hand, he would endeavour by his example and authority to
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make them good, he would reap the fruit of his labour in their virtue; or at least he would find in his own, and in the favour of the gods, wherewithall to comfort him for his disappointments." As soon as Mentor had done speaking, Telemachus advanced hastily towards the Pheacians, whose ship lay at anchor upon the coast. Accosting one of them who was advanced in years, he asked him whence they came, whither they were bound, and if they had not seen Ulysses. The old man thus replied: "We are come from our own isle, which is that of the Pheacians, and are bound for the coast of Epire to take in merchandize. Ulysses, as you was told already, past some time in our isle, but is since gone." "Who is that man," said Telemachus, "who looks so melancholy, and seeks the most solitary part of the isle, waiting for the ship's departing?" "He is," said the old man, "a stranger, unknown to us: but they say his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia: that before his birth his mother was told by an oracle that he would be a king, provided he did not continue in his own country; but if he did, that the Prygians would feel the wrath of the gods in a cruel pestilence. His parents, therefore, as soon as he was born, gave him to some mariners, who carried him to the isle of Lesbos, where he was brought up in secret at the expence of his country, which it so highly concerned to keep him at a distance. In a short time he became tall, strong, comely, and expert at all bodily exercises. He applied himself also to the sciences and fine arts with great success, as he had both genius and taste: but no country will suffer him to settle in it. The prediction concerning him came to be generally known, so that he was taken notice whereever he went. The kings of the countries which he visits are all afraid of being dethroned by him, so that he has been continually wandering about since he grew up to man's estate; no place where he appears suffering him to
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make any long stay in it. He has been often in countries at a great distance from his own. But scarce is he arrived in any place, before the story of his birth and of the oracle are known. In vain does he conceal himself, and chuse some obscure way of life in the places which he visits; his talents for war, letters, and the most important affairs, they say, always bring him to light in spite of himself; and in every country some unforeseen occasion drags him, as it were, to public view. His misfortunes are owing to his merit, which occasions his being dreaded and excluded from every place, where he would chuse to settle. It is his lot to be esteemed, beloved and admired every where, and yet no where permitted to reside. He is now pretty well advanced in years, yet has he not been able to find any corner either in Greece or Asia, where he could live quiet, though he does not appear to have any ambition, or to covet wealth. He would have been very glad that the oracle had not promised him a crown, and he has no hopes of ever seeing his native country, as he knows that his returning thither would occasion affliction and distress in every family. Even a crown does not appear to him a thing much to be desired, and yet, unhappily for him, the promise of it obliges him; much against his inclination, to be continually passing from one kingdom to another, while it still seems to fly before him, still to elude his grasp, though he now begins to grow old. The fatal promise of the gods embitters all his happiness, and is the cause of nothing but sorrow and chagrin to him, at an age when men's bodily infirmities require repose. He says he is going to Thrace, to look for some savage uncultivated people, whom he may bring together, civilize, and govern for a few years; after which, the oracle being fulfilled, they will have nothing to apprehend from him in the most flourishing states. He then intends to retire to a village in Caria, and apply himself to agriculture, of which he is extremely fond.

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He is a man of wisdom and moderation, who fears the gods, and knows mankind, and how to live with them in peace, though he has little esteem for them. Such is the account they give of the stranger, of whom you desired to be informed." During this discourse, Telemachus was often turning his eyes towards the sea, which the winds began to agitate, lifting up the waves and dashing them against the rocks, which they whitened with their foam. That instant the senior said to Telemachus: "I must be gone; my companions cannot wait for me any longer." So saying, he ran directly to the shore, where he embarked amidst a confused noise, occasioned by the eagerness of the sailors to get under sail. As for the stranger, he had been for some time sauntering about in the middle of the island, climbing to the top of every rock, and from thence contemplating, in a very melancholy thoughtful manner, the wide extended sea. Telemachus had never lost sight of him; but observed every step he took. He could not help sympathizing with a man, virtuous, and qualified for the highest stations, yet unhappy; the sport of fortune, continually tossed about, and excluded from his native country. "I may hope, at least," said he to himself, "to see Ithaca again: but this Cleomenes can never hope to see Phrygia any more." Thus was the uneasiness of Telemachus somewhat alleviated by lighting on a man still more unhappy than himself. That man now seeing his ship ready to sail, descended from the craggy rocks with as much speed and agility as Appolo in the forest of Lycia, with his flaxen hair tied behind, skips over the precipices, to shoot with his arrows the flags and wild boars. In a moment he is on board the ship, which putting to sea, ploughs the briny waves, and leaves the land far behind. Then did a sacred impression of sorrow invade the heart of Telemachus, who grieved he knew not why. The tears trickled from his eyes, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as weeping.

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At the same time he observed all the Salentine mariners stretched upon the grass and fast asleep, from weariness and fatigue. Balmy slumber had taken possession of all their members, and by the power of Minerva all the poppies of the humid night had shed their influence upon them even in broad day. He was surpris'd to see the Salentines seiz'd with so universal a drowsiness, while the Pheacians had been so active and alert in laying hold of the favourable wind: yet, so much was his attention engross'd by the Pheacian vessel, now ready to disappear amidst the waves, that he never thought of going to wake the Salentines. A sacred admiration and uneasiness kept his eyes still so attentively fixed upon that vessel, though now at such a distance, that he could barely distinguish the white sails upon the azure deep: he did not even hear Mentor when he spoke to him, being rapt in a kind of transport like that of the Mænades, when they brandish the thyrses, and make the banks of Hebrus, and the mountains of Ismarous and Rhodope, echo with their mad howlings. At last he recovered a little from this kind of enchantment; and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Then Mentor thus address'd him: "I am not surpris'd, my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; for though the cause of your grief is unknown to you, it is not so to me. It is nature that speaks and works in you: what you feel in your heart comes from her. The stranger, who occasioned all that emotion, is no other than the great Ulysses himself; and the story, which the old Pheacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is a mere fiction, invented to conceal his return to his own dominions. He is going directly to Ithaca, where he is already almost arriv'd, and within sight of those places which he hath so long wish'd to see. Your eyes have seen him, as it was heretofore foretold you, but without knowing him. In a short time, however, you shall both see him and know him, and be known by him. The gods did

did not think fit that you should recognize him in any other place but Ithaca. His heart was no less affected than yours ; but he was too wise to discover himself in a place where he might have been betrayed, and exposed to the insults of the cruel suitors of Penelope. He is of all men the most sagacious ; and his heart is like a bottomless pit, from which his secrets cannot be drawn. Though he is a lover of truth and never offends against it, yet he speaks no more of it than is necessary : and wisdom, like a seal, prevents his lips from uttering any thing idle or useless. How much was he moved when he spoke to you ! how much did he suffer by seeing you, and not discovering himself to you ! it was that which occasioned his melancholy and dejection." During this discourse, Telemachus felt such emotion and distress, that he shed a flood of tears, and sobbed so violently, that he was not able to speak for a long time ; but at last he exclaimed : " Alas ! my dear Mentor, I felt something that attracted me in a surprising manner to that stranger, and made my bowels yearn ! but why did not you let me know before his departure that he was Ulysses, since you knew it ? How could you let him go without speaking to him, or pretending to know him ? What is the meaning of all this ? Am I doomed to be always unhappy ? Will the offended gods treat me as they punish Tantalus, from whose eager thirsty lips the delusive water flies whenever he attempts to drink ? Ulysses ! Ulysses ! have I lost you for ever ? Perhaps I shall never see you more ! perhaps Penelope's lovers will draw you into the ambushes which they were laying for me ! had I gone along with you, I should at least have perished with you ! O Ulysses ! Ulysses ! if the stormy winds do not wreck your vessel on some rock, (for I have every thing to apprehend from the malice of fortune) I tremble lest on your arrival at Ithaca, your fate should be as tragical as was that of Agamemnon, on his arrival at Mycenæ. But why, my dear

dear Mentor, did you envy me the happiness of knowing my father? had you discovered him to me, I should now have been in his arms embracing him, and in the port of Ithaca, ready to assist him against all his enemies." To this expostulation Mentor replied with a smile: "Observe, my dear Telemachus, how oddly men are made. You are now inconsolable, because you have seen your father without knowing him. What would you not have given yesterday to have been assured that he was still alive? To-day you have had the evidence, of your own eyes for it, and yet this evidence, instead of giving the greatest joy, as it ought, overwhelms you with grief. Thus do capricious, discontented mortals undervalue what they most eagerly desired; as soon they are not in possession of it, and are ingenious in finding something to torment themselves for which as they are in possession of. It is to exercise your patience, that the gods thus suspend the gratification of your wishes; and the time which you now count lost, will afterwards be of the greatest service to you, as it habituates you to a virtue the most necessary of any for those that are born to sovereign sway. To gain the command either of ourselves, or others, we must have patience. Impatience, which has the appearance of strength and vigour of mind, is, in reality, but weakness, and an inability to bear misfortune. He who knows not how to wait, and to suffer, is like him who knows not how to keep a secret; both of them want resolution, and may be compared to a man who drives a chariot, and has not strength or skill to stop, when necessary, the sprightly steeds. No longer subject to the reins, they rush down some dangerous precipice, and crush the feeble driver in the fall. Thus the impatient man is, by his violent ungoverned passions, precipitated into an abyss of misfortunes; and the greater his power is, the more he suffers by his impatience. He will not wait for any thing, he will not take time to weigh or examine any thing, and he will
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be gratified immediately in every thing ; breaking down the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe ; and bursting open doors, rather than wait till they are opened. When the sagacious husbandman is only sowing, this impatient man must reap ; and, as every thing he does, is done in haste, and unseasonably, it is ill done, and cannot be durable, any more than his ever-varying desires. Such is the absurd conduct of the man who thinks nothing without the reach of his power, which he abuses, by giving a loose to his impatient desires. It is in order to teach you patience, my dear Telemachus, that the gods oblige you to practice it so much, and seem to make sport of you, by keeping you continually wandering about in suspense and uncertainty. The happiness you hope for, presents itself, as it were, to your view, and immediately disappears, like a dream, when one wakes in the morning : to teach you, that the things which we often think ourselves quite sure of, vanish and are lost in a moment. The wisest lessons which Ulysses can give you, will not be found so instructive as his long absence, and the hardships you have suffered in searching for him." Mentor then resolved to put the patience of Telemachus to the last, but severest trial. At the very instant when the young man was going in a hurry to desire the sailors to hasten their departure, Mentor stopped him, and proposed a great sacrifice to Minerva on the shore. Telemachus readily complying, two altars of turf were raised, on which the blood of victims was shed, and incense burnt. With tender sighs, Telemachus looking towards heaven, implored the protection of the goddess, of which he was immediately sensible : for no sooner was the sacrifice over, than following Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove, he perceived that the countenance of his friend, all of a sudden, assumed a new form ; the wrinkles of his forehead began to disappear, like the shades of night when the rosy-fingered Aurora opens the gates of the East, and sets the ho-

rizon all on fire. His stern, hollow eyes were changed into others of a celestial blue, replete with fire divine; his grey, neglected beard, now disappeared, and noble majestic features, softened with a mixture of grace and sweetness, presented themselves to the eyes of the astonished Telemachus, who immediately perceived that it was a female countenance, with a complexion more delicate and smooth than that of a tender flower that hath just opened its bosom to the sun. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the vivid blush of the rose; and the charms of eternal youth were heightened by an air of easy unaffected majesty. Her loose flowing hair diffused all around an odour of ambrosia, and her garments displayed those bright colours with which the sun at his rising tinges the sable vault of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The goddess did not touch the ground with her feet, but glided lightly through the air, as a bird on the wing. In her powerful hand she brandished a glittering lance, capable of making the most warlike cities and nations tremble, and even of striking terror into Mars himself. Her voice was sweet and even, yet strong and affecting; and all her words were like fiery darts that pierced the heart of Telemachus, and produced in it a kind of melancholy agreeable sensation. On the top of her helmet appeared the gloomy bird of Athens, and on her breast glittered the terrible ægis; by which marks Telemachus knew her to be Minerva. "O goddess!" said he, "then it is you yourself who have vouchsafed to conduct the son of Ulysses, from the love you bore his father." He would have said more, but his voice failed him, and his lips in vain attempted to express the sentiments that flowed impetuous from his inmost soul. The presence of the goddess overpowered him, and he was like a man who is so oppressed in a dream, that he is scarce able to breathe, and altogether incapable to speak, notwithstanding the painful efforts he makes. At last Minerva addressed him thus: "Son of Ulysses, hear me once more, and for the last

last time. I never took so much pains to instruct any mortal as you. I have led you, as it were by the hand through shipwrecks, unknown lands, bloody wars, and all the disasters that the heart of man can encounter. I have shewn you by facts, of which you were a witness, the consequences of the true and false maxims adopted in government: and your errors have been no less serviceable to you than your misfortunes. For, who is the man that can pretend to rule a people wisely, who has never suffered, nor ever profited by the sufferings which his errors have occasioned? Like your father, you have filled both sea and land with your disastrous adventures. Go, you are now worthy of having him for your model; the passage is short and easy from hence to Ithaca, where he is just now arrived. Assist him against his enemies, and be as submissive and obedient to him, as if you were the meanest of his subjects, setting thereby an example to others. He will consent to your espousing Antiope, in whom you will be happy, as having been captivated less by her beauty, than her wisdom and virtue. When you ascend the throne, let the great object of your ambition be, to renew the golden age. Let your ears be open to every one, but let your confidence be confined to a few. Beware of trusting too much to your own judgment, and thereby deceiving yourself: but when you have committed a mistake, be not afraid that it should be known. Love your people; and neglect nothing that may tend to conciliate their affection. Fear, indeed, is necessary, where love is wanting; but, like violent dangerous remedies, it ought never to be employed but where necessity compels. Always weigh beforehand the consequences of every thing you undertake. Endeavour to foresee the greatest misfortunes that may happen; and know, that true courage consists in viewing danger at a distance, and despising it, when it cannot be avoided: for he that avoids thinking of it beforehand, it is to be feared will not have courage to

support the sight of it when present ; whereas, he who foresees all that can happen, who prevents all that can be prevented, and calmly encounters what cannot be eschewed, alone deserves the character of wise and magnanimous. Guard against effeminacy, ostentation, and profusion ; and account it your glory to maintain a simplicity of manners. Let your virtues and your good actions be the ornaments of your person and palace, and your guards. Let all the world learn from you wherein true honour consists ; and remember always that kings are not promoted to the throne to gratify their own ambition, but for the good of their people ; that the good they do extends to very remote ages, and that the ill goes on continually increasing to latest posterity. A weak or vicious reign often entails misery on several generations. But above all, be upon your guard against your own humour and caprice, which is an enemy that will never quit you till death, but will intrude into your counsels, and betray you, if you listen to its suggestions. It often occasions the loss of the most valuable opportunities ; engenders childish inclinations and aversions, to the prejudice of the most important considerations ; and makes the most frivolous reasons determine the greatest affairs. It disgraces a man's talents, and his courage, and makes him appear unequal, weak, contemptible, and unsupportable. Beware therefore, O Telemachus, of such an enemy, and fear the gods. Such fear is the greatest treasure the heart of man can be possessed of : by it you will obtain wisdom, virtue, peace, joy, genuine pleasures, true liberty, cheerful plenty, and unspotted glory. I am now going to leave you, son of Ulysses ; but my wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always retain a due sense of your inability to do any thing well without it. It is now time that you should try to walk alone. The reason of my parting with you in Egypt and at Salentum, was to accustom you, by degrees, to be without me, as children are weaned, when
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It is time to take them from the breast, and give them morè solid food." No sooner had the goddess spoke these words, than she ascended into the air, enveloped in a cloud of gold and azure, and disappeared. Telemachus, overwhelmed with grief, wonder, and astonishment, lifted up his hands to heaven, and threw himself prostrate on the ground; then he went and waked the ship's crew, commanded them to put to sea immediately; arrived at Ithaca; and found his father at the house of his faithful friend Eumeus.

T H E E N D.

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